

the ARMENIAN REVIEW

AUTUMN, 1953

SPECIAL

CULTURE IN
SOVIET ARMENIA

by
Simon Vratzian

also

Vahan Navassardian
Reuben Darbinian
Leon Surmelian
Kourken Mekhitarian
Dr. George P. Rice, Jr.
P. K. Thomajan
Minas Ensanian
Avetik Issahakian
Jack Karapetyan
Norayr Bagrat

“Armenian Life Abroad”

Poetry, Reviews, Stories, Articles

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ARMENIAN REVIEW

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The ARMENIAN REVIEW

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CULTURE IN SOVIET ARMENIA

SIMON VRATZIAN



By the restrictions of her regime and the culture which she is developing, present day Armenia occupies a unique position. Shackled politically, she is obliged to conform to an alien philosophy and to follow an alien culture. Soviet Armenia is forced to become a follower, and not a creator of her unique, national culture. Consequently, to understand the culture of present day Armenia, the paths of its development, or the philosophy of that culture, one must necessarily know and understand the general cultural policy of the Soviet Union, and especially the Russian culture and the Russian paths of development.

Soviet Armenia is obliged to repeat, or ape this general policy in the field of culture, as it is practiced in Soviet Russia, at the dictate of external laws and forces. If one is not familiar with the essence of Russian culture of the past thirty years and the paths along which it has devel-

oped, we may be sure that he will be equally handicapped as regards the culture of Armenia. By way of preparing the ground, therefore, let us take a cursory glimpse at what took place in the cultural field of the Soviet Union from the first days of the October Revolution to this day.

In 1917 the Russian Bolsheviks by means of a forcible revolution overthrew the democratic regime of Russia and took over the power. Indoctrinated in the spirit of Marxist philosophy, imbued with international ideas, and having the plan of world revolution as their goal, the Russian Bolsheviks declared war against the old order prevalent at the time in Russia—political, economic, and cultural, building on its ruins a new order. The first few years, however, from 1917 to 1921 approximately, the new regime did not find a firm footing. The arena of civil wars, Russia became ruined economically and culturally, and the Bolsheviks, who had taken over

the power, were busy fighting enemies on both the home and foreign fronts, as a result of which countless men were killed, an incalculable amount of material and cultural riches were wiped out and we may say, the cultural values of Russia created by the toil of centuries were swept away.

The new government as yet had no time to organize the life on the home front and therefore, the question of culture was left to its fate. In the initial stages all the branches of culture were almost obliterated with the exception of literature which, somehow, survived because it was a necessary commodity for the fighting armies.

Literature played the role of the soldier for the newcomer government, and during the first years of the civil war, what was called the period of militant Communism, those writers who could make a substantial contribution to the party's struggle were pushed to the fore. There came into existence small literary clubs based on broad principles. These clubs enlisted new forces who accepted their ideology—old and new authors, the youth, but the most active of all, the most vociferous, so to speak, and the greatest busybody, was the so-called Union (or Federation) of Proletarian Writers of Russia. The Russian name of this organization was RAPP, initial letters of *Rassiskaya Assoziatsia Proletarskikh Pisateley*.

In the course of time the RAPP expanded and was converted into the USSR Writers' Union. The dialecticians of RAPP advocated the idea that literature must perforce be partisan—Communistic, proletarian. Literature is the medium of defending the Proletarian cause as well as the medium of its expression. As such, literature should serve the best interests of the Revolution, with its published works it was to play the same role which the soldier in the army plays with his bayonet.

Literature, therefore, was a weapon in the hands of the struggling party and the struggling class, in their fight against the old classes and the old order, to overthrow the old capitalistic class and to build on its ruins the new Communist order.

A few Russian writers of this era later exercised a powerful influence upon Armenian literature, such as Alexander Bloch with his poem entitled "The Twelve" which, by eulogizing the proletarian revolt, its eventual triumph, and by its condemnation of the old classes and their ideals, emerged as the literary expression of the Communist Revolution. Yeghishe Charentz' famous poem "The Mobs Gone Mad" is a faithful replica of this poem "Twelve."

The second man who later became one of the most prominent literary figures of the Soviet Union was Mayakovski who, with his poems, won the title of "The Revolution's Drummer," and exercised a terrific influence on the literatures of not only the Russian people but other subject peoples of Russia. A number of others, such as Yessenin, became the exponents of the literature of the militant revolutionary era.

In 1921 there was a new situation in Russia; during the civil wars Armenia was on the brink of the precipice, economically and politically. Lenin's fond hope that the Russian revolution would infect Europe engulfing the entire world was never realized. Europe remained practically indifferent, refraining from the Russian revolution. Russia was circumscribed and subject to disintegration. Lenin wisely foresaw that if this state of affairs continued, the revolution in Russia was doomed and he made a prompt retreat. A new economic policy was proclaimed, the so-called NEP, which permitted the citizens special property rights, affecting business, the trades, industry, and econo-

mic initiative, namely, diametrically the opposite of those basic ideals which had been advanced as the goal of the October evolution. Slowly Russia started to return to the old order, and the bourgeois economy was fast on its recovery. This strategic retreat, whose meaning Lenin understood, resulted in great confusion of minds among the Communist leaders, especially the youth. Why then did we shed our blood during the past four years, they began to ask, so that the bourgeois will come back and enjoy the wealth of the land? What happened to our vaunted slogans of world revolution and world socialism? The youth, in particular, were confounded.

The ensuing disillusionment drove many to suicide. One of these was the Poet Sergey Yesselin, the man who, together with Mayakovski, was considered the "Revolution's Drummer," who committed suicide declaring that he no longer had any expectations from the revolution. And indeed, had the NEP continued for long as Lenin had promised, it would have turned the course of Russia's history, as well as her culture, because during the period of the NEP Russian culture took a new breath, producing some literary works of permanent value. However, in the latter half of the 20's—1927-29—a new wind started to blow. Taking over the power, Stalin set aside Lenin's new economic policy, took the offensive, and took care of Trotsky who was a firm advocate of world revolution and the complete industrialization of the country. Having driven Trotsky into exile, and having suppressed his followers, Stalin nevertheless adopted and started to enforce all of his ideas. He set into operation a comprehensive plan of industrialization through the so-called "Five Year Plans," with a view to nationalizing the economy of the land.

This was followed by the Communiza-

tion of agriculture—the all-out nationalization of the land, the establishment of the system of kolkhozes through severest of measures, when millions of peasants were uprooted from their homes and driven into exile simply because they had opposed the kolkhozes. It was during this period that the Communist Party took steps to *organize* the cultural field, literature in particular.

Presently, an absolute end was made of literary freedom. Literature, as well as culture in general, was declared a *supporting medium* of Communist Party activity, and the scholars, the writers, the poets, the artists and the scientists were drafted and forced to produce works which conformed to the principles and forms which the party prescribed. These toilers in culture's vineyard became a sort of state functionaries. The State agreed to pay their salaries and to provide facilities of life, expecting them, in return, to write what the state wanted and what the party dictated, to write in a vein which was calculated to support the newly adopted political and economic policies. And, to put culture under the absolute control of the government, its various branches were organized into separate unions: Union of Writers of Russia, Union of Composers, Union of Architects, Union of Scientists, etc.

In point of external form, these unions were a sort of trade unions, but essentially *state* institutions, and their members were state functionaries, much the same as employees of factories nominally had their own trade unions but actually they were *paid* workers and *paid* officers of the state, carrying out the state's directives. It was during this period that literature was wholly devoted to the state policy of economic reconstruction, both on the home and foreign fronts.

Presently there appeared a series of literary works which at the time provoked

considerable discussion as meritorious samples of Soviet literature, such as, the novels "Hydrocentral" and "Pruski," a complete series of Mayakovski's poems, which eulogized the execution of the government's plans, the founding of some factory somewhere, the digging of some canal, the building of some bridge, and the poet was obliged to praise the canal and the bridge, not according to his inner feelings or his spiritual urge, but because he was a paid servant, and his master, the state, wanted it this way. With varied modifications and changes, this policy continued until the outbreak of World War II.

Practically every Communist Party Congress passed resolutions in regard to literature, always different, and often contradictory to former decisions, and the writer was obliged to conform to the new decision. In the initial stages, for example in the 30's, it was absolutely forbidden to make use of the old culture in supporting the new regime. In the middle of the 30's the old heritage became a necessary condition and, accordingly, the author was obliged to make use of old works to develop a literature which met the requirements of time and conditions, and each time the Communist Party passed a new decision contradicting a former decision, the writers were called to account as dissenters or deviationists. To atone for their past errors, they were systematically purged through execution, exile, or imprisonment. The road of the writer was a rough one, because what was legal yesterday became illegal today, and men were punished for their errors of yesterday.

In the early 30's, for example, those who read Raffi's novels were exiled to Siberia; in the early 40's it was those who did not read Raffi's novels who were exiled. In the early 30's one could not whisper a word about the old literature; in the 40's it was those who rejected the old heritage who

were condemned. Thus, there was no positive literary policy on which to reply, no consistent plan, no direction which the writers could follow with an easy mind, even as hired servants, because free creative expression was altogether out of the question.

In the 40's, at the outbreak of World War II, this situation underwent a radical change. The war was declared in the name of the fatherland, with a primary appeal to the people's patriotism. The entire people's support was essential for the victory, and the government fully utilized the people's patriotic instinct. Limited degrees of freedom of religion was restored, the church became an object of respect, the banners of Alexander Nevsky, Suvorov, Bogdan Khmelnitzky and Vardan Mamikonian were unearthed from the old museums, patriotism became mandatory even as it had been punishable before, patriotic literature was pushed to the fore, and presently there was a new crop of literary works, novels, poems, and short stories, based on the heritage of the peoples. The Soviet writers breathed easily until the victory.

With the end of the war this new spirit or the new policy also came to an end and was replaced by the old, prewar ruthless policy of literary repression. Many still recall the famous speech of Communist Party Secretary Zhdanov in which he scolded those authors and publications which had been unduly carried away by the wave of patriotism, or, in their personal feelings, had deviated from the party line which had been mapped out through the years and had been followed consistently.

• • •

The Soviet took over Armenia on December 2, 1920, and immediately started to reshape her after the Russian pattern. In accordance with an agreement with the government of the Independent Republic

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which had capitulated, Armenia nominally was an independent member of the USSR for a period of approximately one year after which she joined the Transcaucasian Confederation of SSR republics until its dissolution when, once again, she became an "independent" member of the USSR.

In the days of Armenia's sovietization, not only was there no Soviet literature in Armenia, but, generally speaking, there were no Bolshevik writers. If there were a few former Social Democrats who later espoused Communism, these played no important role in Armenian life. Of this category were one poet named Hakob Der Hakobian, another poet, Vahan Terian a literary critic named Poghos Makintzian, and an educator-historian named Ashot Hovhanessian. One could count on his fingers the number of those Armenian Bolsheviks who busied themselves with literature but who were far from the literary spirit, ideology, and trend which later Lenin and his comrades brought to Russia.

The only true Bolshevik, we might say, was Yeghishe Charentz, who, beginning with 1918, joined the Russian civil war, became a member of the Communist Party, and sincerely espoused the Communist government's ideals. His first work, "The Mobs Gone Mad," may be considered the best expression of the so-called Proletarian literature.

When Armenia fell under the Soviet regime, Armenian Bolsheviks scattered in various parts of Russia rallied to Armenia. Social Democrats, some intellectuals and semi-intellectuals from the ranks of the Dashnaks and other political parties went over to the Communist Party and started to reorganize the literature of Armenia. They copied everything which had taken place in Russia with this exception that the change in Armenia was effected more swiftly because the authors had before them the years long experiment of Russia.

By degrees, and swiftly, the new experiment was put into execution. The RAPP—literature of militant Communism—was introduced into Armenia and young Armenian writers began to imitate the Russian writers, and yet the period produced not a single outstanding writer with the exception of Yeghishe Charentz who already was a poet of character and distinction before the Bolsheviks came to power and who continued to produce with the fervor of the militant revolutionary era.

Even earlier, when the Communist literature was not yet organized, *old* writers who had gone over to the new order as fellow-travelers, began to produce many new works in accordance with the new ideology. Among these were Derenik Demirjian, Michael Manuelian, Sourkhatian, Siras and others who produced some highly valuable works. D. Demirjian was noted for his prose, humor, and dramatic plays; Stepan Zorian for his novels and novelettes, and Ler Kamsar for his pungent satire.

As yet the literature of Armenia was not organized under party control. There was the RAPP and similar writers' unions who operated more or less freely, but when the government took charge of literature in Russia, the same was done in Armenia in the latter half of the 20's and as late as 1931 by decrees of the Party Congress, with the result that all the independently-working unions were abolished and instead was created the Writers' Union of Armenia as was the case in Russia. From here on the writers of Armenia became the paid functionaries of the State.

From this point on the literature of Armenia took an entirely different course. In the 20's there came to the fore a number of young writers who developed a new type of literature, having for its basis the soil, the social conditions, and

the life of Armenia. Such a writer was Aksel Bakountz, a prose writer, who gave many beautiful stories of peasant life and started on a large novel, but only half of which was published, because the other half coincided with what we might call the period of Armenia's Bolshevization. Gourgen Mahari, a young poet, one of the orphans of Van in 1915, wrote both prose and poetry. The talented writer Vagharshak Norentz, one of the orphans of Taron, Kegham Saryan, Vahan Totoventz, a youth from America, and others laid the foundation of the new type of literature under new conditions and new strictures.

From 1929 to the early 30's the literature of Armenia was entirely dedicated to the state's new policy of industrialization, kolkhozisation, and economic reconstruction. The novels, short stories, and the poetry of this period, a larger part of which was dictated by the contingencies of daily life, were of small literary value, published at the time but today completely forgotten.

And although the government's enforcement was powerful, equally powerful was the resistance of the Armenian people, the intellectuals, and the writers. This contest between the government and the party, on the one hand, and the Armenian intellectuals on the other, instead of mollifying, steadily increased especially because those newcomer Armenian Bolsheviks from Russia who were put at the head of the government soon became infected with the national spirit. This strongly nationalistic spirit of the Armenian people is explained by several causes. Foremost among these was the Soviet's callousness toward the Armenian people, as compared with the neighboring Soviet republics, the countless injustices to which Armenia was subjected. As early as the middle 30's there was a strong feeling in Armenia against the Central Government, especially upon

the unjust territorial delimitation of Armenia when the Transcaucasian Confederation was dissolved and the three constituent republics became separate members of the USSR. With the growing supremacy of Georgia over Armenia the discontent of the Armenian Bolsheviks was further intensified toward the central government's injustices as a result of which the Executive Secretary of the Communist Party of Armenia, Aghassi Khanchian, was murdered by the Cheka.

Aghassi Khanchian who had been sent to Armenia by Stalin and who was truly called "Stalin's Viceroy" because of his loyalty, in the course of years became a Dashnak nationalist in the eyes of the Bolsheviks. He was the first victim of a purge which was disastrous for Armenia, comparable only to the dread deportations of 1915.

In 1936, after the assassination of Khanchian, there was a thorough going purge of the Armenian intellectuals, and the flower of Armenian writers were liquidated. Aksel Bakountz, Gourgen Mahari, Vahan Totoventz, Alazan, Vagharshak Norentz, Drasdamat Simonian and many others disappeared or were executed. At all events they have never been heard of ever since 1936. No one knows what happened to them.

Thereafter the purges were continued. Imprisonments and exiles. Yeghishe Charontz died in a prison. Aside from the political purges, and those which took place in the other fields of culture, during this period at least 300 outstanding intellectuals, educators, artists, and men of state were liquidated for no reason at all except that they loved the fatherland and the fatherland's culture.

The war came to change this entire situation. We all know with what eagerness and devotion the people of Armenia, or all the Armenians living in the Soviet

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Union, for that matter, joined in this war hoping that the Soviet's victory would likewise solve the Armenian question, namely, the annexation of Turkish Armenian provinces to Armenia. To give the Armenian people an incentive for fighting, as in Russia, so in Armenia restrictions on literature and culture were somewhat lifted. National patriotism, and a greater degree of freedom in literary expression replaced the former proletarian slogans and the literature of Armenia enjoyed a period of upward rise.

It was during this period that a number of works which constitute a lasting part of Armenian literature were written. A new phalanx of young literary writers replaced the purged generation and the literature of Armenia rose to tangible heights. Demirjian's novel "Vardanank," Stepan Zorian's "King Pap," Tapaltzian's "War" were products of this period. It was during this period that there came to the fore a host of young poets, such as Shiraz, Sarmen, Sylva Kapoutikian, Solcmon Taronatzi, Khachik Dashtentzi, Tatoul Hoorian, Gourgen Mahari and countless others whose works bear the stamp of permanence and which thrill us just as much as the masters of the pre-Soviet era like Varoujan, Siamento, Terian and others.

It is true that with the end of the war and the emergence of Zhdanov all this came to an end and Armenia once again returned to the former position. Once again the proletarian literature, the internationalization of culture, and the subservience of literature to the interests of the Communist Party, the government, and the social aims, became the order of the day. This was the era of condemnation of patriotic tendencies, of the exaggeration of the old literary heritage, of individualistic literature, and of all free creative expression. There is a new effort to reinstate literature in its former position of servi-

tude to the government and the party, and yet, the same patriotism which during the war years was tolerated as nationalistic, continues today under the name of Soviet patriotism. Under the guise of Soviet patriotism the Armenian poet contrives to express his genuine feelings of Armenian patriotism and today our Hovhannes Shiraz, our Sarmen, and our Sylva Kapoutikians and producing poetic gems of which Armenians may be proud, although, under the government's pressure, and by way of paying tribute to the party ideology, they also produce many works which are a stain on Armenian literature.

And yet, life keeps on. The Armenian people which in the course of centuries has managed to preserve its spiritual virility and creative force, even in the present intolerable conditions, continues to create and to enrich its spiritual treasure house. Purely from the material viewpoint, indeed, the spectacle in Armenia is unprecedented. The number of publications in so small a country is indeed amazing; those institutions which immediately are concerned with literature, publishing houses, libraries, the social security of the writers, as well as the comfort, the writing facilities, and the luxuries of these writers. The writers of Armenia are the wards of the government or the party, but in return for this patronage the writers are expected to serve and to promote the government's political and social programs.

While paying this tribute to his government or party, the writer of Armenia continues to cultivate the national literature, upholds his spiritual vigor, and keeps the fire of Armenian letters ever burning, and for this precious service we should bow our heads in gratitude to those valiant servants who, at the cost of personal sacrifices and spiritual privations under such insufferable conditions continue to main-

tain the traditional standards of Armenian literature.

And while the Soviet government is primarily concerned with literature which is the main branch of culture it does not follow that the other branches of culture are exempt from the same concern. The arts, music, architecture, painting, and science are likewise subject to close governmental supervision. First of all, a word about music. It should be observed that, of all the branches of culture, music is the most unweildly, because music, especially instrumental music, is very difficult to fit into an ideological pattern. A concert, a symphony, or any tune, whether it is proletarian, Communist, or Marxist-Leninist, try to determine. One man will agree, another will dissent. For this reason music has been least effected by Communist or government influence. And this is the reason why music has been developed in Armenia more than any other branch of culture.

The foundation of Soviet music in Armenia was laid by Armenian composers who had come from Russia and the Caucasus, all imbued with the national spirit, such as Spiridon Melikian, the pupil of Komitas, Romanos Melikian, Anoushavan Ter Chevondian, the violinist David Solomonian, and a host of musicians who in 1923-24 formed a musicians union and laid the foundation of an institution which eventually became the Conservatory of Armenia. Thereafter new talents rallied to Armenia, such as Sbendiarian, who took charge of the organization. They founded the Armenian Opera and the Ballet Theater, organized choral groups and orchestras which further developed Armenian music. Armenian composers produced many works based on the national spirit, and in full conformity with the musical spirit and sentiment of the Armenian people.

Almost all the Armenian musicians, Chukhajian, Komitas and Yegmalian have been accepted in Armenia and the pressure which is exercised on literature does not apply to music. Raffi, or Aharonian, for example, are not permitted in Armenia, and yet, there is not a single Armenian musician who is the object of persecution. Komitas is accepted as the cornerstone of Armenian music.

Thanks to a new crop of young musicians, graduates of the Conservatory of Armenia, as well as Russian conservatories, who still are busily at work producing new compositions, the music of Armenia has reached a stage of near perfection. The compositions of Aram Khachatourian who is regarded today as the chief exponent of the national spirit in Armenian music, whether it is his famous "Concerto," or his "Gayane Ballet," or his "Toccatas" or "Cantatas," all are imbued with the nationalist spirit, style, and form.

Aram Khachatourian's work is being continued today by a young composer named Haroutunian who, judging from his works exhibited abroad, and from the information which has reached us, will be his worthy successor.

Sbendiarian, a composer of Russian standards, Anoushavan Ter Chevondian, Zakarian, Melikian, two other Melikians, and countless other composers continue to produce in Armenia, thanks to the government's patronage and support.

Armenian music is the most developed branch of the arts in Armenia today, something of which the Armenians can justly be proud, whether in the homeland or abroad. The most exempt of government party pressure in Armenian arts are the composers, and speaking of abroad, the thing which is best recognized is the Armenian music.

The Opera House of Armenia, the work of architect Tamanian, and which com-

pare favorably with the best opera houses of Europe, is the real author of the Armenian Opera. In the formative stages, while true that the institution relies heavily on foreign productions for its programs, nevertheless a considerable amount of native talent is in evidence, as seen by Chookhajian's operas, Spendirian's "Almaste," Tigranian's "Anoush," and some eight to ten operas by young Armenian composers, although the latter are not of a high calibre and are seldom staged abroad.

The same is true of Armenian architecture. Architecture, as we know, is frozen music. Whereas in music ideas and sentiments are expressed in sounds, in architecture the same effect is conveyed through the medium of forms and styles, of brick and marble, of sculpture and structure. In this sphere too, as in music, the party or government control has a much lesser range than in literature. Today Armenia is one of the best places on earth for construction. Many of Armenia's architects have won renown not only in Armenia but in other regions of the Soviet Union.

The pioneer of contemporary Armenian architecture was the famous architect Alexander Tamanian, renowned throughout Russia from Tsarist days, who, as early as the founding of the Independent Republic of Armenia (1918-1921), rallied around himself a host of Armenian architects from Russia and Armenia and laid the foundation of contemporary Armenian architecture. Another Armenian architect who won Soviet fame, comparable to Aram Khachaturian in the field of music who was invited to the all-Union composers congress in Moscow, is Garo Halabian. There are countless new buildings in Armenia, the work of Tamanian, which are unique as well as highly valuable by virtue of their original Armenian style, nevertheless there have been many other architects who have made a substantial con-

tribution to Armenia's reconstruction during the past thirty-three years.

There was a period when the Communist Party tried to intervene in this field too and went so far as to make some purges because the Armenian architects had been too far carried away by the old classical style, too nationalistic to suit the ideologists, whereas the socialistic reconstruction put the stress on the modernistic and the practical. More than one Armenian architect was punished, exiled, and even purged, such as the talented Mazmanian, Kochar, and others, but still the architecture of Armenia succeeded in maintaining its balance despite the external intrusions, and, today, together with the Armenian music constitutes one of the best phases of Armenian culture.

One word more about painting. Painting is a more vulnerable aspect of culture, enabling the state to make its influence more perceptible, in its effort to make it subservient to the interests of the Party.

The foundations of painting having been laid in the days of the Independent Republic of Armenia, a more auspicious fate was reserved for this field. In 1919 there took place in Erivan the first exposition of Armenian paintings and sculptures, and when Armenia was Sovietized, painting and sculpture already had a strong footing. In the course of time, thanks to many newcomers, painting was raised to a high standard, although not to the same extent as music and architecture.

As Tamanian was the founder, the planner, the inspirer and the organizer of Armenian architecture, so was Martiros Saryan in the field of painting. Having won his fame in Russia as a painter, Saryan became the organizer in Armenia during the reign of the Soviet, and the Union of Armenian Painters became the central agency in the development of Armenian

painitng. It is difficult to say how much these men have produced and what is their value. That which we have seen reproduced in the periodicals of abroad shows no distinction. But as far as quantity is concerned, judging from what we have seen, the number of Armenian painters is many.

And lastly, one word about science. Before the Sovietization of Armenia there were individual scientists who worked independently, most of them outside of Armenia who rallied to Armenia when the country became independent.

Thanks to the scientific institutes, the universities, and the high schools of Eri-van, science was given a tremendous impetus during the 30 years of the Soviet regime in Armenia. This was true, particularly, after the creation of the Academy of Sciences of Armenia which unified the various independent scientific institutions. It must be stated that the various branches of science have made significant advances in Armenia. An example of this is Alikhanian brothers' research studies of cosmic rays on Mount Aragatz, now equipped with a modern observatory. The results of these research studies have attracted attention not only in Armenia but also abroad.

Considerable progress has been made in natural sciences, and efforts are being made to build up an Armenian language scientific vocabulary. Scientific words, expressions, formulas and phrases have been Armenianized, making the Armenian a better scientific language.

The branch which has been most highly developed is Armenology. Here we see numerous imposing and highly valuable works and distinguished names which attest to the Armenian genius and the vast work accomplished. To give an idea, let us cite a few names. Take Hrachia Adjarian, a veritable scientific giant, the off-

spring of a small people who has produced such works the like of which is not seen in peoples ten times more numerous and powerful. No other people in the world possesses such a work as Adjarian's "Dictionary of Roots," in form, content, and volume. Adjarian's studies on the Armenian language, his theories in regard to the development of that language, his entire literature constitute a veritable monument of Armenology.

Manouk Abeghian in literature, Manandian in history, Chapantzian on the Urartuan period, Stepannos Malkhasian with his famous dictionary and his research studies on Armenian bibliography, are other luminaries who, together with a host of young scholars are deeply immersed in the task of historical, literary and scientific reconstruction.

With its annual reports and research studies, the Academy of Sciences of Armenia stands as a coordinating and synthesizing medium in which the science of Armenia accumulates, takes form and develops but the same governmental or party restrictions, the interventions and the arbitrary actions in the other branches of culture which we have mentioned also apply to the field of Armenology.

During the past thirty years, all these men, some of them dead and some still alive, have undergone countless indignities. They have been punished, have been thrown in jail, have been fired and again restored to their former positions for alleged deviations, for having followed certain trends, have lived through insufferable and impossible ordeals, and yet they have cheerfully endured the suffering and the torture and have accomplished a gigantic work which constitutes the treasure of Armenia's culture and the pride of every Armenian, whehter in the homeland or abroad.

To sum up, the culture of Soviet Armenia

is subject to the constant pressure of the government and the party, its interventions, and its control, and for this reason it has operated under great difficulties and has given many victims. At the same time, the government and the party extend material aid to that culture in the hope that it will subserve their political and social aims. There is a perpetual warfare between the government and the party on one hand, and Armenia's cultural workers on the other hand, now openly, now silently, but always a fight. The government and the party want to control the culture to make it serve their objectives, to strip it of its national character and to universalize it—Soviet culture, as they call it—which is peculiar to all the peoples of Russia, while the people of Armenia and her cultural leaders oppose them and by various ways and stratagems try to preserve the national spirit and character in the various manifestations of their culture.

Thus, from year to year, the culture of Armenia marches on, sacrificing many victims on the way, but always leaving a residue which is a positive asset. That which is in keeping with the national spirit, is genuine and authentic, remains as a permanent value; that which is alien, which does not stem from the soul of the people, which does not conform to the aspirations and the traditions of the Armenian people, in the course of time is cast aside, leaving behind what is the authentic product earned through the sweat and blood of the people.

This appraisal may best be summed up by citing here a poem by one of Armenia's young poets, Khachik Dashtentz:

I sat down one day in our threshing floor,

*Watching my Uncle, separating the chaff
from the grain;
From the hills came a gentle autumnal
wind,
The wind carried away the chaff.*

*Uncle, I said, what's this you are doing?
You've given the whole chaff to the wind.
It's all right, son, my Uncle said to me,
The chaff is gone but the grain remains.*

*It's been ever thus in all things, son,
Whatever we thresh we give to the wind,
We too have been blown by the world's
wind,
The chaff is gone but the grain remains.*

*Our whole world is on the threshing floor,
The wind blows on the chaff and the grain,
And I remember my Uncle's words:
The chaff is gone but the grain remains.*

*I too am seated on the threshing floor,
Giving the chaff and the grain to the wind,
That which does not stay the wind takes
away,
The chaff is gone but the grain remains.*

The poet's appraisal is true of the culture of Soviet Armenia. What is alien to that culture, what is worthless, whatever does not stem from the soil and the soul of Armenia, the wind carries away. That which is worthwhile, the spiritual riches of the Armenian people, like the golden grains remains behind as it always has been. And today the Armenian people, whether in the homeland or abroad, continues to create and to enrich its culture. That which is worthwhile remains, that which is worthless disappears, because the wind always takes the chaff away but the grain remains.



E PLURIBUS UNUM ¹

LEON SURMELIAN

There was no telling what I would find when I opened my mail as editor of the Armenian Messenger. Here was another short story by a young man in Fresno who had never been in Armenia and whose hero always looked up at Mt. Ararat with wistful dark eyes; it was his permanent prop. I began to read it hopefully, but I gave up. My standards for a story laid in Armenia were severe. I wanted to tell the author, for heaven's sake get this fellow away from Mt. Ararat, you don't have to be so patriotic. Write about yourself in Fresno. I know it's tough to be an Armenian in Fresno, but write it.

And here was an article by a man in New Jersey trying to prove that Napoleon and Columbus were Armenians.

"And Stalin's mother is Armenian," I said to my associate Hagop Torgomian. In his early days as a revolutionary Stalin had disguised himself as an Armenian and carried a passport in which his name was given as Zakhar Gregorian Melikian, but now according to articles in the Armenian press his mother was not Georgian but Armenian. "Whom we will claim next, God?"

"God is already Armenian," said Torgomian.

"Oh yes, I forgot. God speaks in Armenian, even though Jesus spoke in Aramean." They sounded close enough.

Two letters on matchmaking—which I

had denounced in an editorial as an evil practice we must get rid of, to start an argument. It did, and I was printing in our Forum letters for and against matchmaking.

Marriage was an important subject for our young generation. Young men complained Armenian girls wanted too much; an "American" girl could be happy living in a single room with her husband if she had to, but Armenian girls had to have this and that, were too particular and demanding. The girls complained too many Armenian boys were marrying American girls, and if they won any kind of success it went to their head and they looked down on Armenian girls.

All right, matchmakers, get busy and find Armenian husbands for our girls. Drink your Turkish coffee, Nunufar Hanum, turn the cup over and look at the grounds. What do you see? "I see a wonderful husband for you, my soul. He is worth \$100,000 if he is worth anything. Just the right age for you. Not too young. His first wife died in Shabin-Karahissar. You'd love him. He is very lively. Plays the violin, holding it upside down on his knee. He knows his music by heart, needs no notes, it comes natural to him. You will sit on the porch together, look at the vines and the peach trees, and he will play *Hoy, Nazanum, Nazanum.*"

Two conscientious readers had enclosed checks for their subscriptions. Not bad. Most of our readers were getting the the paper without paying for it. An old

¹ A chapter from Mr. Surmelian's forthcoming work—a sequel to his widely-read "I Ask You Ladies and Gentlemen."

Armenian custom. "A Fable of Monkeys," by Z. Mukhranesty, made me laugh and I passed it on to Torgomian, who agreed it was funny.

Since "Father Darwin," wrote this amateur fabulist, said that of all creatures monkeys are closest to men, the monkeys got together and decided to be men. Their gatherings turns out to be a typical Armenian meeting. All the familiar types are present: the one who sticks his nose into everything; the born master of ceremonies; the born treasurer; the national benefactor; the orator who never stops; the patriot who is leftist today, rightist tomorrow; the sychophant; the freeboarder; the false friend; the literary celebrity, the stage celebrity, and other pretenders in the arts who want to be honored with jubilees. Everybody wants to be president, everybody thinks he is entitled to a high office, and many high offices are created, but there aren't enough to go around, and the meeting turns to a riot. Finally a wise old monkey gets up and proposes they all go back to being monkeys, which they do gladly, and climb back to their trees.

Father Michael came into the printing shop and taking off his black hat wiped his forehead with his large handkerchief. A silver cross dangled on his breast.

"This is going to be another hot day. How is your kef today, Mr. Yaljian?" he boomed, his voice sounding as though coming from an empty wine barrel.

"*Gabrink*," "we live," the printer mumbled down his nose without looking at the priest.

When an Armenian says, *Gabrink*, he means the world is in a sad state indeed but I manage to exist and can't complain too much—indicating the wisdom of acquiescence, of accepting the evil of this world with the good, and in spite of all its vicissitudes enjoying life with *kef*, with philosophic tranquility. The printer

needed it. He didn't know what he was getting himself into when he started publishing the paper. There wasn't enough money coming in.

Mr. Yaljian ignored everyone who entered the shop, and all Armenians were suspect. Even others had to present their petitions, make their plea, as it were, before he spoke to them. He was king in his shop. He suspected Father Michael had the weekly announcement of the Armenian Holy Trinity Apostolic Church in his pocket, which he expected him to print free in the paper.

Father Michael directed his steps toward the editorial office. He entered through the door sideways, for he was as broad as two men and looked like a monk grown fat and big on the monastery's chickens and wine, as we say about our hefty well-nourished priests.

"Good morning, and my felicitations to our intellectual forces. No, thank you, I shall not be able to sit down, I have a thousand and one things to attend to. A priest's life." In the tone of, it's a dog's life.

"Any special news about the church we can print, holy father," I said.

"What special news, my son? It is always the same old news. I have to deal with the same fools and blockheads, with the same ignorance, jealousy, disunity that have ruined our nation."

"I can imagine your troubles," I said.

"If I charge five dollars, for a baptism and ask for a little contribution to the church they think I am robbing them. To the Bolsheviks I am a Dashnak, to the Dashnaks a Bolshevik. And on top of all this I have the trustees and the church convention as anathemas on my head. They will lower me into my grave."

"We have an article against you," said Torgomian.

"Another article? Who is he, what's his bellyache?"

"We would rather not tell you his name," I said. "He wants it to be published under a pseudonym, but don't worry, I have no intention of publishing it. I don't want this paper to be dragged into these church disputes."

The writer was a trustee or a former trustee of the church, I wasn't sure, a man whose cup was "overflowed," who demanded that the archbishop in Fresno and Father Michael give an account of their "illegal anti-national acts," said they had ignored "all warnings and advice," requested their resignation, without saying precisely what were the offenses they had committed. The local church situation was so confusing that I didn't know who was against whom and why.

"He is angry because you didn't announce Markosian's death from the pulpit," said Torgomian, who knew better than I did what was going on, and was amused by it all. He watched Armenian communal life with the eyes of a satirical poet, and wrote fables of his own, with so many veiled allusions I had to read them carefully before we published them.

"Brother, how could I announce it? The man didn't want to be buried with a religious ceremony. Does that make him an Armenian Christian?"

"But you announced *Arshin-Mal-Alan*," Torgomian said.

This operetta, adopted from Azerbaijan Turkish, was perennially popular on the Armenian stage.

"My dears, they try to smear my name no matter what I do. I always get the blame. The Ladies Aid gave a program in our church hall, and our aghas fell over my head and wanted me to resign because a girl had danced with bare legs and arms. Brother, we are living in America."

"I thought I had left the aghas behind me in the old country," I said.

"We have them here too," said Father Michael. "Men whose mentality will never change."

"Our aghas in the old country could at least read and write," said Torgomian. "Here any ignoramus with money in the bank calls himself a Knight of St. Vardan and gives you orders."

"What's to be done?" I said. "All these quarrels and dissensions. Every Armenian paper is full of stories about our factional disputes, charges and counter-charges, the defrocking of priests, the unseating of bishops, corpses are thrown out of a church because of the politics of the dead, or of his friends, armed clashes and even murder. In America, in Europe, in the Near East, it's the same picture everywhere."

"May God give some brains to our people," said Father Michael. "There is no end to these regrettable Armenian phenomena. We shall finish what the Turk started. But I must hurry along. Before I forget..." his hand reached into his pocket, "here is our church announcement for next Sunday."

I told him we would take care of it.

"The Mother Church needs the help of her enlightened children. If our Church also is destroyed, what is left? Don't leave me alone against these Pharisees."

"We do what we can," I said.

"And come to church sometimes. I often see Mr. Torgomian, but I don't see you. May God be your guardian."

I could not go to the Armenian church. I went once, but when I heard the sorrowful psalmodes and elegies, the long series of "Lord, have mercy upon us," the beautiful hymns I had sung as a choirboy centuries ago, and that most moving prayer asking God to give peace to the world and freedom to the Armenian nation, my eyes

filled and I left in the middle of the mass.

The actor Seropian came in and gave us complimentary tickets to *Arshin-Mal-Alan*, the program of which Mr. Yaljian was printing. It was hard for me to go to Armenian plays: too many memories. The sound of Armenian words, spoken from the stage of the Wilshire Ebell Theatre, startled me and brought back the past, although this operetta was mostly songs and dances, with a plot that would please the American theatre goers. A young girl kept in a harem by her father marries a young man disguised as a peddler of cotton goods. The father, who is a widower, himself finds a fat wife and all ends well. everybody is happy.

Seropian lived by his wits, as every Armenian actor has to do more or less. He brought an air of Tiflis into the shop, where he had grown up, being somewhat the *kinto* type, one of those lowly men of the streets given to wine, song and merriment in the Georgian fashion. He laughed and joked to hide the grief of loneliness in his heart.

Torgomian read the new batch of Armenian papers and I tried to finish an article on the first Armenians in America—those in the Jamestown Colony, who raised quite a rumpus with the Germans and Poles as Captain John Smith tells in his autobiographical narrative—and the agricultural experts, two of whom moved a poet of colonial Virginia to compose a panegyric "To the Most Noble Deserving Esquire Digges: Upon the Arrival of His two Armenians out of Turkey into Virginia.

"His two Armenians from Turkey sent
Are now most happy on this brave
attempt.

And had he stock sufficient for next
year

Ten thousand pounds of silk would
then appear

And to the skies his worthy deeds
upreare."

The telephone rang, Madeline Hover.
(Hovagimian)

"I've stopped reading your paper, I'm so disgusted. You mention Mrs. Jambazian's name in every issue—and now you have printed her picture. She's nothing. Nobody and the worst social climber in town. 'He don't,' she says. Imagine. Why don't you print my picture? I just had one taken."

"Don't be so vain."

"Well, I'm only a girl after all. Please."

"The cut will cost you five dollars."

"I'll pay for it. I want some publicity too. Remember, a girl wants to get married."

"All right, send it to me."

We had to print a few columns of social chatter written by bright girls, give the list of guests at this or that party, who was entertaining whom, what the bride wore—completely ignored by serious Armenian papers. What the Armenian likes in his paper is a solid article on some political, historical, literary subject, which always goes on the front page. But I was trying to make ours an American paper, to appeal to those who could not read Armenian, and there were discouraging indications that many who got the paper read nothing but these social trivia.

The telephone kept ringing. I never knew who would call me. An anxious male voice asked if he could take a few minutes of my time. I knew him but slightly and told him to come over when he said he had an urgent personal problem he wanted to talk to me about.

When he arrived we went out into the street because he didn't want anybody else to hear what he said. He was a tall young man with graying temples, a musician and linguist, who had lived in Paris for many years and had retained his Continental manners.

"I don't know what to do," he said, nervously smoking his cigarette. "People have been gossiping about my wife. You see, her former husband is living with us."

"In the same house?" I tried to keep a straight face.

"Yes. It's unavoidable. They are trying to ruin my wife's reputation and put me in a ridiculous position. My wife's former husband hasn't been feeling very well, and he's an elderly man, we can't throw him out of the house, he owned it before she got her divorce. I thought if you write a smashing editorial against gossips and use my case as an example of the harm it does without mentioning my name, it may have some effect on these malicious people who have made it impossible for my wife and me to go to Armenian affairs."

"I wish I could help you, but I don't think an editorial would do any good in a situation of this sort."

"Then I'd like to write something myself and give the real facts to clear our names — using a nom-de-plume, of course."

"I would advise you against it. Pay no attention to what some people say, if your conscience is clear. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*."

"Maybe you are right." He shook my hand in his Continental manner and went back to his car, a worried man.

Later that afternoon the church trustee whose cup was overflowed called and wanted to know when we were publishing his article. I told him we were not. He became angry and put me in the enemy camp, on the side of the dark forces, the morally bankrupt anti-national mud-slinging elements who were disrupting the community, destroying the church and the nation.

"He will hate you the rest of his life," said Torgomian.

"It's the indifferent ones, those who knowing, don't care, that I despise."

I allowed no personal and partisan attacks in the paper and was not going to contribute to our disunity if I could help it. As I explained in an editorial, "Dedicated to the highest ideals of America, to which all of us owe so very much, and cherishing our ancient spiritual and cultural heritage, which we must wear like a mantle of nobility, this paper will not print anything that will divide our people further, and will 'play up' instead all efforts and achievements that unite us, that make us proud to be Armenians, and bring us closer together on a common ground of sound Americanism and the immortal Armenian spirit."

* * *

Disunity, *anmiabanutium*, is the great tragic word in our language, to which we ascribe most of our misfortunes. I was taught the meaning of this word and its effect upon the course of our history in the third or fourth grade of the Armenian school in Trebizond. Tremendous mountains and deep gorges isolated and divided our people into clans, the teacher said. Now and then a king was strong enough to unite the Armenian clans for a short period, but usually they did not meet the common foe together. Tigranes the Great united all Armenia and the Armenians became a world power. They conquered the Parthians and dominated the whole area from the Caucasus to the Mediterranean, and even invaded Palestine. Inevitably, they clashed with imperial Rome. When Tigranes, who was king of kings, saw the Roman army, he said, "If they come as ambassadors, they are too many; if they come as soldiers, they are too few."

But the disciplined Roman legions under Pompey and Lucullus beat the Armenians, and Rome struck new coins boasting on them, *Armenia Devicta*, Armenia Defeated.

Pagan pre-Christian Armenia had its glamorous side, and while writing "A Child's History of Armenia" I quaffed enormous quantities of wine from a drinking horn, hunted wild boars in the forests and marshes, hurled insults at the polo-playing princes of Persia, flirted with beauteous dancing girls at lavish banquets in Artaxata while the bards sang of heroic deeds, of the wondrous birth of Vahagn, the Armenian god of fire, war and victory. I mounted my black steed and rode out at the head of ten thousand Armenian lancers, our shields hanging smartly from our shoulders, to give battle to the Parthians, who were the terror of Rome.

Christianity was the spiritual force that bound the Armenian clans together, and the church shaped the Armenian nation, but disunity plagued us through the ages. If Vassak had not deserted Vardan Mamikonian we might have beaten the Persians with all their trained troops and elephant corps in the battle of Avarair. . . . If we had been united we would have held Ani, our medieval capital famous for its "one thousand and one churches" against both the Byzantine Greeks and the Seljuk Turks . . . If we had been united—so runs the old Armenian argument, full of grief and bitterness.

The church bound us irrevocably to the West, but the Armenian Church disented from both Rome and Constantinople after the Council of Chalcedon, which convened when Armenia was at war with Zoroastrian Persia, in the same year that Vardan and his peasant archers took their last communion and fell at Avarair. Armenia, the first Christian state, was isolated from the rest of Christendom while defending its eastern marches. The Armenian bishops stuck fiercely to their original Christology, and whenever, in desperate moments, the Armenian kings af-

ected a reunion with Rome, the people would not accept it.

I thought of the tragic figure of the last Armenian king, Leon VI Lusignan, whom his people would not support in that final battle with the Mameluke sultans of Egypt because he was a Catholic, and he was carried off to Cairo in chains and held in captivity until the Spanish king paid his ransom, and he died in exile in Paris, where his body still lies in the monastery of St. Dennis.

The Armenian, like the Scot, belongs to a tough mountain breed, and like the Scot he has his bagpipe, too. Curiously enough, the legendary founder of Armenia bore the Scottish name of Haig, and Armenians call their country Haik or Haikistan. Armenians claim that the Irish are descended from us—but for some odd reason no one has as yet claimed that the Scots also are Armenians, despite these and other similarities.

We have been a small nation, I thought, compared to our colossal neighbors, Persia, Parthia, Rome, Byzantium, and later, Russia and Turkey. Few in numbers, inhabiting a little patch of territory as the Armenian Herodotus, Moses of Khoren, wrote long ago with admirable modesty, but not, as he said, without deeds worth recounting. Situated between Europe and Asia, between the East and the West, in close contact with the great civilizations of the world from the beginning of our history, and on the path of marching empires, all of whom tried to overcome us and control the towering bastion of the Armenian highland, we have been put to the sword, wiped out time and again, yet by some miracle popped up to defy our foes, continuously, for thousands of years, since the days of Urartu. What is our history but an unending series of battles and bloodshed, insurrections and resurrec-

tions? Our spirit was never broken. Whence this tenacity, this vitality?

What was this disunity but the magnificent lawlessness of the Armenian spirit? It was our unity really. Our determination to survive against all odds. In their despair and madness Armenians struck at one another for not striking at the common foe hard enough. Uprooted scattered, they clung to their identity with all their might, unwilling to give up their dream and trying to save their church, their harsh rich language, while the dissolving torrents of time flowed past the last remaining ramparts of the Armenian diaspora, while the walls crumbled beneath their feet.

Discipline, discipline, I said to my countrymen. Unity. Let's come to our senses. We have been a nation of Don Quixotes on history's firing line. But as I looked at the Armenian papers on my desk and at Torgomian, the eternal Armenian, I smiled and shook my head. You fools—but don't you ever stop fighting. When cups are not overflowed and there are no churches and no schools and no political parties and no issues and no meetings and no gossip, when the struggle is over, the madness is over, as it will be in America, we shall be done for.

Armenia Devicta. E Pluribus Unum.



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III. POLITICAL AND CIVIL LIBERTY in the UNITED STATES: RELIGION

Dr. GEORGE P. RICE, Jr.

I

This article proposes to discuss important aspects of religious freedom in the United States from the point of view of beliefs and practices sanctioned by law and the courts, together with underlying philosophies which motivate and justify them.¹

In a very real sense the Federal Bill of Rights is the well-spring of all American liberties, and it is as fundamental to the understanding and operation of Government as the Ten Commandments are to the Judeo-Christian religions. It embodies concepts of all of the fundamental human liberties written into the Constitution and its Amendments. One of its basic postulates provides freedom of religion for every citizen by denying to Government the power to set up any kind of religious establishment of its own. The aim here is to maintain the practical balance between freedom and responsibility in relations between the individuals and the State on the subject of man's relation (or lack of it, in the case of atheists) to God.

¹ Cf. *Ar. Rev.*, V.4, 1952, and VI.1, 1953, for preceding articles in this series. See also R. V. Bolger, *Principles of Freedom*, Philadelphia, 1948, pp. 4-11, and F. J. Klingberg, *A Free Church in a Free State*, National Foundation Press, Indianapolis, 1947.

See also T. Emerson and D. Haber, *Political and Civil Rights in the United States*, Buffalo, 1952, Ch. VIII.

It is a fundamental principle of our Government that Church and State should be separate.² The wisdom of this precept is approved by long experience of Western nations, beginning with the struggle between spiritual and temporal authorities for power of investiture during the Middle Ages.

The first educational systems in western Europe were controlled by the Church and centered upon the study of the Word of God in preparation for life hereafter. The Bible was a chief text. After the Protestant Reformation had begun in the sixteenth century, the desire for personal decision in matters of religious belief conflicted sharply with the idea of a state religion, usually that of the monarch, and as a result unsettled religious conditions, typified by Tudor England, came into being. The Puritans in England began their migrations to America in the reign of James I to escape a tyranny which had as an avowed purpose their conformance or their flight. But these same dissidents (and most of the other colonists, the Quakers in Pennsylvania excepted) were remarkably reluctant to accord to others the religious liberty they wanted for themselves. A long period for social growth and change passed before religious tolerance and a

² Klingberg, *supra*, Chs. I and II.

public school system independent of religion were to be established.

Considerable controversy marked the early constitutional debates between adherents of James Madison and Patrick Henry before it was agreed in 1786 that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . ." The general and self-denying language of this proviso was by intent, for Congress desired to state a principle at once a guide and a prohibition, which might achieve organic life across the years by its own power to grow and through application of judicial decisions based upon it. The Courts have always been aware of the implications of this provision for the body politic. A late member of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Murphy, held he had no "loftier duty or responsibility than to uphold spiritual freedom to its furthest reaches."

It is clearly evident that the First Amendment bestowed unlimited freedom of religious belief upon American citizens, but it is equally obvious that not all religious convictions remain rooted in the mind. Many find expression in a variety of ways—in speech, in writing, in public conduct. Outward evidences of religious non-conformity come occasionally into opposition with the accepted beliefs of majorities in a community. Sometimes they may even result in violations of the law. So, despite the priority given to religious freedom in the Constitution, where minority beliefs and practices collide with other interests of the commonwealth, such as public peace and order, public safety, or injury to persons or property, for example, some adjudication of interests is required. Examples are when the Mormon practice of polygamy recurs, as it did recently, or through activities of Jehovah's Witnesses. In these instances the

courts must consider the importance of the individual right balanced against general values such as public order, defense of the country, and the like, when individuals assert religious conviction as a ground for refusal to fight in the armed forces, or to permit their children to salute the American flag in school, or demand plural marriage, or refuse to submit their children to vaccination in order to prevent disease.

Freedom to believe and to act in accord with the dictates of one's conscience is a liberty not enjoyed in a vacuum free of contact with other important rights and duties—speech, assembly, taxation, among them. People do assemble, preachers must deliver orally, and general tax levies affect everyone. Where these fundamental freedoms are in conflict, the courts must decide which interests represents the greater social value to be protected or promoted.

II

Court decisions, on religious questions especially those of the United States Supreme Court, have already placed in the domain of common knowledge such basic controlling judicial principles as these: that eccentric behavior stemming from religious belief will not be permitted where it is in conflict with the public interest in safety; the State's police power takes precedence over religious liberty in cases where vaccination is demanded in the interest of public health; knowledge obtained by a priest in the sanctity of the confessional need not be disclosed in court because of the constitutional protection of religion; a vendor may be permitted to ring doorbells in order to distribute religious tracts and pamphlets; compulsory military training in state universities is permitted on the ground that the national defense is a first obligation of Government for its preservation; state labor laws may

be invoked to prevent children from distributing religious pamphlets on the streets; it is apparently possible for atheists to hold public office since the United States Constitution³ makes no prohibition against it; religious beliefs cannot excuse murder; parents are not permitted to refuse medical assistance for minor children on the ground of conflict with religious beliefs, and the parents who do so may be prosecuted under the law on the ground that the state has an interest in having all children healthy; a conscientious objector is permitted by law to perform useful service of a military nature in areas other than the line of fighting; the courts will enforce Sunday laws forbidding worldly employment since it is to the interest of the State to do so for the health and well-being of its citizens; those whose faith prevents jury service will be permitted to invoke that excuse without penalty; where strong religious conviction points to the contrary, the necessity of saluting the flag will be dispensed with in order to protect liberty of conscience of the citizen; the sale of religious literature cannot be taxed; a state cannot require all its children of school age to attend public rather than parochial schools; it is permitted the individual states to determine whether or not school children shall be required to attend classes in which the King James Version of the Bible is read.

III

Relations between organized religion and education offer some nice problems for judgment by the courts. A certain public school system, Champagn, Illinois, permitted instruction in religion for thirty minutes each week, with separate classes conducted for each sect represented. An atheist parent, one Vashti McCollum, refused

to allow her seven-year-old child to attend these classes, and as a result the child sat alone in a classroom during the period of religious instruction. This brought her ridicule from the other children, and Mrs. McCollum brought suit to halt the religious instruction on the ground that it violated a constitutional guarantee of freedom of religion, caused friction among the sects, and segregated non-religious groups. The school board defended on the grounds of the voluntary nature of the attendance and because public funds were not involved. The United States Supreme Court decided, 8-1, in favor of the petitioner, Mrs. McCollum, and put an end to the controversial instruction in religion.⁴

Again, a New Jersey statute permitted repayment to parents of moneys spent for school bus transportation of their children to a non-profit making school. Suit was instituted to prevent the school board from reimbursing parents of children who attended parochial schools on the grounds that the use of public money for such a purpose violated the First Amendment. The United States Supreme Court held, 5-4, that in such an instance there was a vital public interest in the safe transportation of children, and it took precedence over assertions that a particular religion was promoted by the procedure.⁵

In *Zellers v. Huff*⁶ the Supreme Court of New Mexico instructed the State Board of Education to discontinue its support of parochial and certain other schools because their chief management lay in the lands of the Roman Catholic Church. Prohibited specifically were the wearing of religious habits by teachers, the teaching of sectarian religion, and the supervision of any part of a public school system by a church

⁴ *Illinois ex rel. McCollum v. Board of Education*, 333 U. S. 203, (1948).

⁵ *Everson v. Board of Education*, 330 U. S. 1, (1947).

⁶ *Zellers v. Huff*, 236 Pac. 2nd 949, (1951.)

³ Article VI, Clause 3.

because such action would violate the constitutional guarantee of liberty of religious belief and practice. (It is to be observed, however, that the application of this decision has been relaxed to permit payment of federal subsidy to war veterans toward their tuition and other fees at denominational theological schools and for the religious activities at the United States Military and Naval Academies.)

In *West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette*⁷ the United States Supreme Court reversed an earlier decision involving enforced salute of the American flag, and decided, in the words of Mr. Justice Jackson: "We think the action of the local authorities in compelling the flag salute and pledge transcends constitutional limitations on their power and invades the sphere of intellect and spirit which it is the purpose of the First Amendment to our Constitution to reserve from all official control."

Equally important, it has been held in *United States v. Ballard*⁸ that the truth or falsity of a religious belief is not a matter for a jury to decide, insofar as that factor affects the innocence or guilt of the defendant.

IV

The frequency with which it has been

⁷ *West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette*, 319 U. S. 624 (1943).

⁸ *Minersville School District v. Gobitis*, 310 U. S. 586 (1940).

⁹ *United States v. Ballard*, 322 U. S. 78 (1944).

invoked and the enormous field for speculation and judgment as to its application have made the First Amendment's provision for religious freedom the focal point for attack and defense on issues involving liberty of religious belief and action. The Amendment, in the language of Mr. Justice Douglas, writting in *Cantwell v. Connecticut*,¹⁰ "... embraces two concepts—freedom to believe and freedom to act. The first is absolute, but in the nature of things, the second cannot be." Complete freedom to think, to debate, and to believe in matters of religion is but one phase of that overall freedom of thought so characteristic of the political philosophy upon which Government in the United States is based.

The crux of the issue of freedom of intellect and spirit is reached in the remarks of Mr. Justice Jackson in the *Minersville* case: "We can have intellectual individualism and the rich cultural diversities that we owe to exceptional minds only at the price of occasional eccentricity and abnormal attitudes. When they are so harmless to others or to the State as those we deal with here, the price is not too great. But freedom to differ is not limited to things that do not matter much. That would be a mere shadow of freedom. The test of its substance is the right to differ as to things that touch the heart of the existing order."¹¹

¹⁰ *Cantwell v. Connecticut*, 310 U. S. 296 (1940).

¹¹ *Supra*.



Poem:

P. K. THOMAJAN

THE PUSSY WILLOW PUSSY

Once there was a pretty Pussy Willow that grew next to a little brook.

He had a beautiful fur coat just like that of a gray squirrel. Yet he was very unhappy.

He sighed to himself, "I want to be Somebody . . . a Pussy Willow that is different."

Just then our complaining friend saw a handsome cat run past, and he felt very jealous.

"Oh, if I only had four legs and could meow, that would be the most wonderful thing in the world."

Then a bright idea popped into his head, "I have it, I have it! I could be so different if I could only become a . . . Pussy Willow Pussy."

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Pussy Willow heard a sweet voice and the next moment, there stood before him a lovely presence.

It spoke to him saying, "I am your good Mother Nature. I hear you are unhappy because you desire to be different. It is my wish that all my dear earth children be content with what they are. Now you may have your wish but I only ask that you think twice before I wave my wand."

"Think twice!" replied Pussy Willow, "why I've thought a thousand times about wanting to be something really different from what I am. I just can't wait to be a Pussy Willow Pussy. You'll be so proud of me. You'll thank ME for giving YOU an idea you would never have thought of in a million years."

"Very well," remarked Mother Nature, "your wish is as good as done."

Then with a wave of her wand, she disappeared and there appeared in the place of Pussy Willow . . . a Pussy Willow Pussy.

Oh, oh, what a strange sight!

He seemed half-real and half-unreal. All fluff and nothing else . . . pieced together like a puzzle. Poor Pussy Willow Pussy right away knew that something terrible had happened. He was afraid to move for fear he might fall apart.

"I never thought my idea of a Pussy Willow Pussy would ever turn out this way. This is impossible. I look and feel ridiculous."

Slowly he went toward the babbling brook beside which he once grew. He gazed into it and the reflection made his whiskers curl.

"I should say you look impossible," observed the little brook, "you're neither fish nor fowl."

Now our smart little friend was more worried than ever and he had good reason to be.

He began to feel hungry and started to search for food. He went to nibble on a tender blossom and a huge bumble bee whizzed past him and he jumped away.

Next he went to eat a nice fat berry when a black crow caw-cawed and he leaped for his life.

A sudden wind lifted him right up off his feet and sent him tumbling on his face, saying as it did so, "Next time, tru being a milkweed seed. You might have better luck."

When Pussy Willow Pussy picked himself up he was minus a piece here and a piece there. Now he looked even more ridiculous.

Next he went after a big chestnut nestling in a velvety burr . . . when a flying squirrel snatched it right from under his nose.

Poor Pussy Willow Pussy felt that he didn't have a friend in all the world and he hoped that he could go completely to pieces.

Next a tiny field mouse boldly came up to him and started nibbling on what was left of his tail. This was a terrible insult to his pride. "I must be a make-believe animal . . . a toy for everyone to play with for this to happen. I don't belong to anybody or anything . . . I'm just nothing. I wish some giant would swallow me up and put an end to my misery."

Poor Pussy Willow Pussy felt like a mud turtle that got a swell head and couldn't get back into his shell.

Soon large tears were rolling down his face and he cried out, "Dear Mother Nature, I'm sorry . . . very very sorry. I made an awful mistake. Now I know how very wise you are in all your ways. If you will only let me be what I once was . . . a plain Pussy Willow . . . I will never complain

again. Please, please help me." Then he shut his eyes tight and started to pray.

Yes, good Mother Nature did take pity on poor Pussy Willow's unhappy condition and decided that he should have another chance. He had suffered enough and his foolish wish could be forgiven.

Well, when our sorry friend opened up his eyes after his long prayer . . . the miracle had happened . . . that weird creature . . . the Pussy Willow Pussy had vanished and once again he was a happy Pussy Willow . . . swaying in the wind beside the babbling brook.

A wise old owl from above nodded his head in approval as he observed, "Nothing like being yourself . . . even if it means being just a plain toadstool. Oo's oo . . . why YOU are!"



THE NINETEENTH COMMUNIST PARTY CONGRESS

VAHAN NAVASSARDIAN

The 19th Congress of the Communist Party took place on October 5-14, 1952, in Moscow, thirteen years after the 18th Congress in 1939 which had decided to hold the next congress in three years. Of the 1,359 delegates who attended the Congress, 167 took part in advisory capacity; the rest were full fledged delegates. According to Malenkov's lengthy report which lasted five and a half hours, the party in 1952 had a membership of 6,882,145, as compared to 2,477,666 in 1939, a net increase of two and a half million. Malenkov's report also revealed that 98.2 percent of the delegates who attended the 19th Congress had entered the party ranks after 1917, meaning that they had matured under the leadership of Stalin.

As early as September of 1947, in his report before the newly-formed Cominform in Warsaw, Malenkov called attention to the necessity of revising the Communist Party program to meet the demands of changing times, and to this effect a special committee was appointed to present to the forthcoming Congress a revised program. Four days before the opening of the Congress appeared a theoretical work of Stalin entitled "Socialism's Economic Problems in the Soviet Union," which gave the clue to the forthcoming changes in the program, and the Congress referred the revision of the program to a special committee, subject to the ratification of the next Congress.

The Congress, however, did produce a

revised statute which was confirmed unanimously, two items of which are highly significant, namely, the one pertaining to organizational bodies, and the other, the Party's name.

From the 18th to the 19th Congress the Party had the following organizational structure:

The Party Congress is the capstone of the organization. The Congress creates two bodies: 1. A Central Committee consisting of 71 members and 68 candidates; and 2. A Central Control Committee consisting of 50 members and no candidates. These two bodies, having been created by the Congress, are accountable only to the following Congress. Immediately after the close of the Congress, the Central Committee holds its first plenum (plenary session) to elect its subordinate bodies. The Central Committee emanating from the 18th Congress, in its session of March 22, 1939, elected the following subordinate bodies:

1. *The Politburo, consisting of 9 members and 2 candidates.*
2. *A Secretariat of the Central Committee, consisting of four members (no candidates).*
3. *The Ogburo (organizational buro), consisting of 9 members (no candidates).*
4. *A Central Control Committee (a sort of Cheka to watch over the party*

members) adjoining the Central Committee.

Of all these bodies, the most authoritative, in point of rank and influence, was the Politburo. However, as the general Secretary of the Party, Stalin's authority was undisputed, an authority which came not from position, but from the personality of the tyrant. Next to the Politburo, the Ogburo exercised the greatest authority by virtue of its control of the party structure.

The revised Statute, created by the 19th Congress provides for two sets of bodies: one emanating from the Congress, and the other, emanating from the Plenum of the Central Committee. The Congress elects: 1. A Central Committee consisting of 125 members and 110 candidates; 2. A Central Coordinating Committee (sort of supervisory) consisting of 34 members (no candidates).

The Plenum of the Central Committee in turn creates the following bodies:

1. *The Presidium, consisting of 25 members and 11 candidates.*
2. *The Central Secretariat consisting of 10 members (no candidates).*
3. *The Party Control Committee adjoining the Central Committee.*

A comparison between the two statutes will show that the revised statute has eliminated the former Politburo and Ogburo. The question arises, what happened to the prerogatives of these two bodies? To whom were they transferred? To give this question an intelligent answer a brief glimpse over the jurisdictions of the abovementioned five bodies, as defined by the revised Statute, will be necessary.

Emanating from the Congress, and functioning in the interval, the Central Committee is the supreme tribunal in the Soviet Union, representing the party, the government and the public. As such, its authority is supreme. The Central Supervisory (Co-

ordinating) Committee watches over the coordination, precision, and swift execution of the decisions of the several bodies, has charge of the organs of the Secretariat, and keeps watch over the treasury and the other agencies of the Central Committee. There is no comparison between the powers of this Committee and the Central Committee which in reality is the direct representative of the Congress.

As to the Party Control Committee, its duties are as follows: 1. To watch over the party members, their proper behavior, the discipline and punishment of deviationists, and the recruiting of party ranks. It is merely an inner Cheka to keep the party members in line. This body should not be confused with the Soviet Cheka which is an agency of the State to keep in line all the peoples of the Union.

The duties of the Presidium and the Central Secretariat are defined by Article 34 of the revised Statute which reads:

"The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union elects a Presidium to conduct the business of the Central Committee during the intervals of its plenary sessions; it also elects a Secretariat to conduct the current business, to organize and to carry out the party's decisions, as well as to elect the cadres."

Atrocious as the composition of this article is, it is obvious that the Secretariat's jurisdiction is very limited. It can conduct the Party's business but it cannot act in an emergency. It can execute the Central Committee's decisions but it cannot issue new decisions. It can participate in the organization of the cadres but it cannot appoint executive party agencies.

Entirely different is the case with the Presidium. According to the Statute, the Central Committee holds a plenary session once in six months at the most, but during the interval it is the Presidium which carries on the work, and as such, the Presi-

dium represents the Congress which is the Party's supreme tribunal. Outside of the Presidium no other body can replace the Central Committee. And although the Secretariat constitutes a vast army in the country, nevertheless the supreme command of this institution is not vested in the Secretariat but in the Central Committee, or the Presidium which is the executive agency of that body during the intervals of its plenary sessions. The very fact that, for a member of the Secretariat it is a distinctive honor to be a candidate of the Presidium proves that the Secretariat is subordinate to the Presidium. This relationship between the two bodies also was true of the old Politburo and the Secretariat.

In the light of this explanation, it becomes apparent that the prerogatives of the old Politburo and the Ogburo, together with their personnel, were transferred to, or were absorbed by the newly-created Presidium.

The question arises why should these two bodies which had enjoyed a long existence, position and rank, and had transmitted a tradition which was ingrained in the minds of the masses, be suddenly abolished and replaced by a new body which was to start from scratch. Why should the old Politburo of 13 (11 members and two candidates) and the Ogburo of nine members be replaced by a much larger body of 36, including 11 candidates? This change assuredly would not have taken place if the real issue was not something more than the mere name. The change was not the result of a mere whim but was calculated to pave the way for a more fundamental aim.

As early as 1947 Stalin through his mouthpiece Malenkov had called attention to the necessity of revising the Party program and the statute to meet the demands of the times. What were the changing conditions between the years 1939 to

1947 in the party and the country which made the revision of the Program and the Statute mandatory? We know four of these altered conditions.

First, since 1939 a world war had been fought and Stalin had emerged victorious, having created a vast empire, and having raised the number of his subjects from 170 to 800 million. Second, having won his greatest victory, Stalin had declared that socialism is an established fact in the Soviet Union and now the time has arrived for the realization of Communism. Third, Communism was to be realized not by working hand in hand with the rest of the world or with yesterday's allies, but in opposition to these allies and the rest of the world. Fourth, the founding of the Cominform was Stalin's preliminary step to win World War III and for the conquest of world Communism. These were the four basic changes which had altered the situation since 1939.

We shall be pardoned in supposing that the revised program and the statute should correspond to this changed situation, and conversely, the traces of the abovementioned four changes should be sought in the newly-created Presidium.

First, the Presidium was born of the victory of World War II. Second, the Presidium was designed to lead the vast Soviet empire to the victory of Communism. Third, the plan for world conquest was to be launched not hand in hand with yesterday's allies but in enmity with these allies. Fourth, the Presidium was nothing else but the crowning act of the Cominform.

To comprehend more fully the role reserved for the Presidium let us further elucidate the inner significance of the effected change. What is the inter-relationship between the Presidium and the Ministers' Council in regard to jurisdiction? Which of these two bodies is the superior?

Malenkov is at once President of the Presidium and the Ministers' Council. In which capacity is the person of Malenkov superior in the Soviet Union, both as regards the party and the government? Is it Malenkov, the President of the Presidium, who carries instructions to the Ministers' Council, or is it vice versa?

The answer unquestionably is, the President of the Presidium. All the three supreme party bodies, beginning from the Secretariat to the Ministers' Council, is as nothing compared to the Presidium, because all three are subordinate to itself. This fact has become all the more salient since the death of Stalin whose role as undisputed dictator caused considerable confusion as regards the comparative rank of the existing bodies. In the absence of someone capable of replacing Stalin, henceforth authority is bound to shift from the individual to the bodies and consequently the Presidium is destined to play a unique role as the supreme authority both in the party and the government.

In summing up, six distinct conclusions may be drawn from the work of the 19th Communist Party Congress: first, a decisive step in the direction of further consolidating the dictatorship, in preparation of World War III; second, a general tendency to subordinate the government to the party, and the growing substitution of Communism for the former Socialism; third the perceptible increase of the power of the Communist Party over state and public institutions; fourth, the replacement of the former Politburo and the Ogburo by a Presidium with enhanced prerogatives and prestige; fifth, the emergence of the Presidium as the supreme authority in the Soviet Union; sixth, the decisions of the Congress have put the party and the country on a road which leads not to the peace but to war.

The Third World War, contemplated by

the 19th Congress, is presented in twin aspects: war on the external front, and on the internal fronts the chain reaction of civil wars. A general break up of the Western front, ending in wars among the imperialist nations, is regarded not altogether outside the pale of probability. To exploit this probability, a return is made to the so-called popular fronts, so successfully used by Stalin during the last war.

The teleological end of this strategy is the final conquest of the world for Communism. Stalin's successors and his collaborators can hold on to their positions only by remaining loyal to their teacher, and not by repudiating him. The passing of the tyrant will never bring about the death of the immoral doctrine of Leninism-Stalinism which has plagued mankind ever since the Bolshevik Revolution.

* * *

After cutting a long and bloody path of 35 years, ever since 1917, the Communist Party at long last has succeeded today in welding together two forces: the nationalization of the party, and the communization of the State. This fact is indisputable especially today when the Communist Party, successful in the erection of the socialistic order, is officially, and through the medium of state institutions, leading the country straight toward Communism.

And precisely here is to be sought the secret of change in names. The word "Bolshevik" which is reminiscent of the period when the Party was called Social Democrat, was abolished by the 19th Congress. Henceforth the party members shall never use the word but instead they shall be called Communists.

There is an additional meaning in this change. The word Bolshevik always reminded the West of the Russian; whereas the word Communist sounds more remote. The Politburo invariably included a direct implication of the Russian; the Presidium is

less reminiscent of the nationality. The Narkom (Peoples' Commissars) always reminded the Russian, therefore, this side of 1946, its members were called ministers.

These changes are necessary for the successful operation of the Fifth columns in the Western world until the Third World War, and especially in the course of that war.

Everything which transpires in the Soviet Union unanimously confirms the opinion that the supreme authority of the land, subordinating all the other state and public bodies, is the Communist Party, together with its Congress and all the bodies which emanate from that Congress.

There is, lastly, another fact which confirms this superior position which cannot be lightly ignored. We have in mind Article 236 of the active Constitution. This article is perhaps the only one which has been religiously observed ever since the proclamation of the Constitution in 1936. But this Communist Party is the only organization which has a right to exist in the entire Soviet Union. Today also it remains the supreme politically organized power, the most reliable force in the Soviet State.

We still have to answer the question, why was it that the twin bodies of the Politburo and the Ogburo of such small personnel were replaced by the Presidium of comparatively large personnel? First let us define succinctly the premises of the answer.

1. *We have shown that the Communist Party today enjoys a more powerful position in the entire Soviet Union than it did 34 to 35 years ago in 1917.*
2. *It enjoys a more powerful position than it did during the 18th Congress 13 years ago.*
3. *Similarly, we have shown that the State today is more Communist than it was 34 to 35 years ago in 1917.*

4. *It is more Communist than it was during the 18th Congress 13 years ago.*

In view of the confirmation which is condensed in these four points, it is not difficult for us to surmise that the condensation of the same facts must be reflected in the Presidium:

1. *From the Party viewpoint the Presidium must be a more imposing body than was the Politburo 34 to 35 years ago in 1917.*
2. *Far more imposing than the Politburo and the Ogburo was during the 18th Congress 13 years ago.*
3. *Similarly, the Presidium must be more dynamically Communist than was the Politburo 34 to 35 years ago in 1917.*
4. *Far more Communist than the same Politburo and the Ogburo in the 18th Congress 13 years ago.*

These bodies, the Politburo and the Ogburo were also Communist yesterday, but yesterday they were busy only constructing socialism. Today, having already completed the structure of socialism, the Presidium which has replaced these bodies is immediately harnessed to the task of, not socialistic reconstruction, but Communist reconstruction. This fact is a direct challenge to the Western world, a decisive step toward the coming Third World War. It is not a mere accident that the Central Committee which was created by the 19th Congress is so replete with the names of marshals, admirals and generals, numbering more than 30 (General H. Bagramian is included among the candidates of the Central Committee).

These very men, as the duly elected members of the supreme body of the land will tomorrow direct World War III.

The new Central Committee, with its propositions, is definitely leftist, more inclined toward the further centralization of the dictatorship. Many, on the contrary, see

in this step a tendency of the Communist Party to the right. Stalin justly derided these simple-minded men in his speech before the Eight Extraordinary Congress of the USSR, comparing them with the poor miserable Pelegeyas of Gogol wandering in the courtyard, who did not know which was right and which was left. President Eisenhower, however, was not one of these simple-minded dupes, when he called attention to the "sinister meaning of the Communist Congress."

With the creation of the Presidium, the Communist Party has taken a decisive step not to he right, but to the left, toward the further concentration of the dictatorship. At the same time, it is a further step toward the identification of the party with the state, by taking a greater number of Communists in the Presidium than there are in the Ministers' Council.

The Presidium occupies an exceptional position in the entire Union. The three supreme Party bodies—the Secretariat, the Control Committee, the Central Supervisory Committee—as well as the Ministers' Council, all these are as nothing compared with the Presidium. All of them are subordinate bodies, subject to the Presidium.

This truth will be seen all the more clearly today when Stalin no longer lives. By virtue of his person, his dominant position, Stalin often confounded the world, making it impossible to define the relative position and rank of these party and state bodies. Being a real monarch, wherever he went, as we have observed, Stalin took along with him the authority. This situation has been radically changed today. In the absence of a comparable person in the Communist Party, henceforth the real authority will be exercised not by leading figures but preeminently by the bodies. By the same token we shall see the exceptional position in the whole Union—both the State and the Party—which the Presi-

dium, the supreme tribunal which personifies the will of the Central Committee, shall occupy. We shall see the position and the prestige of the person of Malenkov who has taken over the helm of the land.

Fate was exceptionally good to this tyrant. Stalin occupied his throne for nearly 30 long years and died in his glory, leaving behind him a vast empire. It is not true that he died without appointing his successor. He died after he had set his affairs in order, surrendering his throne with his own hand to his successor.

This successor, G. M. Malenkov, was born on January 8, 1902, in the former City of Orenburg which is now called Chkalov. It is said that he is a Cossack from his father's side, and a Tartar from his mother's side. Like Stalin, he received his intermediary education in a religious institution. Being scarcely a lad of 16 during the October Revolution, Malenkov grew up under the direct influence of Stalin. Having appointed him a candidate of the Politburo in 1941, from then on, step by step, the Tyrant pushed Malenkov to the fore, silently grooming him as his successor. A candidate from 1941 to 1946, from then on Malenkov became a member of the Politburo. Meanwhile, beginning with 1935, he was Stalin's right hand man in the Secretariat. In 1947, he founded the Cominform in Warsaw, as the plenipotentiary delegate of the USSR Central Committee. But on December 21, 1949, on the observance of Stalin's 70th birthday anniversary, he was given the unique honor of writing the leading article in the Pravda Special, in which all the writers were members of the Politburo.

And finally, he was accorded the greatest honor of all. His was the honor of presenting the official report of the Party's 13 year activity before the last Congress, a task which traditionally belonged to Stalin himself. The report lasted five and

a half hours, in the presence of the Dictator, and was endorsed unanimously. And right in the presence of the Dictator, and no doubt at his secret command, when Malenkov ascended the podium, the whole Congress like one man stood up and gave him a resounding ovation.

Participating in this unusual display were the delegates of 44 Communist parties from abroad who were guests of the Congress. Stalin himself left no doubt by his eulogy that Malenkov would be his successor. And in the Congress Malenkov was the second person—Stalin always being the first—whose speech was quoted most of all by the orators. He who is familiar with the Communist ritual knows of course what all this means.

The fact that Malenkov has been released of his position as Executive Secretary of the Party detracts nothing from his prestige, especially in the light of the provisions of the Revised Statute. By his death Stalin convinced the world that, even in the days of the Congress, five months before his death, he was seriously ill. It was because of his illness that he did not read the Central Committee's report, otherwise, if he were not ill, he would have been the one to read that report which lasted five and a half hours, instead of relegating the unique honor to Malenkov. He was satisfied with a short introductory speech which lasted ten minutes, leaving the real report to his successor Malenkov.

Moreover, we are led to believe that, taking into full account the seriousness of his illness, Stalin finally decided to accelerate the convening of the Congress, not only to appoint his successor there, but to revamp the organizational structure through the Revised Statute. This was the reason why his death caused such a confusion in the party and the government, although it left no deep repercussions in the country. The arrangements which he had made be-

fore his death, himself participating, made possible the swift transition which took place immediately after his death.

In conclusion, we have tried to define in a few words the nature of the work of the 19th Congress. These were:

First, in preparation of World War III the Congress took decisive steps toward the retrenchment and the further concentration of the dictatorship.

Second, organizationally, the government leans toward identification with the Party, but ideologically toward Communism.

Third, in this sense, the Congress tangibly fortified the Communist Party's superior position in the government and public institutions.

Fourth, by abolishing the former superior bodies, the Politburo and the Ogburo, it created a Presidium, more imposing in personnel, and endowed with greater prerogatives.

Fifth, the Soviet Union has no higher body than the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party; all the other bodies, party or state, are subordinate to the Presidium, formally and factually.

Sixth with its decisions, the Congress put the country and the party on to a road which leads not to the peace but to war.

In current language this means the Congress obviously leaned from right to left. However, leftist activities in life are not always carried out through leftist forms. One thing is the goal, entirely another the means.

The first is immutable, while the second is subject to continuous change, without deviating from the fundamental aim and without sinning against that aim. This means of the struggle which is simply a tactical matter can take the form of the right while the pursued goal is left. And this precisely is what took place in the

Congress. But only through an analysis of the whole can this point become intelligible to the reader, otherwise it will always be hazy.

It is impossible for us just now to make this overall analysis, therefore we must content ourselves with a few succinct observations. As we stated, the source of the Revised Statute is Stalin's last work, "The Economic Problems of Socialism in the Soviet Union." This work was not written for Russia alone, but for the entire Soviet Union which consists of 16 republics. This is the title of the book, but the goal which it pursues is entirely different. Formally, the Soviet Union today has a population of 215,000,000, but factually the number of the subjects is 800,000,000. These satellite countries—China, Mongolia, Korea, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania, and in a measure Finland—have not the same economy today which prevails in the Soviet Union. In these countries socialism is not as yet completely established as it is in the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union is on the march to Communism.

Stalin's effort has been to introduce into these countries the socialist economy as much as possible. While preserving and deepening Communism in the Soviet Union, Stalin has been trying slowly to lead the satellite countries into socialism. And this is not all. Stalin's book was written not only for the Soviet Union and the satellite countries, but in view of the whole world. It was written with the firm conviction that when World War III comes, the Soviets will unfurl their victorious banner if not on the whole world, at least on the greater part of the globe. They will unfurl their banner, bringing with them the same economic problems which attended the building of socialism in the Soviet Union. And, to forestall the bloody upheavals which attended the erection of the Social-

istic structure in the Soviet Union, Stalin's new book points to a more cautious, moderate, and circumspect policy of procedure.

The teleological aim is Communism, and the road to Communism is state capitalism, especially in the West which has clung tightly to its economic philosophy. As we see, by pursuing leftist aims, the Communist Party has chosen a comparatively rightist road. The West must be spared the evils of militant Communism whose bitter-sweetness Russia tasted so abundantly, if ultimate Communization is to be its fate after World War III.

We now come to point two. The 19th Congress, judging from its decisions, pictures World War III in twin aspects: war on the external front, and the unchaining of internal civil wars. At the same time the Congress views the West as internally discordant, finding a war not against the Soviet but among the imperialistic nations themselves not altogether outside the pale of probability. To this end, the Congress proposes to return to a policy of "popular fronts" in Western countries, the strategy which Stalin exploited so successfully during the last war.

By the formation of popular fronts the probability of internecine wars among the capitalistic countries will be further inflamed and the idea of civil wars will find great footing among the peoples of the world. The teleological end of this strategy too is leftist, but the road leading to it is rightist.

The proclamation of the amnesty, the easing of restrictions of tourists in the Soviet Union, the return of the Thorezes back to the West, the false speeches and declarations for the peace, the release of the condemned doctors, and the Soviet's willingness to intervene with the North Korean government for the release of ten European prisoners, and the Soviet's conciliatory mood toward Germany, etc., etc.

—all these are calculated to create a rightist atmosphere around the Soviet Union in order to pursue leftist policies all the more easily.

Lenin was not a great theoretician but he was a great strategist and leader. And Stalin was not far behind Lenin in this respect.

If the 19th Congress succeeds in sowing seeds of confusion in the West, this will be the greatest victory Bolshevism has ever won.

We repeat, nothing has been changed on the Soviet front. The same policy will be continued after Stalin's death which was continued during his lifetime. To be convinced of this truth, suffice it to read the funeral speeches of the Triumvirates members, Malenkov, Beria and Molotov. The latter in funeral oration spoke not in the name of the Soviet Union's 215,000,000 citizens, but for those 800,000,000 citizens who groan under the Soviet regime, those very citizens who have built "an invincible army of peace-loving nations."

These men are supposed to be peace-loving . . .

Stalin's successors and his associates can hold on to their positions as long as they are loyal to their masters, but not by repudiating him. The Tyrant's death will never bring the death of the immoral doctrine called Leninism-Stalinism which has plagued mankind ever since 1917.

We have sketched the decisions and the resolutions of the 19th Congress in their broad lines. In the compass of our writing, as the reader has already observed, Stalin was personally present and he was the author of those very decisions and resolutions. And yet, the unexpected happened. About five months after the Congress, on the night of March 5, Stalin died as a result of heart failure. His stature was awesome and the position he occupied in the party and the country was inaccessible.

None of his associates, and none of the bodies he headed enjoyed his prestige. For this reason, after his death, to maintain the high and indisputable authority which he had built, all of them came together and passed their decisions.

Broadcasting these decisions, Radio Moscow, on the night of March 7, at 11:30, declared to the world: "These decisions were made in a united session of the Communist Party Central Committee's Plenum, the Council of USSR Ministers, and the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet."

According to the Soviet Constitution all the arrangements pertaining to the personnel of the government are made by the Supreme Soviet, and in its absence by its Presidium. The Supreme Soviet holds its sessions twice a year, a plenary session every six months. But this plenary session did not coincide with Stalin's death. The necessary changes in the government, therefore, had to be made by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, or had to wait until its legal session.

But, this is not what happened. The Constitution was flouted. First, the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet was deprived of its constitutional right, and the necessary changes were made by an illegal body. Second, the Presidium did not invite the Supreme Soviet to hold an emergency session, but instead called an illegal body in consultation with the Presidium, setting the date for March 14. Third, although having set such a close date, the Soviet leaders had neither the power nor the patience to wait and make the changes on the night of the 14th in the name of the Supreme Soviet, but called the session on March 7, two days after Stalin's death.

These same observations also are applicable to the Party. The latter has always jurisdiction to make changes in the personnel of its bodies through the medium of plenary sessions, and strictly within the

provisions of the Statute. But what took place was the exact opposite. The Plenum called on the Government and the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet and passed decisions which, if the radio broadcasts and telegraphic dispatches are not in error, were in direct contradiction with the spirit and the letter of the revised Statute adopted by the last Congress.

Those who participated in the session of March 7, 1953, were: 235 from the Central Committee (125 members and 110 candidates), from the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet 32 persons, and from the 50 ministries of the government 50 persons, altogether 317. This session made the following changes: first, in the government; second, in the Presidium of the Central Committee; third, in the Secretariat of the Central Committee.

The changes in the government were the following. First, the number of the ministers was reduced from 50 to 25 by way of centralizing the government. Malenkov was appointed Premier; Beria Minister of Home Affairs (replacing Vishinsky, the latter being appointed USSR permanent delegate at the United Nations); Marshal Bulganin, Minister of Safety (by the union of naval and war departments Bulganin was raised to the rank of marshal to replace Vasilevski); Mikoyan, Minister of Trades (merger of home and foreign commerce departments); Tevosian, Minister of Heavy Metallurgy; Bonomarengo, Minister of Education (merger of four ministries); Kosygin, Minister of Food Production; Saburov, Minister of Machinery; Pervukhin, Minister of Electricity; Maleyshev, Minister of heavy industry, construction and communications. The names of the other ministers are not at our disposal at this writing.

As Premier Stalin had eight lieutenants. This number has been reduced to five. Malenkov's deputies are Beria (now liquidated), Bulganin, Molotov, Mikoyan and Kaganovich (the latter without portfolio).

The Premier and his five deputies constitute the Presidium of the Ministers' Council.

Molotov's deputies are: Vishinsky, Malik and Kuznetzev (the head of the former trade unions).

Marshal Voroshilov has been appointed President of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet (replacing Shvernik), in other words Voroshilov is the President of the Soviet Union. His predecessor Shvernik will head the Trade Unions.

Gorky, the old Secretary of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet has been replaced by Pegov, one of the candidates of the Presidium of the Central Committee, Gorky being appointed as his assistant.

A little later we shall see that the ten names which we have mentioned in connection with these changes are also members of the ten member Presidium of the Party (the Politburo).

On March 14, 1953, in Moscow there took place the fourth session of the third USSR Supreme Soviet, of the 1316 delegates, 1200 participating. The session lasted 67 minutes. At the proposal of Kruschev, Shvernik was replaced by Voroshilov as President of the Supreme Soviet. The latter gave the floor to Beria who in turn moved that Malenkov, "Lenin's talented pupil and Stalin's closest associate," be Stalin's successor. Accepting the offer, thereupon Malenkov submitted to the Supreme Soviet all those changes in government personnel which had been effected in the session of March 7th. Needless to say all the propositions were adopted unanimously.

In a short restrained speech, referring to the changes in the government, Malenkov declared: "The changes in the structure of the government were planned while Stalin was still alive and with his approval. The death of the Generalissimo has only accelerated the execution of the changes."

Unusually noteworthy are the changes which have been effected in the Party bodies—the Presidium and the Secretariat. The

Presidium, as we had stated, consisted of 25 members and 11 candidates. By way of further centralizing the authority, this number has been reduced to 10 members and four candidates. The members: Malenkov, Beria, Molotov, Voroshilov, Krushchev, Bulganin, Kaganovich, Mikoyan, Saburov and Pervoukhin. The candidates: Bonomarengo, Shvernik, Melnikov and M. D. Baghirov.

This is the first time since 1917 that a Tatar, a Mohammedan to be precise, has entered such a distinguished body, even in the capacity of a candidate. Incidentally, it should be noted that the newly-elected Central Committee of 125 includes three Armenians: Arutinov (the Executive Secretary of the Communist Party of Armenia), Mikoyan and Tevosian; two Georgians (not counting Stalin who is dead), Beria and Akaki Mghelatze (according to a Reuters dispatch, April 20, 1953, now arrested); and one Tartar named Baghirov. But the 11 candidates include two Armenians, General Bagramian and Grigorian, an editor of the former Bolshevik periodical "Communist," and three Georgians, Bagratze, Koklitze, and Tzkhovrebashvili. There are no Tartars among the candidates.

As to the Secretariat of the Central Committee which consisted of 10 members (there are no candidates in this body), again from considerations of centralizing the authority, this number has been reduced to five: Khrushchev, Pospelov, Shatilov, Suslov and S. Ignatiev (the latter two weeks later was arrested as one of the conspirators against the nine doctors, and his successor has not yet been announced).

The question is, what is the relative status of the remaining 15 members and seven candidates of the Presidium? The same question applies to what happened to the Secretariat. No doubt this matter has been settled by now but no explanation has been given to the public. It would be futile to delve in suppositions. All we can do is to wait and see.

There is an echo of fear in these hastily accomplished changes, presumably because the Soviet rulers are afraid the West might take advantage of the Tyrant's death and become more exacting in its demands. To forestall this danger the Soviet rulers obviously are tightening their ranks and further consolidating the authority.

From this standpoint highly significant is the new personnel of the Presidium which we have given. This personnel almost identically represents the Politburo which emanated from the 18th Congress of 1939, the body which was created on the eve of World War II in order to direct that war, with this exception that the dead and the demoted have been replaced by new ones.

To make this point intelligible to the reader, we do not deem it superfluous to repeat here the names of the members and the candidates of the 1939 Politburo. The nine members of the Politburo created by the Plenum of March 22, 1939 were: Stalin (now dead), Zhdanov (dead), Kalinin (dead), Andreyev (demoted), Voroshilov, Kaganovich, Mikoyan, Molotov, Khrushchev, Beria candidate and now liquidated), and Shvernik (candidate). The following were the new candidates for the Politburo elected by the Plenum of February 24, 1941: Scherbakov (dead), Voznesenski (disappeared ever since 1949), Malenkov (full member ever since 1946). From February 24, 1952 on full members of the Politburo are: Bulganin and Kosygin (the latter is not a member of the Presidium now but is a member of the Ministers' Council).

These nine persons from the old Politburo are now included in the 14 member Presidium. The five new names are: Saburov, Pervukhin, Bonomarengo (Secretary of the Byelo-Russian Communist Party), Melnikov (Executive Secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party), and Baghirov (Executive Secretary of the Communist Party of Azerbaijan).

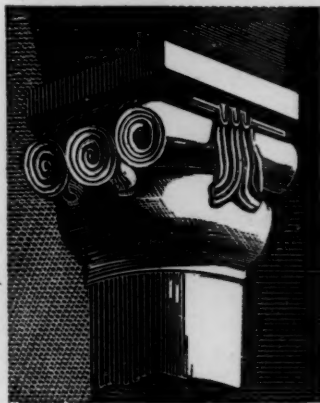
The reader will of course notice that the

present personnel is the restoration of the 1939 war leadership, fortified by the executive secretaries of the three republics. The 10 members of the new 14-member USSR Presidium-Politburo have taken charge of the 25 principal chairs (26 including Kaganovich).

Today, in the list of the Ministers' Council hitherto available to us, no mention is made of four members of the new 14-member Presidium: Melnikov, Khrushchev, Baghirov and Shvernik, the latter, as we have said, occupies an important position as the

Director of Trade Unions. There is no doubt that equally important positions are reserved for the remaining three.

There has never been such a centralization of the power over the absolute authority of the Communist Party. What took place on March 7, 1953, in Moscow, immediately after Stalin's death, is a veritable palace revolution, to put it mildly. Such important transactions are never without a cause. It rests with us to follow the convolutions which the orphaned leaders of the Soviet Union will undergo, accustomed to be commanded, but never to command.



MY SON KISSED ME

NORAYR BAGRAT

Early each morning, as he harnessed his horses to the plow, Mahtesi Garabed, would complete the morning prayer which he had left half-finished at the breakfast table:

"Good morning, good Christ, beneficent and just Lord. Have mercy on all sinners, and then have mercy on the likes of us. Grant peace unto the world, love and unity to the kings, and unto us the sinners, the kingdom of heaven."

After he had finished his prayer he would stroke his grayish beard, and calling his two roan horses by their names he would caress them and then would be off to the vineyard for the day's work. The horses would shake their shoulders, would stomp the ground, and then, with erect heads and steady, firm steps, would march with their master to the field.

Accompanying the crew was the inseparable and self-styled guardian of the company, the house dog Salo, who, as if happy for bringing his share to the day's labor, would brush against his master's leg, now would pounce upon him, and now would make a circle around the horses, disturbing the morning peace with his warning bark.

When all was ready, Mahtesi would give the signal and the troop would head off for the vineyard.

The mellowness of the balmy spring morning descended on Mahtesi Garabed and his horses like the soft dew, and exultant nature, arousing from the night's slumber, tingled with vibrant life, electrifying the veins of the old toiler and his faithful animals.

In the vineyard, they came to a halt

in front of a row of vine stocks. For a moment Mahtesi took in a deep draft of the fresh air with boundless enjoyment, measured with a gratified look the entire stretch of the arousing vineyard, crossed himself, and taking hold of the plow, signaled to his horse:

"Ha, my Bezirgen! Ha, my Aslikhan!"

The animals, accustomed to their master's voice, snorted, stomped the ground with their forelegs and proud and self-confident, started to push forward. Parallel with the rows, man and horses moved in unison, piercing the earth with successive furrows, and every once in a while the animals would hear their master's tender encouragement: "Ha, my Bezirgen! Ha, my Aslikhan!" Hearing it, the animals would tug at the harness with all the more steady and powerful steps. And when the red sun broke out in the horizon, inundating the tender vegetation and the waters of the gentle brook with a flood of silver and gold the tireless old toiler's soul would brighten up and would blossom like a flower in the green of the vineyard.

This serenity, however, was occasionally broken by a deep pain which pressed heavily on his soul and stormed his mind. It was the thought of his son Aram whose ungrateful treatment of his mother had caused her much suffering. Mahtesi often tried to kid himself that Aram still was a boy, and that when he grew up he would come to his senses. But Aram always remained the same rude, contemptuous, and incorrigible boy.

Smarting from his ache, for a moment Mahtesi would forget himself and his

horses, but all of a sudden he would snap out of it.

"Ha, my Bezirgen! Ha, my Aslikhan!"

The horses would shake their heads, would straighten up, and then would plod on, lost in the thick rows of the vineyard.

"Don't talk like that, son, don't talk like that. Thank God that he has given you everything," Mahtesi Garabed exhorted whenever his son complained or was rude.

"I have heard that old tripe often enough; have you anything new to say?" Aram would shout at his father's face.

"May God straighten you out, my son," the father would reply calmly, as he sat at the table to partake of his meal.

"You never gave me a peaceful day, without turning my heart into a pool of black blood. Shame on you for speaking against your father," the mother would reproach with tearful eyes. "You have such a good, such a nice father and yet you don't appreciate him. Instead of helping him whose hair and beard grew white raising you and educating you, you wag your tongue against him. Haven't you a spark of pity in you? God will punish you some day."

The heart of Mahtesi Garabed was bleeding. Leaving the table he withdrew to a corner, and as he was filling his pipe he noticed Anna, her face clouded with anger and anguish, sobbing as she wiped her eyes with the tip of her apron. The mother's heart was crumbling under the weight of her grief. This was not only one day, or one month, the twelve months of the year it was the same water and the same mill.

Seeing his wife's tears, Mahtesi said to his son gently:

"My son, don't hurt your mother's heart. Have pity on her, she is your mother. When tomorrow we close our eyes and you become a father, then you will understand. Then, my son, it will be too late . . . too

late."

"When other sons say Mom, Dad, their lips tremble. But you have become a wolf and are devouring us," the mother put in, wiping her eyes.

"Son," the old man continued gently, "there never has been a day that we heard from your lips the words 'Dad,' 'Mom,' to refresh our hearts, so that we too could say that we have a son." And turning to his wife he said in a plaintive vein, "For whom is it that I work and toil at this age? Is it not for him? Today we are here, tomorrow we are not; one of our feet is here, the other is in the grave. My heart becomes a pool of black blood everytime he says, 'Hey, look here. Hey, listen to me. Hey, they are calling for you. Woman, I fear I will go to the grave with this pain in my heart.'"

Not to aggravate further her husband's anguish, Anna made a valiant effort to conceal her grief, and to cheer him up she would say, "When we marry him off he will come to his senses."

"I will be the happiest of men if I ever see that day," the old man would say, filling his pipe with trembling hands.

When World War II broke out, Aram joined the army together with his pals, despite his parents' desperate effort to keep him behind as the sole supporter of the family.

And one day Aram returned home in his soldiers' uniform. Mahtesi Garabed could scarcely control himself when he saw his son in his uniform. He measured his son from head to foot with greedy eyes. He wanted to kiss him but he was afraid of his son.

"How becoming is that uniform," the neighbors would comment to Mahtesi.

"Yes, it is very becoming," the old man would reply, smothering his welling tears.

"He is the son of his brave father," Anna observed proudly.

After parading his uniform and his tall stature before his parents and friends, according to his custom Aram jumped into his car and left for the city, to see the girls and his pals.

"Son, where are you going? Stay with us today. When you leave tomorrow, who knows when we shall see you again?" the mother pleaded in a choking voice.

"What? Again the same old story? I will go so you will be rid of me, and I of you. Why do you worry about me. I am not a child. I can take care of myself."

"Who was the girl who telephoned?" the mother ventured timorously.

"Hey, I don't want you to stick your nose into my affairs. Do you hear?"

And Aram left without tasting his food. Mahtesi who was ploughing in the vineyard, hearing the whistle of the automobile, turned around and looked until the car disappeared in the distance.

Aram's one week furlough passed like the blinking of an eyelash. One more day and he would leave his father's home to rejoin the army.

Only Mahtesi and his wife felt the weight of the separation. Who knows if they ever would see again the light of their eye, the candle of their home? Despite all his faults and his spoilt, ungrateful attitude, he was still their son, their only hope whose very presence in the home was a source of comfort. What if that candle were extinguished? The idea cut up the old couple's heart like a dagger.

Aram himself felt the vague gravity of the moment. His whole childhood passed before him like a swiftly unfolding motion picture. His life had not been as bad as that in this home. Yes, he could even have been happy. Had he been just to his parents? It was the first time that he had had such a thought, swift as a flash, soon to be forgotten.

The day of Aram's departure, the rela-

tives and friends, accompanied by the neighbors, flocked to Mahtesi's home. Mahtesi was prostrate with grief, spoke very little, and never moved his eyes from his son.

"Why don't you speak, neighbor?" asked Marcos Amou.

"Don't take it so hard, Garabed," Gaspar Varpet put in. "By the time your son reaches the front the war will be over."

"May God hearken to your words, Gaspar," responded Hadji Keri, snuffing briskly.

"What the hell is Japan's might? If she does not surrender in a month I will shave my mustache. This war will be short, but there will never be an end of wars, ever since the beginning of the world it has been thus and it will continue to be thus," Gaspar commented with the air of a wise man.

The day of Aram's departure the house and the vineyard seemed cold and dreary to Mahtesi. That day he did not go to work but, together with the neighbors, seated under the shadow of the trees, he talked and pondered all day about his son. Here, under this tree, Aram had played and grown up. Here he had angered and opposed his parents. But now he was gone, and his absence had left a deep void in his heart. His faults were forgotten, and in the hearts of the old parents there remained only the bright face of their only son which now, like a sweet distant image, filled their hearts with love and longing.

Thereafter, their only thought was the life of their son who was gone, from his childhood days to the present. His room, his bed, his personal belongings he had left behind, his books and his clothes were the perpetual objects of their tender care.

One day, as she was regrouping Aram's clothes in the drawers, Anna suddenly began to cry, muttering her son's name.

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see that the color has left his cheeks?"

"Snap out of it, Anna. Your son will come back again. I know many who entered the service but who returned safe and sound."

"The army is good for the boys. It is a good school of discipline. It makes a man of a boy."

"Not only is it a good school, but it teaches obedience and respect. The boys see new places, new cities, new countries, new men. They gain new experiences."

With such words, the friends and the neighbors tried to comfort the old couple.

"It is a tough fire, my mother, my sister, a tough fire," Aunt Varder used to comfort, wagging her head. "When the fire drops, it burns. Last week, when my sister-in-law's son Aharon left for the army I did not mind it very much, but when my son Zaven left, that day I learned that it is a tough fire."

"May God comfort all mothers, sustain all the parents, so that they will come out of this fire unharmed," joined in the rest, lifting their eyes to heaven.

In Aram's training camp each morning when reveille sounded, the soldiers, still half-asleep, would jump to their feet and would begin to dress briskly. Aram, who had lived a lazy and indulgent life, did not want to get up, but being obliged, he would rise and dress with the agility of a sick man.

"Only two minutes left," the sergeant would warn for the last call.

The heavy knapsack on his back, in hunger or thirst, the soldier was obliged to march, to climb mountains, to dig ditches, to wait on the wet ground, or to stand guard in the sizzling sun or the drenching rain.

Was this, then, what they called the soldier's life, the glamour of the handsome uniform? To show off before the girls had vanished in a moment. These were but the

outward blandishments of the soldier's life. But the real training was an entirely different thing, founded in discipline, endurance, and obedience. These were qualities which were alien to Aram, difficult to assimilate. He had turned into a man machine and had to move as they ordered him. The one who did the ordering was not his father or mother. If he ever tried to talk back they would punish him, as they had done to some of his buddies. Being a soldier went against the grain. He remembered his past, his free, careless past. He, who never did a lick of work in his home, now had to get up early in the mornings, make his bed, take care of his clothes, and help in the kitchen or do other chores.

Oh how sweet that old home of his seemed now! What a good and noble father and mother he had had, who had been so indulgent to him, who had always forgiven him, who had sacrificed for him, who had been so tender to him! Bit by bit, he began to realize now how cruel he had been to his parents whose boundless affection and patience he had abused, had made them suffer so unjustly.

Every day the faces of his old father and mother became brighter and more beautiful. How beautiful was that old home of theirs, the shade of the trees, the little brook which glided beside the vineyard. Now he missed them all. How he longed to be near them just for a moment, to kiss his dust-covered, perspiring old father, to press him to his breast and murmur: "Dad, forgive me."

He missed that simple home, the barn, and the dogs, Salo and Bingo, all, all of them. He even missed Gaspar Amou's thieving cat Blackie, and the pear tree under whose branches he had played with Johnny. And he missed the black-eyed lovely Vardouhie.

Aram felt that he had sinned against his parents. He had made them suffer so long.

He felt he must atone for his sin. But how? . . .

A bright idea flashed into his mind which, like an old forgotten but lovely dream, pervaded his entire being. Yes, he thought to himself, he would write to his parents, he must write them a letter in Armenian. Taking advantage of his first opportunity, he sat down and started to write the letter.

It was a tough job. It was a long time since he had finished the Armenian school. Thereafter, he had not looked at an Armenian book. He had difficulty in recalling the letters. But finally he managed to write a few lines, full of typographical errors, to be sure, but he put his soul into it with the best words he knew.

That day, when Mahtesi and his wife received their son's letter, a new light broke upon their dark sky, but it was an unexpected, lovely light: "Dear Dad and Mom," it began, and ended with "Your loving son." That night, before laying his head on the pillow, Mahtesi pronounced his customary prayer, asking God to keep and preserve his baby, and return him safely. And, with tears of joy, he surrendered himself to a light, sweet sleep.

Months passed. Aram slowly got used to his new setting and became an ideal soldier. He fought bravely on the German front.

One morning the American newspapers published a large sized picture of Aram, together with a story which described his heroic deeds.

"Light unto thine eyes"—Congratulations—Gaspar Amou shouted at Mahtesi who, as usual, was leading his horses to the vineyard. Surprised by Gaspar ecstatic expression, Mahtesi stopped and listened.

"Neighbor, did you see your son Aram's picture in the evening papers?"

Mahtesi, who could not read English, surprised by his friend's words, stared at

him. Just then, having heard Gaspar's voice, Anna rushed out of the house. She was eager to hear some word about her son. Gaspar Amou was brimming over with joy. He told the old couple that her daughter Vardouhie had seen Aram's picture in the evening papers and had read the story of his exploits. "Mahtesi, Aram now is a hero," he repeated.

The two old men sat down under the shade of the walnut tree to celebrate the event with some cool beer.

"Good neighbor, I drink this glass to the health of Aram and all our soldiers. May God return the sons of all safely home. Who ever thought that Aram would be a hero some day and would make us proud? Ah well, the spurned stone will break a head, as the proverb goes. Congratulations, Mahtesi, and congratulations to you, Anna."

Gaspar Amou's daughter Vardouhie who accompanied her father, handed the clipping to Mahtesi, saying, "Uncle Mahtesi, it is Aram's picture, see?"

Mahtesi Garabed took the American paper in his hand, and looking at the picture of his son, he kissed it and pressed it to his heart. Meanwhile, Anna was beside herself with impatience. "Man alive, let me have a look at it too."

When Anna saw her son's face in his military uniform she exclaimed, "May I be a sacrifice unto your name, my baby, blessed be the milk I fed you. I always knew that my son some day would make us proud." And she kissed the picture of her son over and over again. Then, wiping her tears of joy, she added: "May God gladden the mothers of all our soldiers."

The next morning Vardouhie brought Aram's framed picture to the home of Uncle Mahtesi and hung it from the wall of the living room.

Aram had written his parents that he was coming home on a three month fur-

lough and the news caused a great commotion in the neighborhood. Two days before his arrival, Anna scrubbed the house, set everything in order, and prepared a bed for her son. She was verily counting the hours when she would take him in her arms and satisfy her burning longing with her kisses.

The days of waiting, however, dragged on heavily, like the days of the Great Lent, and when, finally, the red sun of the day of arrival dawned, Anna, Mahtesi, and the entourage of friends went to the station to meet the returning hero.

Mahtesi, who had never set foot at the station ever since his son departed, was running now like an impatient child, eager and restless. And when the whistle announced the arrival of the long awaited train, Mahtesi, wide-eyed, wanted to run and meet the train, to embrace, as soon as possible, his only hope, his son Aram.

There were ecstatic exclamations of joy when Aram made his appearance in his handsome uniform. Instantly he was in the arms of his father and mother who kissed and wept at the same time, thanking God for making them worthy of this day. When they reached home, Aram saw his framed picture hanging from the wall of the living room and smiled. Seeing it, Mahtesi put his hand on his shoulder and said softly, "It was Vardouhie who framed that picture and brought it here."

That evening the Mahtesi home was crowded with friends and relatives who had come to share in the old couple's joy. Aram was seated next to his father. One could not miss the change which had taken place in him. He looked more matured and impressive. His serious conversation, his experienced maner, and his sound opinions in regard to the burning issues of the day, made it plain that the old Aram was gone. Also changed was his attitude

toward his parents. He spoke with them with affection and tenderness.

Of all of them Mahtesi felt most deeply this change. Yes, he had waited for this moment, and now, his wish had become a reality. He had blissfully bowed his white-haired head under the towering shadow of his son who at last had come to protect with his mighty arms his frail body tottering in the twilight of his life.

When the guests departed, Aram smiled with contentment at his parents who had grown older and who had suffered so much. He took them in his arms and kissed them fondly, over and over again.

"Dad! Mom! You don't know how much I have missed you."

It did the old couple good to hear the words, Dad and Mom, from the lips of their son. Their wish of long years was fulfilled. The heavy weight was lifted. They were happy.

That night Mahtesi could not sleep for joy. He scarcely had closed his eyes when he felt someone was kissing him. He opened his eyes and saw that it was his Aram.

"Dad, I could not go to sleep. I came to kiss you once again and to ask you to forgive me for the way I treated you. I know I made you suffer with my childish folly. My army life taught me that I had been wrong. Forgive me Dad."

And he kissed him once again.

The old man sat up in his bed, took his son in his arms, and murmured: "My Aram, my baby, my son."

In the morning, before the sun had risen, with the image of the preceding night in his soul, Mahtesi entered the kitchen where Anna was preparing breakfast, humming a familiar tune. He took the whiskey bottle from the cupboard, and after downing two glasses, he said with deep emotion:

"Woman, last night my son kissed me. My son kissed me . . ."

Translated by James G. Mandalian

SPIRIDON MELIKIAN

(On the 20th anniversary of his death)

M. MOORADIAN

Spiridon Melikian occupies a distinguished position among the pioneers who developed the music of Soviet Armenia. Having begun his musical career at the beginning of the 20th century, he was a direct successor of the Armenian masters Komitas and Kara Murza. As in the pre-revolution era, so during the first decade of the Soviet regime, he was active as musician, collector and cultivator of popular songs, pedagog, conductor of choral groups, and public worker.

The son of a teacher, Spiridon Melikian was born on November 30, 1880, in Etchmiadzin, Armenia. He was a product of the Gevorgian College of Etchmiadzin which institution he entered in 1893 and was graduated with honors in 1902. Being noted for his predilection for music, he soon attracted the attention of the great Komitas who took him under his wing. Under Komitas the future composer mastered the Armenian composition, the system of notes, choral singing, and became an accomplished soloist. For these accomplishments, when he was graduated, he was appointed teacher of music in the College and assistant conductor of the chorus under Komitas.

While a student at the College Melikian also showed distinct aptitude in musical research, his chief interest being the history and theory of Armenian music. For his graduation thesis he had chosen the difficult topic of "Medieval Notes," a research study which was highly appreciated. In

future years this theme remained one of his favorite interests.

While he acquired a considerable amount of knowledge under Komitas during his college years in 1902-1905, Melikian nevertheless felt the need of advancing his musical education, and through the mediation of Komitas he soon made ready to depart to Berlin.

Before his departure to Berlin Komitas not only gave him his paternal advice, but to keep his pupil free of foreign influence, he lent him his collection of Armenian popular songs which he had put to music, to copy it and take it to Berlin as an inexhaustable source of themes. Melikian copied 284 songs which, after the loss of Komitas' precious manuscripts in later years, assumed a unique importance and were published as a separate collection.

Melikian followed his studies at the Conservatory of Berlin for three years, always keeping in touch with his beloved teacher, and Komitas nurtured his deligence with his exhortative paternal letters. "The future belongs to us, be brave, dear Spiridon," he wrote in his letter of January 2, 1907. And, following the advice of his teacher, Melikian applied himself to the task. He mastered the history and theory of music, the art of composition, and fully equipped, he returned to Transcaucasia in 1908 to devote his life to the development of Armenian music. He served as music teacher in the City of Shushi for one year after which he moved to Tiflis to assume

the chair of music at the Nercissian School as well as to serve as choir master. Here he concentrated his attention on pupils who were musically inclined.

As the economic, administrative and cultural center of Transcaucasia, Tiflis at the same time was an important Armenian cultural center, auspicious for the expansion of Armenian music. It was here that the great Armenian masters of the 19th century, Komitas and Kara Murza, had concentrated their efforts for the development and the expansion of Armenian music.

Not satisfied with mere teaching, Melikian continued the tradition of Komitas and Ekmalian by converting the chorus of the Nercissian School into an important propaganda medium. In 1911 he organized "The Armenian Choral Society of Tiflis" designed to popularize Armenian music through the medium of systematic concerts. This society did much for the extension of Armenian music during its ten year existence.

Melikian also was one of the most zealous and active organizers of the "Armenian Musicians' Union of Tiflis," founded in 1912-1913, which likewise played a prominent role in the history of Armenian music. This society organized regular concerts, soirees, and lectures dedicated to music. One of its chief enterprises was the organizing of a series of concerts based on the works of the distinguished composer Alexander Smbendarian (or Smbendiaroff) 1916, in Tiflis, creating thus a spiritual link between the great composer and the Armenian intelligentsia.

In the days of World War I which proved so fatal to the Armenian people, especially to the Western segment, Melikian vigorously applied himself to the task of putting Armenian popular songs to music in order to save the music from complete extinction. From this viewpoint his call to the Armenian Musicians' Union

of Tiflis in 1914 was highly significant. He proposed to accomplish in the shortest possible time what that society had foreseen would take decades to accomplish. "Let us try to save those innocent children," he wrote to the society, "who have no flesh and blood to raise a cry, but whose death will be felt by the Musical Society more than others. They represent our heroes of past centuries who have survived by transmitting to us their memories. Let us not permit them to perish, because their death will mean the death of the centuries-old history of our music."

The result of this touching call was the expedition of Shirak in 1916 which in 1917 published the anthology "The Songs of Shirak," with the collaboration of Spiridon Melikian and Anoushavan Ter Chevondian. Besides this, two other folios entitled "The Songs of Van" saw the light which included popular songs put to notes by Armenian emigrants. These two anthologies, the second of which was published under the Soviet regime, served as source material for future composers. Suffice it to mention Alexander Smbendarian's Opera "Almast" which draws heavily from the "Songs of Shirak."

In the pre-Revolutionary era (the Bolshevik revolution) Spiridon Melikian did considerable research work on the history and the theory of Armenian music. When Armenia was sovietized, as a true patriot and exponent of Armenian culture, Melikian returned to Armenia in 1921 to lay his talents at the disposal of his people. Here he devoted himself to the task of pedagogical and choral organization in Vagharsapat (1921-1923), and later in Erivan where he served in the State Conservatory, the State University, the Pedagogical Institute and the various schools, organizing quartets, with special emphasis on classical composers, and particularly his beloved teacher Komitas.

Of special significance was his work with the choral groups of the State Conservatory of Erivan which, through his efforts, were converted into a truly artistic collective, compelling the admiration not only of Soviet Armenia, but the populace of Moscow, the great capital of the Soviet Union. Under his leadership the choral society of the State Conservatory of Erivan took part in the Tenth Anniversary celebration of the October Revolution held in 1927 in Moscow where it gave seven concerts, meriting exceptional reception. With these concerts Melikian acquainted the music-loving public of Moscow with the magnificent group songs of Komitas which were a veritable revelation and left a tremendous impression on the public as attested by the daily newspapers.

During the years of the Soviet regime Melikian also accomplished much in the field of musical ethnology. He proposed to collect into a voluminous anthology the popular songs of various Armenian regions, a project which he knew he could not carry through without state aid. As a member of the Institute of Sciences and Arts of Armenia, the government put at his disposal all the necessary means for the realization of his favorite project. Accordingly, in 1927, he organized five successive expeditions into the various regions of Armenia, collecting and putting to notes countless Armenian songs. The result of this effort was the publication of an an-

thology of 1000 popular songs.

During this period of activity, Melikian wrote a number of works: "Outline of the History of Armenian Music," "The Notes of Armenian Popular Songs," accompanied with a study of the history and theory of Armenian music, and "The Analysis of Komitas' Works." His "Outline of the History of Armenian Music" was the first attempt in this direction. Like all his other works, this work offers an imposing amount of factual proof which have proved invaluable to the students of Armenian music.

In addition to all this, Melikian busied himself with the development of the popular songs which he collected, always loyal to Komitas' method, preserving the plaintive and melodic qualities which emanate from the essence of these songs, enriched by harmonization and polyphony. Distinguished among these are his "Djoorn Ara," "Belibi," "Tukh Konda," and "Dsamdel."

Of late years the Academy of Armenian SSR Sciences and Arts has taken up the publication of Melikian's hitherto unpublished two volume work on Armenian popular songs. The first volume was published in 1949 in Erivan; the second volume is in process of printing.

The musical legacy of Spiridon Melikian is a great trust in the repository of Armenian music from which Soviet Armenian composers even now continue to draw in their creative production.



IN RETROSPECT: A GLANCE AT THE PAST THIRTY YEARS

REUBEN DARBINIAN

The Downfall of the Independent Republic of Armenia and the Regime Which Followed

The overthrow of the independent Republic of Armenia in 1920 is a typical example of the method which the Soviet government adopted from the beginning to conquer and subjugate independent nations. Taking advantage of May Day celebrations of that year in Armenia, through its fifth columnists, the Soviet raised the flag of rebellion and tried to overthrow the legal government of the Independent Republic which had been put into power through the people's free vote. Having failed in this attempt, it tried to reach its aim through the aid of external force. And because a direct attack by the Red Army was discreditable to its prestige as a "revolutionary," "liberatory," and "democratic" government, the Soviet came to an agreement with the Kemalist Turks, supplied them arms, ammunition and funds, and egged them on to invade and seize the territories of Armenia, so that later, in December of 1920, it could intervene as the liberator of Armenia and saviour of the Armenian people. After the intervention, of course, she could hold on to the occupied territory in accordance with its prior agreement with the Turks. In the overthrow of Armenia the Soviet used the same methods and pretexts which it later employed in the partition of Poland with Hitlerite Germany.

Scarcely two and a half months after the

partition of Armenia and the Sovietization of the eastern sector, in February of 1921, the people of Armenia rose up in arms and overthrew the Soviet regime which in so short a time had become so insufferable. Had not the Soviet government sent new divisions to reconquer the land, Armenia today would have been an independent country.

After the reoccupation of Armenia, according to its custom, the Soviet started to purge the land, the first victims being the patriotic-minded intellectuals and the military. At first this attempt was not wholly successful, having been partially prevented by the February uprising which fortunately saved the intelligentsia. The uprising was too late for the officers of the Independent Republic's army because they already had been exiled to northern Russia. Nevertheless, in the course of time, through periodic purges, the Soviet government tried to destroy those intellectuals who still cherished patriotic notions. This policy continues to this day. By destroying the Armenian intelligentsia the Soviet aims to accelerate the dissimilation of the Armenian people and to make them a tool of its imperialistic aims.

However, the Soviet still does not consider these methods as sufficient to permanently destroy Armenian national aspirations as long as there remain the Armenians of the Dispersion, and especially that section of the dispersion which stands for the complete liberation of Armenia.

Therefore, it is the Soviet's basic aim to dominate the Armenian Dispersion and to this end it has spared no effort. When one method fails, the Soviet resorts to another.

Considering the Soviet's change of operation, the methods it has used, and their various results, during the past thirty or more years the Armenian communities of abroad have gone through three phases. The first, 1922 to 1933; the second, 1933 to 1947; and the third, 1947 to the present.

Until 1933 the number and the influence of Armenian Communists in the United States and the rest of the world was absolutely negligible. They were considered as an alien element and no one took them seriously. They were not included in Armenian organizations, and they were regarded as traitors, atheists, an immoral, degenerate and foreign element by the overwhelming majority of the Armenians of abroad.

During this period the Armenian Ramgavars and their affiliated organizations, such as the Armenian General Benevolent Union, etc., although pro-Soviet in sentiment, preferred to work independently of the Armenian Communists. In those days the Ramgavars simply despised the local Communists, although they had much praise for the Communists of Armenia and the Soviet Union, as if they pursued entirely separate aims and had no ties whatever with one another.

This fact, however, did not prevent the Ramgavar from supporting the HOC (Committee for Aid to Armenia) which was created by the Armenian Communists, because they regarded the HOC as the work of the Communists of Armenia. At the same time the Ramgavars collaborated with the crypto-Communists in the so-called State Red Cross, the word "State" here referring to Soviet Armenia.

In those days the attitude of the Ram-

gavars toward the Dashnaks (Armenian Revolutionary Federation) was entirely different. They respected the Federation's power and prestige and made occasional attempts to come to an agreement with it, although invariably failing. But this was no reason why they should not do their utmost to discredit the Dashnaks in the eyes of the Armenian people as well as the non-Armenians. Their newspapers were full of vindictive editorials and articles against the Dashnaks. They put the entire blame of the fall of Kars, the downfall of the Independent Republic of Armenia, and the failure of the Armenian cause on the Dashnaks and Dashnaks alone. If it were left to them, they were ready to condemn to death all the Dashnak members of the Republic's government, as the Greeks had done to their ministers who were responsible for the tragedy of Smyrna.

But the Armenian people, both in Armenia and abroad, was far more sound-minded and conscientious than the Ramgavar leaders and understood well that, in the downfall of the independent Republic the Dashnaks had no blame. They knew that the Federation had done its utmost to save the young republic but had succumbed to incomparably superior forces, the combined might of the Soviet and Kemalist Turkey who had a previous agreement to partition Armenia between themselves.

That the people of Armenia did not hold the Federation responsible for the Republic's downfall became apparent beyond the shadow of a doubt when, scarcely two months later, that same people rose up in indignation, liberated the Dashnak intellectuals from Soviet dungeons, and returned the Federation to the head of the government.

The same sentiment was shared by the Armenian communities of abroad, espec-

ially the United States. It was natural, therefore, that the Ramgavars and the Communists were doomed to failure in their effort to discredit the Federation and to destroy its power. As a matter of fact, the effort backfired and it was the Ramgavars who were discredited when the Dashnak press clearly proved that, aside from the criticising the Dashnaks from a distance, they had done nothing to help the Independent Republic while the Communists had openly allied themselves with the Turk to destroy the young republic.

When the Armenians of abroad were sufficiently enlightened on this point, naturally, both the Ramgavars and the Communists suffered a distinct setback and they had a difficult time in dragging their existence everywhere, especially in the United States.

Nor could those so-called delegations which the Soviet government sent to the Armenians of abroad render any tangible aid to the Ramgavars and the Communists in those days. It is true that they created some interest because they came from Armenia, nevertheless they were unable to add to the prestige of the Soviet regime in Armenia, nor could they weaken in the slightest the Federation's (Dashnaks) prestige outside of Soviet Armenia.

The political and psychological setting was so unfavorable to the pro-Soviet elements that finally the Committee for Aid to Armenia and the so-called State Red Cross were forced to dissolve while the Communist newspaper had to fold up although it resumed publication soon after under a different name in order to mislead the simple-minded all the easier. The Ramgavar daily newspaper, "Baikar," was so hard put that its publishers seriously considered converting it into a bi-weekly.

The Period of Communist Heyday

1933-1947

Events in international and Armenian life between 1933 and 1947 tangibly altered the situation to favor the Ramgavar and the Communists. With the emergence of triumphant Hitlerism, Germany started to rearm and to threaten her neighbors. In the Far East Japan reared its head and took the road to conquest, alarming its neighbors. Under those circumstances, newly elected President Roosevelt deemed it wise to recognize the Soviet which his four predecessors had refused to recognize, realizing such an act would open a Pandora's box.

And, of a truth, despite the fact that the Soviet Government had given its written promise not to interfere in the internal affairs of this country, scarcely the ink of Litvinov's signature was dry, the Soviet agents started to multiply their subversive activities in the United States. Supported by the moral and material aid of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, the Communists of America with an unprecedented zeal started to create a host of organizations under innocent names, converting them into Soviet fronts. What is most important of all, they succeeded in infiltrating almost all the branches of the Federal Government. They even succeeded in infiltrating President Roosevelt's immediate circle, and in a short time they were in a position to counteract or neutralize the efforts of anti-Communists or anti-Soviet forces in this country.

Beginning with 1933 the Soviet government became more bold in its subversive and ruinous activity in the free world, especially in the United States. To render the effort even more easy and fruitful, the Soviet now took up the church as a weapon to fight its enemies. Although an atheistic and godless government which

had destroyed the greater part of the clergy in its dominions, had seized all the estates of the church, had destroyed the religious organizations, had forbidden the preaching and teaching of religion, and had encouraged in every way the expansion of atheism, the Soviet through its fifth columnist unleashed its subversive campaign in the free world, the United States in particular, posing as a zealous champion of church and religion. Through the forced collaboration of an apostate clergy it set to work to divide the religious communities of the free world on the one hand, and to dominate an important part of them, on the other hand.

From this standpoint, the example of the Armenian American community and its church is very eloquent. Having decided to take advantage of the authority of the Armenian Catholicos, to take him under its control and to force him to subserve its dark designs, the Soviet government tried to appoint its secret agents as prelates of the Armenian communities of abroad. Having succeeded in placing such a man in the United States, the Soviet succeeded in dividing the Armenian church in September of 1933, despite the fact that the agent Prelate was supported by the minority of the Church Representative Assembly of that year. By his provocative stand on the Armenian Memorial Day (to commemorate the million martyrs of the deportations), by his traitorous stand against the Armenian national flag in the Chicago Exposition, and by his generally defiant attitude toward the patriotic element of the Armenian people, the Soviet agent Prelate disrupted the Armenian community of the United States, the result being that a few months later he fell a victim of his own machinations.

Unfortunately, his assassination was taken as a godsend by the Soviet agents who made it a political capital to further deepen

the division and to further prejudice an important part of non-partisans against the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. They capitalize that unfortunate tragedy to this day. The Soviet would never have succeeded in dividing the Armenian community of America into two enemy camps had it not been in a position to use the authority of the Armenian Catholicos for its perfidious aims. As long as the throne of Holy Etchmiadzin was occupied by an independent and fearless clergyman like Catholicos Khoren Mooradbekian, the Soviet government could not make much headway. Therefore, he was murdered by the Soviet secret police and replaced by another man who, by his past record, his mental outlook and his character was better suited for the pursuit of Soviet aims in the free world.

Having installed in power a Catholicos who was wholly subservient to its will, the Soviet had no difficulty in placing prelates of its choice over the Armenian communities of the world, the United States in particular, through whom it still continues to control large multitudes of Armenian believers. The continuous praise of the Soviet, the celebration of the infamous day of Armenia's sovietization (November 29) as the day of Armenia's liberation, the repudiation of May 28th, Armenian Independence Day, the ostracising of the vast anti-Soviet following in the Dispersion, the fierce uncompromising crusade against the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the abysmal silence at the Soviet's countless crimes, the murder of Catholicos Khoren by the Cheka, and finally, and the favorable propaganda for the Kremlin's phony peace campaign—all this is a policy inspired by the bandits of the Kremlin which in the name of the Armenian Catholicos is being imposed on countless Armenian believers.

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Armenian church in America and felt themselves sufficiently strong, the Armenian Communists and their fellow-travelers unleashed a wanton campaign against the Armenian Revolutionary Federation which is the only anti-Soviet and anti-Communist political organization in the Armenian Dispersion, and therefore hated by the Soviet government. To weaken the position of the Federation the Communists and their fellow-travelers now infiltrated the Ramgavar and Hunchak Parties, their friendly Armenian General Benevolent Union, the Knights of Vardan, and a large part of Armenian Compatriotic Societies and to a great extent they succeeded in bringing these organizations under their control.

The general political and psychological situation took a more favorable turn for the Armenian Communists and their confederates in the United States in the days of World War II when this country became the Soviet ally against Hitlerite Germany. Profiting by the support of those Communists and fellow-travelers who had infiltrated the different branches of the Federal Government, the Armenian Communists and their confederates used every means to organize a *united front* against the Dashnaks, to discredit, wreck, and destroy them, and to declare their organization outside the pale of the law. To this end, working openly and in the dark, they tried to represent the Dashnaks and their affiliated organizations, the Armenian Relief Society and the Armenian Youth Federation as Nazis and Hitler's agents.

They did not refrain from stooping to open betrayals, playing the role of informers. To be precise, they presented to the American authorities comprehensive informative reports full of false charges and accusations, they indulged in malicious and abominable whisperings about the "Subversive" and "terroristic" activity of the

Dashnaks in favor of Nazi Germany, they openly attacked the Dashnaks filling the pages of their newspapers with provocative lies, poisoning the air. They went so far that during the hottest days of the war they accused the Dashnak boys of the American army who were valiently fighting and giving their lives for the American fatherland as Nazi agents and Hitler's soldiers.

The Armenian Case and the Repatriation

Fortunately, these efforts of the Armenian Communists and their confederates were not enough to produce the desired result. The notorious "United Front," with the Ramgavars, the Hunchak, the "Progressive," the Benevolent Union and the Knights of Vardan could not give the death blow to the Dashnaks and their affiliated organizations, although the general situation both among the Armenians and the free world from 1933 to 1947 was highly favorable to their cause. They did not succeed even when they capitalized to the limit the Armenian Case and the Repatriation which had been brought to the fore by the Soviet government primarily to support the anti-Dashnak campaign.

The demand for the annexation of Turkish Armenian provinces to Caucasian Armenia spoke to every Armenian heart. However, in putting forth this demand, it was not the aim of Armenian Communists to carry it through, but to win the sympathy of Armenian masses, to deprive the Armenian Revolutionary Federation of a highly valuable political weapon and to deal it a heavy blow. For this reason they organized a body called "The Armenian American National Council" consisting of Ramgavars, Hunchaks and "Progressives" which presented a memorandum to the United Nations in San Francisco demand-

ing the annexation of Turkish Armenian provinces to Soviet Armenia. "The Armenian National Council" utilized the occasion to discredit the Armenian Revolutionary Federation as a negligible company of "fascists" who had been "repudiated by the Armenian people."

As to the repatriation movement, far from befitting them, it brought incalculable harm to the prestige of Armenian Communists and their fellow-travelers of the Dispersion. The reason for this failure is very plain. The repatriation has been launched by the Soviet, not in order to aid the Armenian cause, but with ulterior conspiratory motives. The proverbial cat was out of the bag when the so-called repatriation committees which consisted of anti-Dashnaks began to impose conditions on Dashnak volunteers for repatriation, demanding of them to repudiate their organization, to sign ignoble resignations, and to offer affidavits of Soviet loyalty.

The Communists naturally tried to represent the repatriation as a means toward the solution of the Armenian case, the presumption being that the Soviet would rehabilitate these repatriated Armenians of abroad in the Armenian provinces after they had been recaptured from the Turk. Such rumors naturally were greeted by Armenians everywhere with great jubilation. Fortunately, the hoax was soon unmasked when the Soviet government through the mouth of Vishinsky publicly admitted that, not only Turkish Armenia, but Kars and Ardahan as well, would be annexed to Soviet Georgia and not Soviet Armenia if and when they were "liberated."

Succeeding events clearly proved that, in initiating the repatriation movement, the Soviet was really pursuing two basic aims. The first of these was to disrupt the Armenian communities of abroad, to limit the Federation's field of activities by removing the ground of its physical

and political existence from under its feet, to neutralize its power and to render it harmless.

The Soviet's second motive in launching the repatriation was to initiate a propaganda campaign in order to counteract the adverse effects of the last war when millions of Soviet war prisoners refused to return to the Soviet fatherland, many of them preferring death to forcible return. By initiating the Armenian repatriation the tyrants of the Kremlin wanted to prove to the world that if there were those who refused to return to the Soviet "paradise," there were thousands of others who thought otherwise.

Curiously enough, the Soviet instantly put a stop to the repatriation the minute it saw that it no longer served its aims, especially when many of the returnees through their code letters made it clear to those who had been left behind that conditions in the Soviet world were as bad as the Dashnak press had claimed for years. By now, as far as the Soviet was concerned, the repatriation had lost its meaning. As the Communists' specious championship of the Armenian cause had backfired after Vishinsky's infamous declaration, so the repatriation movement, instead of winning the sympathy of the Armenian people, resulted in universal disappointment and bitterness.

It is contended that the preceding developments, damaging as they were to Armenian pro-Soviet elements, would not have been fatal were it not for the final disillusionment and awakening of the free West in regard to Soviet intentions. The practical result of this awakening was the immediate initiation of the "Truman Doctrine" which was soon followed by the Marshall Plan of extending economic aid to the impoverished peoples of the world in order to stem the tide of surging Communism. But after the forcible sovietization

of Czechoslovakia, the Soviet's rude rejection of the benefits of the Marshall Plan. the Soviet's retaliation with the creation of the Cominform which obviously was aimed to revolutionize the free West, the Soviet's refusal to agree with the United Nations Assembly resolution to control the atom bomb, and lastly, after the initiation of the so-called cold war against the West, it was natural that relations with the Soviet would deteriorate swiftly. The incipient hostility between the two camps broke out into the open when North Korea and Communist China, at the Soviet's instigation, attacked the independent Republic of South Korea and later waged formal war against the United Nations' forces which had hastened to her aid.

Gradually, from bitter experience, the West began to realize that, as long as an ambitious and unscrupulous band of Communist conspirators were seated in the Kremlin, it would be impossible to establish a lasting peace. Pending the final overthrow of this bandit gang and the infernal regime they have installed, the best that could be hoped for was to insure an uncertain and temporary armed peace, a short lull in local wars like the one in Korea, and perhaps a sort of easing of the cold war through the united forces of the free world. Many who during the last war were naive enough to dream of the imminent realization of the so-called one world slowly began to realize that the world has been divided into two hostile camps which, unless they are regenerated, will never be able to live side by side peacefully but will always strive to destroy each other in order to make an end of the insufferable strain.

As a matter of fact, the present situation is nothing but a *world civil war* which is being waged with all the resources of the world as dictated by the changing times and the local conditions of each country.

In this *civil war*, the center of one camp is Washington, the other is Moscow.

The Question of Political Neutrality The Excuses of the Fifth Columnists

No nation, no political party can remain truly neutral toward the present world civil war which has wrongly been called the cold war. Any nation or any political faction which is not with the free world is actually on the side of the enemy and *aids* the Soviet tyranny, directly or indirectly.

Those nations, political factions, or individuals who avoid taking sides and pose as neutrals actually conceal or want to conceal their real partiality, led by their interests. And if we can understand, or even extenuate in a measure the neutrality of some nations which militarily weak and politically immature and short-sighted, are afraid of taking a stand against the Soviet, we can neither understand nor pardon the neutrality of political organizations or individuals who live in free countries toward a struggle which is clearly defined between the forces of tyranny and freedom.

As long as the free world did not understand the imperialistic designs of the Soviet tyrants, as long as people clung to the illusion of coexistence between the Soviet and the free world, as long as there was hope of a lasting peace, the Communists of the free world had no special reason for fear. They did not have to play neutrality, or to conceal their sympathy for the Soviet with various innocent fronts. But when the cold war reached an acute stage, when the subversive activity of the fifth columnists was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, when Communist and fellow-travelers organizations under innocent sounding fronts were included in the Attorney General's subversive list, when the Communist agents who had infiltrated our

Federal Government were being unmasked one after another, when our courts started to prosecute the Communist leaders, and when Congressional Committees started to probe the records of suspect organizations or individuals, those who had been acting openly until then started to take precautionary measures to conceal their real identity.

It was very natural that the Armenian Communist who calls himself a "Progressive," the Armenian Ramgavar, the Hunchak, the Knights of Vardan, the pro-Soviet clergy, and the Benevolent Union, all of which had been acting so boldly in the United States until 1947 and some time later, should begin to show signs of genuine alarm. They could not understand that by having favored the Soviet regime for the past thirty years they had jeopardized their position, rendering themselves suspects in the eyes of the authorities. No matter how badly they wanted it, they could not conceal their real identity nor to efface their record of long years.

They certainly could have extricated themselves from their precarious position if they had made a clean about face, had publicly admitted their errors of the past, and had openly joined the forces of freedom against the Sovite dictatorship. And yet, not only they did not abandon their pro-Soviet tendencies, not only did they not admit the error of their disastrous policy, but they did not show a single sign of repentance, a desire to mend their ways and to correct their errors of the past by aligning themselves with the forces of freedom. Not only they have not repented, have not come to their senses, not only they are loath to admit that they were mistaken when they beat the Soviet drum for the past thirty years, but they still continue their foolish attempts, although less frequently, to discredit the Armenian Revolutionary Federation which for the past

thirty years has waged a relentless war against the Soviet tyranny which has now become a world menace.

Realizing that mere neutrality is not enough to conceal their secret sympathy for the Soviet, they continue to exploit the innocence of the Armenian people, appealing to their nostalgia for the fatherland, as if they only are lovers of Armenia, as if a love of the Soviet regime is indispensable for a love of the fatherland, as if it was the Soviet which in 1920 saved the Armenian people from certain massacre by the Turks, as if the Soviet regime has been of inestimable value in the economic rehabilitation and the reconstruction of Armenia, as if Armenia in her entire history has never been so free, prosperous and safe as she now is under the Soviet regime, in a word, as if Armenia cannot survive without the protection of the Soviet regime.

The distortions of the Communist propaganda which are repeated to this day by the Armenian Communists and their fellow-travelers as "positive truths" are absolutely baseless and false.

First, the so-called Soviet regime which today prevails in Armenia by no means can be identified with the rule of the Armenian people, not only because that regime does not represent the free will of the Armenian people, but because it is an *alien* regime, imposed on the people by foreign bayonets, despite the fact that a considerable number of the state functionaries are Armenians. There is not the slightest doubt, should the Red Army withdraw from Armenia, the Soviet regime could not last there 24 hours. The same is true of all the countries which have been subjugated by the Soviet. Who can doubt, for example, that the recent uprising in East Germany would have swept off the Soviet regime had not the Red Army hastened to its aid, much the same as it did

in 1921 when the Armenian people rose against their oppressors and were quickly resubdued by new Soviet divisions, sent from Russia?

Second, it is positively a fiction that the Soviet saved Armenia in 1920, and that it still continues to protect the Armenians against certain massacre by the Turks. On the contrary, it was the Soviet which in 1920 bolstered up the prostrate Turk, made an alliance with the Kemalists, and instigated the Turk to invade Armenia so that it could later intervene in the role of saviour and liberator, to occupy the rest of Armenia.

Third, it is likewise a fiction that the Soviet aids Armenia economically. While true that some factories have been built in Armenia, but the Armenian people have benefited very little by the products. The Soviet has built some imposing structures in Armenia, but these are for the exclusive use of its minions. On the contrary, by liquidating the land owning farmers, by installing the system of the kolkhozes, the Soviet has impoverished the Armenian peasantry.

It is likewise a fiction that the Armenian people can ever be safe without the presence of the Soviet army or the Soviet regime. On the contrary, the presence of the Red Army jeopardizes the safety of the Armenian people by preventing them from friendly understandings with their southern neighbors. We need not go very far to refresh our memories. Whether Tsarist or Soviet, it has always been the Russian policy to create bad blood between the Armenians and their immediate neighbors. The Armeno-Tartar bloody struggle in 1905-1906 which was so costly to both sides is an eloquent instance of this policy.

Another fiction is the Communist contention that the people of Armenia in their entire history have never been so free and prosperous as they are today under

the Soviet regime. The truth is the exact opposite. The Armenian people have never been so oppressed in their own land as they are today. If there have been times when they were deprived of their political freedom, they at least were spared their economic, cultural and religious freedoms of all of which they are deprived today. Today there is no kind of security in Armenia, because no one, no matter how he conducts himself, cannot be sure that he will not suddenly be arrested by some sort of trumped up pretext and be exiled to Siberia for a slow death. No one is the master of his earnings in Armenia, and the overwhelming majority of the people are worse off than it was under other alien rules.

And lastly, it is a fiction that the Armenian people cannot survive without the Soviet regime. On the contrary, once Armenia is rid of the Soviet tyranny and is in a position to grow and develop politically, economically and culturally under free conditions, without a doubt she will give full range to latent capacities for enterprise and creative activities which now are shackled. There is no question that in a free and independent Armenia or through a voluntary membership in a confederation of neighboring peoples, the Armenian people will be incomparably more free, safe, prosperous and happy than it is under the tyrannical Soviet regime.

Therefore, anyone who loves Armenia, does not necessarily have to love also the Soviet regime, but, on the contrary, for the love of Armenia one must *hate* the Soviet regime with all his heart and do his best to liberate the fatherland as soon as possible.

Conditions Changed

As we have seen, the Federation's (Dashnak's) enemies tried to make the most of international developments be-

tween 1933 and 1947 which generally speaking were favorable to the Soviet adherents. Encouraged by these events and relying on the Soviet, pro-Soviet Armenian factions formed a united front, and taking the offensive, declared open war against the Federation which is the only anti-Soviet organization among the Armenians with a view to destroying it, or if not, to isolate it. And yet, even under those favorable circumstances, although they badgered the Dashnaks, still they could neither destroy nor weaken their organization.

All the same, they seem to be far from despairing. Even after 1947, although the political situation from year to year has been deteriorating for them, pro-Soviet Armenian factions have not yielded an inch and still try to retain their position in the Armenian Dispersion. They know, of course, that even the thought of destroying or weakening the Federation is out of the question now. For this reason their papers are not so rabid in their attacks against the Dashnaks but whenever they do attack they are on the defensive rather than the offensive.

The chief concern of these anti-Dashnak organizations just now is what to do in order to avoid inclusion in suspect or subversive lists by the governments of free countries. What to do to pull the wool over the eyes of government authorities without deviating an iota from their hitherto pursued pro-Soviet policies. Curiously enough, they forget that those who confront them are neither fools nor blind men not to be able to penetrate behind their mask. And when the authorities are not fooled by their specious pretensions, when they deal with them like any other suspect or subversive, when they put them on their black lists and close up their papers, they instantly ascribe it to treason and betrayal. They accuse the Dashnaks of informing on them. Whereas, what really

is happening is not caused by the informing, but is the result of their own words and deeds.

As a matter of fact, no matter how hard the Armenian Ramgavars, the Hunchack, the "Progressive," the Buenvolent Union, the Knights of Vardan, and their confederate clergy try to cover their tracks just now, they cannot, and never will succeed, because their record of the past 30 years, the things they have written and said, are inefaceable, especially since they show no inclination to abandon their former policies.

Moreover, the things which they still say and write easily betray their true character. Certainly, any one who follows closely their present behaviour, will not come to the conclusion that the disclosures of the past few years in regard to the conspirators in the Kremlin has changed their attitude toward the Soviet. They still continue to sympathize with the Soviet, or at best, they put the Soviet on the same level as the United States, England and France. To them the Soviet is just as respectable and honest.

The altered situation, unfavorable to the anti-Dashnak factions, naturally will have its repercussions on the large mass of Armenians who are non-partisans, coming under the category of neutrals who, ever since 1933, have adhered, directly or indirectly, to these factions in their fight against the Dashnaks. The non-partisan masses which had joined the anti-Dashnak front not from any political or ideological sympathy, but because it had been poisoned by certain events connected with the Armenian church, as well as driven by various other motives, today suddenly finds itself in a very awkward, compromising and even dangerous position. Although anti-Communist by conviction and temperament, willy nilly, it finds itself in the Communist camp, opposed to the Armenian

Revolutionary Federaiton, the only anti-Soviet political organization among the Armenians.

Needless to say, were it not for the division of the Armenian church and the prejudice and poisoned atmosphere engendered by the anti-Dashnak factions from 1933 to 1947, the non-partisan following without hesitation would abandon the anti-Dashnak camp, and by now would have returned to the Dashnaks as they did in the days of the independent Republic of Armenia and as late as 1933. However, this unorganized following still feels obliged to adhere to the anti-Dashnak camp in allegiance to the Armenian church which today largely operates in the interests of the Soviet and to the detriment of the free world. Furthermore, this large following has been so prejudiced and poisoned by the Communist slanders against the Dashnaks ever since 1933 that it is exceedingly difficult to disentangle itself of the effect of these accusations in so short a time, and to rejoin the Dashnak following from which it has been separated as a result of the division of the church.

All the same, this unorganized following which until recently was closely linked with the pro-Soviet factions, today finds itself in an embarrassing position, and is eager to sever its ties, if only a way can be found to disentangle the Armenian church from the clutches of the Soviet.

Fortunately for the Armenians, ever since 1947 world developments have been favoring such an emancipation. Slowly but surely the attitude of this mass following toward the Dashnaks is showing signs of improvement. We may be sure that, in the course of time, as the political and psychological atmosphere clears up, this non-partisan following of the Dispersion will completely sever its ties with the Communists, will rejoin the Dashnak following, and will do its best to render harmless the nefarious

activities of Armenian fifth columnists in all Armenian communities of the world. We can confidently affirm that this will be possible once the Armenian churches of the free world completely sever their ties from the Armenian Catholicos of Etchmiadzin who is a prisoner of the Kremlin, if only they could put on the throne of Cilicia a Catholicos who is independent-minded, completely free of Soviet influence, and is a man worthy of his high calling in these critical times.

The Most Pressing Problem of The Armenian Dispersion

The freeing of the Armenian churches of abroad from the clutches of a servile clergy is without doubt the most pressing problem of the Armenian Dispersion at the present time. It is no secret that the Soviet, atheistic and godless as it is, will stop at no means to utilize the clergy in winning the sympathy of the innocent believer. If the Soviet succeeded in inveigling a considerable number of Protestant ministers into its service, why will it not do the same with the Armenian clergy, especially since the Supreme Head of these clergy is under its direct control and is forced to do its bidding under penalty of death?

To begin with, it was through the medium of the Armenian church that the Soviet brought about a deep rift among the Armenian communities of the world during the years 1933-1947, indirectly extending its sinister influence over a vast following of non-Communist believers. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Soviet today is so eager to keep the Armenian church under its control. This explains the Soviet determination to fill the vacancies in the Catholicosate of Cilicia, and the Patriarchates of Istanbul and Jerusalem with its candidates, because only in this manner can it retain its control, can divide and conquer the freedom-loving elements of the Armenian people, and convert the Armenian Apos-

tolic Church into a tool of its intrigues.

Fortunately, despite the intrigues of its agents, whether lay or spiritual, the Soviet failed to place its candidate in the Patriarchate of Istanbul. The chairs of the Catholicosate of Cilicia and the Patriarchate of Jerusalem, however, still are vacant, and for this reason for the past few years the Soviet has mobilized its fifth columnists, first to prevent the election of those candidates who are independent, impeccable in character, and politically sympathetic with the free world, and secondly, to insure the election of its own candidates.

In this sad business, unfortunately, the so-called "United Front," consciously or unconsciously, assists the Soviet government, namely, not only the godless "Progressives," but also the God-fearing Ramgavars, the Hunchaks, the Knights of St. Vardan, ostensible champions of the Armenian church, the bigwigs of the Benevolent Union, and those clergymen who are hitched to the Soviet wagon. And since these factions which foolishly subserve the Soviet's ruinous aims work hand in hand with the Communists, whether disguised or operating in the open, and are supported by the authority of the Armenian Catholicos, a tool of the Kremlin, it is perfectly natural that they put no distinction in their methods in order to pursue their subversive aims.

It is a distressing fact that, not only the Communists, but their non-Communist collaborators, beginning from the Ramgavars to the Knights of St. Vardan, are highly interested in retaining the control of the Armenian churches of the Dispersion, as the safest means not only of keeping the vast non-partisan following, but under the guise of the church, to conceal their true identity, their secret sympathy toward the Soviet, and to present a more innocuous front before the governments and the public of the free world.

Far more formidable than the Commu-

nist factions which operate in free countries, the Soviet's most effective weapon consists of those non-Communist collaborators, who, consciously or unconsciously, become the tools of the Communists, repeat their slogans, and act according to their dictate.

These non-Communists, unquestionably exert an incomparably far greater influence on their immediate circles in the interest of Soviet policies and aims than do the real Communists who are so discredited that they are often obliged to hide themselves behind attractive and innocent-sounding fronts in order to carry on their sinister activities. Were it not for the zeal of these non-Communists, the real Communists would never have succeeded in rallying to their banners so many followers in any country as they do now. The reasons for this are more than one.

First of all, the non-Communists are more trusted everywhere than the Communists. Whereas, the very name of Communist repels many, the same revulsion does not apply, for example, to the Armenian Ramgavar who has been collaborating with the Communists for the past thirty years. Therefore, where no one listens to the Communists, the word of the Ramgavar is heard more attentively. Having the reputation of being more conservative, more patriotic, and more church-loving, the Ramgavar can all the more easily put over any deceit or fraud which serves Soviet aims than can the Communists whose identity is well known. In short, if the naive public runs away from the Communist wolf, he does not run away from the Ramgavar who is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Second, the Communists would never have succeeded in trapping so many dupes if they were not hidden behind the curtain, representing themselves as liberals, progressives and socialists. It is by wearing

the skin of a lamb, it is by sugar coating their shameless and abominable lies that the Communists manage to mislead and to put to sleep so many innocent followers. When the Armenian Communist, disguised under the false name of "Progressive," approaches the Ramgavar, the Hunchak, the Knight of St. Vardan, or the big shots of the Benevolent Union, he does so not in the name of Communism or Soviet imperialism, but in the name of the Armenian church, in the name of the Armenian cause, or the annexation of Turkish Armenian provinces to Soviet Armenia, knowing very well that only in this way can he hope to win them over. And once, based on this platform, the Communist organizes his "United Front," the simple-minded neutral really believes that the effort here is patriotic and noble, whereas, in reality, the idea of sustaining the church, or finding a solution to the Armenian case is farthest from Communist thoughts. Consequently, the basic intention of the Communist, the realization of world Communism with its attendant political, economic and spiritual enslavement, escapes the attention.

However, as far as the Armenians of the Dispersion are concerned, the thing which has aided the Communist cause more than anything else is the sad fact that the Supreme Head of the Armenian Apostolic Church is a prisoner of the Soviet which, under threat of death, dictates to him what he shall do or not do, as it has been doing ever since the assassination of Catholicos Khoren Mooradbekian. Through the authority of the Armenian Catholicos the Soviet has succeeded in enlisting in its service a considerable number of the Armenian high clergy of abroad, because the Catholicos has the power to defrock any clergyman who deviates from his order, whether he is a priest or an archbishop.

To What Extent Has the Federation Profited From the Favorable Situation

The steady and ever rising improvement of the political situation favoring the anti-Communist and anti-democratic forces of the free world naturally was bound to redound on the fortunes of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. And indeed, ever since 1947, the Federation's position has tangibly improved. There are two reasons for this favorable turn. First, the Federation has waged a longer and a more uncompromising fight against the Communists and their Soviet regime than any other political organization in the world, whether Armenian or non-Armenian. Second, the Federation was forced to wage this fight from 1933 to 1947 almost single handed in a densely hostile national and international setting. The world has seen now that the Federation's original diagnosis of the nature of the Soviet tyranny was right and the position of its opponents was wrong. The vindication of this political foresight has improved the Dashnak position.

Only yesterday the Dashnaks stood alone as they tried to expose the sham, the fraud, the deceit, the intrigues and the plots of the Soviet tyrants, as they pointed up the awesome aspects of the Soviet terror, the menace of Soviet imperialism. The Dashnaks were almost all alone in sounding the alarm. Today the Dashnaks have company. Today the entire free world, the governments and political organizations, are repeating the same thing. Today the entire free world no longer views with rosy glasses the false ideology and the phony peace of the Kremlin's gangsters. If yesterday the Armenian "Progressive," the "liberal," or the "Ramgavar" could malign the Dashnaks as enemies of Armenia because they told the truth about the Soviet hell, they can no longer press their slander

with equal efficacy because the facts are against them. They can no longer discredit the Dashnaks as Nazis or fascists because no one will believe them, and because the whole world has come to realize that to the Communist and his fellow traveler all those who fight against them are fascists. Even the government of the United States is fascist!

Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the Dashnaks have fully profitted by the improved situation ever since 1947. Nor have they been able to take away the weapons which the Communists have used against them, and with which they have succeeded in a measure to retain their positions. They still retain the control of a considerable segment of the Armenian Apostolic Church. They still keep the Armenian church and the entire Armenian community divided. They still make use of large sums of money from the coffers of the Benevolent Union to hire anti-Dashnak and pro-Soviet teachers and to promote the Soviet propaganda. They still use the services of the Knights of St. Vardan, ostensible champions of the Armenian church, in fighting the Dashnaks, and in the interest of the "United Front." The Knights of Vardan have become a tool in the hands of the wreckers of the Armenian Church. They still continue to publish their pro-Soviet newspapers, Ramgavars or Hunchak, to say nothing of the "Progressives" who are plain Communists. And lastly, they still control an important segment of Armenian Compatriotic Societies, using their resources in the pursuit of Soviet aims.

It is plain as daylight that, to win the fight against the Armenian Communists, the Armenian churches must be rescued from Soviet agents, and this is possible only if and when the throne of the Cilician Catholicosate is occupied by a man who is capable and courageous, independent-minded, and completely free of Soviet influence,

to assume the spiritual leadership of the Armenian people.

Once such a man is found, the churches for the Dispersion can sever their relation with Etchmiadzin for the time being and rally around the Catholicos of Antilias (Cilician See) who will be in a position to protect the interests of the Armenian church in the free world without the Soviet's intervention.

Such a separation, however, cannot be effected as long as a considerable segment of the Armenian church is controlled by the Communists and their spotted collaborators. It will take a well organized and well planned fight to seize those churches and bring them into the fold of Antilias (Cilicia). First of all, the Dashnak followers must take a more active part in church affairs and must strive to take a leading part in all the communities, as a part of their fight for freedom. We must never forget that, the moment the Soviet government, which by nature is an enemy of both the nation and the church, started to infiltrate the church, to use it as a weapon for the enslavement of mankind, the church became a *political* factor. Therefore, from then on, for a political organization like the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, active participation in church affairs has become an essential part of the political fight.

Secondly, it is necessary to destroy that unholy "United Front" which has been functioning under the Communists ever since 1934 with the cooperation of the Ramgavar and Hunchak parties, the Knights of St. Vardan, the Benevolent Union as well as an important segment of the compatriotic societies. Members and followers of these organizations, of course, are not Communists. They are not in sympathy with the Communists nor their objectives. This vast following are merely the victims of Soviet agents who have in-

filtrated these organizations, have assumed the power, and for years have directed their policies.

There is a close similarity between certain American labor organizations which were infiltrated by the Communists and these Armenian organizations which, ever since 1934, have become Communist tools, notwithstanding the fact that the overwhelming majority of their followers never were Communists. On the other hand, whereas the American labor unions (at least most of them) through their purges of the past few years succeeded in ridding themselves to a large extent of these Communists, and still feel the need of periodic purges, and are vigilant against repetitions of Communist reinfiltration, unfortunately, the abovementioned Armenian organizations, now controlled by the Communists, or fellow-travelers, have done nothing to purge their ranks. Otherwise we would have known it from their press and their general behavior.

The fact is, these Armenian organizations are in need of *purging*, far more compelling than the American labor unions, if they want to avoid appearing as suspects in the eyes of the American government, if they want to stop playing the fellow-traveler, and if they really want to join the forces of freedom.

Anti-Dashnak Organizations in Sore Need of Self-Purification

According to all indications, it will not be the internal urge so much but the pressure of external forces which will drive the Armenian Ramgavar, the Hunchak, the "Progressive," the Knights of Vardan, the Benevolent Union, and their sympathetic clergy and patriotic societies to an act of self-purification by expelling from their ranks those Communist agents in disguise who have misled them and have directed their policies for so many years. Such a self-purge has become now an im-

perative necessity for these organizations. The rank and file of these organizations welded now into the so-called "United Front," as well as some of their serious-minded sensible leaders, already are showing signs of an internal revolt, but this movement can lead to a real internal purge only through a powerful pressure of external forces.

Such pressure already is being applied by the governments of free countries. In France, for example, recently the government closed up a Ramgavar newspaper for its pro-Soviet policy as opposed to the interests of France. Such a pressure may be brought to bear by the United States Government should it, for the safety of our freedom, take steps against the so-called Armenian "United Front," by including it in the suspect list, clamp down on some member organization of that front, take action against their newspapers, or open investigations through the Congressional committees.

The "Progressives" (Armenian Communists), their official organ "Lraper," and by extension, their youth organization (AYA—Armenian Youth of America) already have been included in the American Justice Department's subversive list. There is no doubt that the same fate awaits the non-Communist but fellow traveling members of the same "United Front" unless they purge their ranks of those Soviet agents in disguise who have directed their destinies during the past years, and replace them by leaders who are known for their anti-Communism and who are willing to join the forces of freedom without any reservations. Even if they lack the conviction and the basic realization for the necessity of such a self-purge, the very fear of jeopardizing their political position in the free world will surely drive these organizations to rid themselves of their Soviet agents as soon as possible.

As to the Armenian Revolutionary Federation and its vast freedom-loving Armenian following, to prove their loyalty to the free world and the United States in particular, not only it is their right, but it is their *duty* to bear down on the non-Communist members of the "United Front," forcing them to expel from their ranks all the partisans of cooperation with the Communists and the "Progressives."

Very naturally, this will not be possible without a violent struggle, because the Communist agents who for years have dominated the organizational machine and the press of the Armenian Ramgavar, the Hunchak, the General Benevolent Union, the Knights of Vardan, and a number of the compatriotic societies, have poisoned the mind of the rank and file, and have paralyzed their will power.

It is a curious fact that every time some newspaper, some official body, or some individual belonging to the abovementioned pro-Soviet organizations is investigated by the authorities, the "United Front" invariably blames the Dashnaks. It is pertinent to observe here that, if it was so easy to jeopardize the standing of any political organization through slander or by informing on it, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation and its affiliated organizations not only would have jeopardized their existence, but they would have disappeared from the face of the earth long since.

The cold fact is, by their collaboration of long years with the Communists, by their present association with these Soviet agents, the Armenian Ramgavars, the Hunchaks, the Benevolent Union, the Knights of Vardan and a number of Armenian Compatriotic Societies have made themselves suspects in the eyes of American and other free countries' authorities. And this, not because the Dashnaks have informed on them, as they think and write, but be-

cause of their ineradicable record which is accessible to any one who is interested, something which is supported by their writings and deeds even now.

The Soviet agents who have assumed the leadership of the above-mentioned organizations, despite the exceedingly unfavorable turn of events and the adverse public mood in free countries, especially in the United States, still continue to exert supreme efforts not only to retain their positions, but to ensnare the Armenian young generation, first to prevent them from joining the Dashnak ranks, and second, to exploit their talents for their sinister designs.

Their principal weapon to win these young people is the Armenian church, and the results which they have achieved is not to be despised. They organize church choirs, give English language lectures in the churches. In this manner they hitch the young people to the Soviet chariot.

Since the churches, at least outwardly, are non-partisan and non-political institutions, they can rally all the more easily a vast following from various parties or political currents. The same applies to the young people. And once the Armenian youth finds himself in a church which is under the control of the Communists, in the course of time he becomes infected by their political influence, their false information, and their misleading ideas.

If the teaching of the Armenian language to the Armenian youth is the most pressing problem of the Armenian Dispersion, the United States in particular, no less compelling is the problem of saving the Armenian youth from the demoralizing influence of the Communists. No less urgent the need of tying the young generation to the larger patriotic and freedom-loving following. Once the Armenian churches are freed of the control of the Communists and their fellow travelers, their effort to win over the young people will automati-

cally come to an end. Needless to say, the Federation's foreign language publications—the Hairenik Weekly and The Armenian Review in particular—have played, and still continue to play a very important role in this respect. It is by winning the young people that the Armenians can look forward to the future with perfect assurance.

In conclusion, the overwhelming majority of the Armenian people of abroad, the United States in particular, is anti-Communist and anti-Soviet, as much, if not more, than it was 30 years ago. And if there is any change, it is this, that an important segment of that people, whether naively or by force of circumstances, has been caught in the net of Soviet agents, and has been poisoned against the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the only anti-Soviet political organization among the Armenians.

There was a period, 1933 to 1947, when that segment, misled and poisoned by Soviet agents, was sincere in its attachment to the Soviet's chariot, although this association was not based on ideological conviction. It was during this period that the Soviet agents desperately tried to isolate the Dashnaks socially and politically in the Armenian communities of the world. But that period is past now, and with the passing of each year, it is the pro-Soviet "United Front" which is in danger of isolation. As a matter of fact, the "United Front" internally is disrupted and is doomed to ultimate disintegration.

First of all, the non-partisan mass of followers, feeling themselves endangered by their association with the Soviet agents of the "United Front," have started to desert the ship, precipitating a deep crisis in Soviet-controlled churches—a crisis which under present conditions is bound to lead to certain dissolution.

Second, the anti-Dashnak parties of the "United Front," the Ramgavars the Hun-

chaks, the "Progressives," the Knights of St. Vardan, the General Benevolent Union, and their affiliated Compatriotic Societies, no longer present a solid front against the Federation and in the interest of the Soviet. The reasons for this internal break up are: the unfavorable turn of the political situation which endangers the safety of individuals and organizations, the new divergencies of opinion inside the church, the utter failure of the repatriation movement, and the disastrous outcome of the Armenian case, as it was presented recently by the Soviet agents.

Third, the growing enlightenment of the peoples of the world in regard to the true nature of the Soviet regime makes it increasingly difficult to mislead people. This general awakening has its natural effect on that segment of the Armenian Dispersion which, impelled by innocent patriotic motives, has followed the leadership of Soviet agents in disguise. It is natural that this misled following will make an earnest effort to emancipate itself.

In view of these favorable developments, it can confidently be stated that during the past 20 years the Armenian Revolutionary Federation and its patriotic followers have never been in such an auspiciously favorable political and psychological position as they are now. Fortunately, the inevitable course of events points to a gradual improvement of the general situation, because, there can be no doubt that, sooner or later, the Soviet dictatorship will collapse, ridding the world of the boundless evil it has caused, and enabling the Armenian people to realize their centuries-old dream of a free and independent homeland.

The realization of that dream is more likely today than ever before, because the Armenians are not alone. They have the company of the entire freedom-loving mankind.

Perhaps that day is not too far off.

Two Poems:

Nishan Parlakian

THOUGHTS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

*I cannot turn from you,
For you are mirrored in these scenes
And echoed in these sounds.*


*This is a holy peace—
These straight piled stones
Juxtaposed with the elemental curves
Of a bending blue horizon
And the twist of trees.
And my love is like a setting apart
Of this
From that,
Line from curve,
Meaningless rock hewn to meaning relief.*

*Midst this rightness
As my head swings slowly round
Chin high in dignity commensurate with stone,
The sun's rebound from white marble
Closes my eyes on tears
And in a momentary dream
My inner vision slips back in time
To a sand stone shore
Where you lie, eager waves
Stretching
Receding
Ever reaching
To caress your feet.*

*And in the varied soundings of the carillon
There is an inexplicable warmth
As comes when watching steam ascend from tea.
And the lonely farmer working in a garnet sunset,*

*Bounded by this air of beating bells,
Smiles with me, content that he belongs.
But in these holy sounds I hear your voice
Repeat a poem
Metered as the quality of bells.
Your voice suffused through bells
Is a lullaby to babes which even breaks
The loneliness of man
Mending him with sleep.*

*On the velvet greens beside the white stone buildings,
Blanketed by an air of bells,
The summer frocked girls sit scant clad.
But I drift to a sand stone altar
Before a shrine of sky and water
Where I pray to a fair haired girl
Whose perfection is noted
By the whispered awe of waves
At her finely sculptured feet.*



MEMORIAL DAY

*I didn't go to work today
But I've forgotten why.
I slept a shallow sleep till noon.
But I've forgotten why.*

*When I was young
Sad songs were sung
For my country's dead;
I would stand erect and sing
But now I sleep instead.*

*When I was small
I could vow
That soldiers should not die;
But a soldier's fall
Means little now
For I've forgotten why.*

FORGOTTEN GRAVES

GARABED EKSOOZIAN

"It is Memorial Day. Come my good friend, let us climb together to the top of the hill where repose the bodies of all races that make up the population of our city. There they rest, side by side with a silent spirit of brotherhood unknown to us the living. This is the day when the living shed their tears and the dead rejoice beneath their flowery beds; that is, at least those who have not been forgotten with the passing of time. Let us pass before the tombs of the fortunate and the unfortunate and you tell me of their past as far as your memory will serve you. I know that you are old now and a little weak, but let the memories of the past be a love call that will strengthen your spirit."

My friend smiled and said, "I'll come, but not because of that silvery tongue of yours, but because I, too, would like to revisit those grounds."

"All the better."

"Only . . ."

"Only what?"

"Do not leave me there," he spoke softly, his eyes filled with tears.

The day was cool and clear. The entire cemetery was flooded with a glorious sunlight. It was early morning, but already people had come and others were walking up the winding, white roads. My friend and I walked side by side. Suddenly he stopped before a sunken grave and said sadly, "poor Tello Hacob; he has neither a stone to mark his grave or a friend to remember him. For thirty years he lies here unnoticed, and were it not for the

fact that it is in this particular corner, I too would have forgotten it. His life revolved around one little circle—from his home to the factory, and from the factory to his home. He lived frugally, saving all that he could so that some day he would return to the old country. But one day word came that Tello Hacob was sick and wanted to see me."

"Did you go?"

"I did, but I wished I hadn't. He was alone. His legs were swollen, and he was in agony."

"Have you had this sickness long?" I inquired?"

"Yes, for a long time," he answered.

"Shall I call a doctor?" I asked, feeling sorry for him.

"No, no! That will cost me too much money," he replied.

"Why did you call me then?" I asked a little disturbed.

"I sent for you so that you could arrange my affairs and start me on my way back home, before it is too late."

"Back home?" I gasped in astonishment.

"Yes, back home," he murmured firmly, and then continued: "Once I get there I'll be all right. I know I will. Oh, if I can only step on our soil, drink of our wells, and breathe our pure air, I will get well."

I was anxious to know how it all ended.

"How could it end?" answered my old friend, painfully. "When all his ardent wishes withered away in short order, we brought him and laid him here. Later a nephew of his showed up and claimed

all his savings. You see, Tello Hacob did not leave a will, and his nephew did not have the decency to place even a stone over his grave."

We walked on silently. On the left I noticed a gray tombstone upon which was written in Armenian, "HERE RESTS KARNIK . . ." I stopped, and asked of my friend, "Is he not the countryman of ours who . . ."

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten, that is he," answered my friend. "He was a tall and slender chap with a dark complexion, bright and bold. Everyone loved him. Worked days, and went to school nights. He wanted to be a teacher. I remember clearly it was a summer evening, he was talking to a group of his countrymen. 'Boys,' he said, 'we who boast of our rich heritage, or past glories and our great culture, must strive for better things and better schools. I hope to enter a college this year, and I promise that as soon as I finish my course of studies, I will return to our little town to teach.'"

"Fine," I said, "what did you people do?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," he answered. "While we were all happy, none of us realized at the time that since Karnik had no money, how he was to do it. But he tried hard to do it. We heard later of all his hardships, but alas, it was too late."

My friend hung his head somewhat remorsefully, and I continued to talk, my hand resting upon the tombstone.

"Did he finish his school?" I asked.

"In a way, he did," my friend replied, and silent tears filled his eyes. "You see," he continued after a brief pause, "instead of his beloved homeland and school, T. B. took him."

We passed many graves which had Armenian inscriptions, but my friend did not stop. It was evident that he had a particular one in mind he wished to take

me to. Silently I followed him until he stopped.

"Here is Moogal's grave," he pointed out to me. "The stone has bent over to one side again. Strange, this seems to happen every other year."

"It may be that Moogal is not resting comfortably in his little grave and turns sides every now and then," I said casually.

"You are not far from the truth, either," he replied. "If you had known him you would have said that with more assurance." Then, after a minute's silence as if recalling the past, he began:

"I will tell you about him. When news of the Armenian massacres and deportations throughout the Turkish Empire reached us here in the winter of 1915, we all nearly went mad with emotions. The young men were filled with a spirit of revenge. Many left their work and easy life here and went to fight the Turks by joining various Allied armies as volunteers without pay, and those who could, went as far as Armenia and the Caucasus, to join the Armenian volunteer groups fighting there against unbelievable odds, never to come back. We older folk became completely discouraged. The only man that had a vision and could impart us some comfort and cheer was good old Moogal. He would visit each family bringing with him the sunshine emanating from his sweet, kind and genial soul. He seemed to have the golden key to everyone's heart—his unshakable faith in his people's bright future."

"May God rest his soul in peace," I said, looking at the grave.

But my old friend did not seem convinced at all, and looking at me sadly, he replied:

"How could he rest in here peacefully so far from his beloved homeland, especially now, when he may be hearing the echoes of the footsteps of his friends re-

turning to their native land. Is it a wonder, then, that he may be turning sides now and then?"

It was past mid-day when my friend and I reached the other side of the great cemetery, where there were to be found many more Armenian graves, with or without tombstones. We found it full of people, young and old, who seemed to be lingering around, some aimlessly.

"Look at these people," my friend spoke thoughtfully. "The old generation is almost gone and the new is so indifferent. Then pointing to a tombstone nearby, he said: "There lies Maro, a fine woman who raised four children and many grandchildren before she passed away. Look at her grave now! The grass is knee-high over it, and not a single flower bud to grace it even on Memorial Day. A forgotten grave, indeed!"

We walked on again, tired and thirsty. Stopping at a water fountain to quench our thirst, my friend said: "It is well that we stopped here, if not, I would have forgotten that grave. Do you see it? Covered with multi-colored flowers, resembling an oriental rug with borders of beautiful evergreens, it reminds one of a little shrine. That also is the grave of an Armenian."

I looked forward, and on a highly polished marble slab I read the name 'GREW

ADAMS' inscribed in deep, great letters, and turning to my friend, I said: "That is not an Armenian name."

"It may or may not be," answered my friend, "but the man who lies underneath the sod there was—an Armenian." And the continuing, he said: "Moreover, you must have known his father back in our native city, the grand old shoemaker Hairapet, who knew also how to read and write, and sometimes taught in the town's only school, without pay, when folks could not afford a paid teacher. His son Kirakos, Kiro or Giro for short—Giro Adamian—came to America, worked hard, and in the course of time became the wealthy owner of a large shoe factory. As he grew wealthier, he outgrew his lowly origin, his nationality, and even his own name . . . Giro became Grew, and Adamian became Adams, and that is where he now rests."

I again looked at the heavy, colossal marble tombstone, rising high in the center of the plot, towering above all others, haughty and unrelenting. Grew Adams!

Twilight was setting in when my friend, tired, and his heart filled with pain and sadness, remarked, "let us turn to the land of the living. I'll promise to come here with you another day. Please help me down this hilly road before the shadow of a complaining soul confronts us."



A QUARTER CENTURY OF ARMENIAN LITERATURE ABROAD

KOURKEN MEKHITARIAN

The new western Armenian literature which we might call the literature of the Dispersion has a history of more than a quarter of a century. Having begun this side of 1922 in a setting which was insecure, confused and dismaying, it soon recovered the national character of former times, steadily grew and flourished until today it represents a highly interesting aspect of Armenian cultural development.

In 1922, after the Kemalists' victory, large numbers of Armenians fleeing from the Turkish persecutions sought refuge in foreign countries, first into Greece, Bulgaria and Rumania, then to Egypt, France, Italy, Germany, and mostly to the United States of America and South American countries. Two years earlier, in 1920, after the evacuation of Cilicia by the French authorities, naked and frightened multitudes had sought refuge in Lebanon, Syria, Palestine and Cyprus. An ancient people with a history of centuries had been uprooted from its native land of Armenia and Cilicia and forcibly dispersed like a flock of frightened birds at sight of a voracious enemy.

Small Armenian nuclear centers already existed in the Balkan countries, Egypt, France and America, which, after 1922, being recruited by the survivors of the deportations, slowly reorganized themselves into permanent settlements, adjusting themselves to their new environments

They founded their own schools and churches, newspapers and periodicals, libraries, reading rooms and clubs, lectures, dramatic and choral groups, to reassemble the scattered remnants and to reorganize their national and cultural life.

The setting and the care of these frightened multitudes who had escaped the massacre, the fire and the persecution, was a difficult and almost superhuman task. If there were families who were self-sufficient as a result of long established residence in foreign countries, on the other hand there were large numbers of refugees especially in Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Greece who were impoverished, and wholly destitute, with the burden of providing for large families.

In the course of years, thanks to the endurance, the sense of mutual aid, the creative genius and the faith of the Armenian people, these scattered remnants, half-hungry half-full, set to work, surmounted all obstacles, adjusted themselves to their new environment, and eventually stood on their feet. They surmounted the difficulties of the new language, mastered them, befriended the natives, won their sympathy and confidence, became a part of the social structure, and eventually became a powerful beneficial influence in their adopted fatherlands.

Today, after thirty years, it is universally admitted that the Armenian, no matter where he might be, is regarded as a

useful, enterprising and constructive element. His presence not only is considered as desirable, but it is appreciated and sought after.

Today, Armenian communities throughout the world have their own national organizations. They maintain a long chain of educational and cultural institutions, profitable public investments, publications, churches, cultural associations, compatriotic societies, community centers, clubs and lecture halls. They carry on an extensive cultural activity such as dramatic presentations, choral societies, concerts, industrial and architectural exhibits, artistic programs, and public celebrations of historic events. All this not only serve to keep alive the national spirit, the national tradition and culture, and the love for the fatherland, but help to sustain the love of freedom, promote the spiritual growth of the Armenian people, and drive them to profit from the intellect, the culture and the life of those people who are more advanced in civilization.

The Literature

In this general reshaping of the national life of the Dispersion an important role was reserved to literature. The adage, "literature is the mirror of life," is perhaps more applicable to the Armenian than any other people. As the true heir and the immediate successor of the ancient and glorious western Armenian literature, the newly-budding literary movement of the Dispersion kept pace with the development of the colonies and in a few years it was strong enough to assert its authority as a vital part of Armenian cultural life. After initial gropings, the new literary movement entered its natural course, producing a prolific amount of note-worthy works on history, fiction, poetry, drama and literary criticism which reflect the toil, the suffering, the progress, the aspira-

tions and the nostalgia, in a word, the mind and the soul of the Armenian remnants of the Dispersion.

This picture is both heartening and reassuring as the true reflection of the Armenian people's temperament, its traditions, its future dreams and aspirations, its concept of contemporary literature and aesthetics, as well as its instinctive strivings toward universal values.

Separated from the other half of its people who live an abnormal life under the tyrannical Soviet regime, the Armenian of the Dispersion has created for himself an entirely new life, more in keeping with the historical tradition. The writers of Soviet Armenia too, of course, are producing some works, but in view of the regime under which they work they seldom produce a worthwhile work, and these few seldom reach outside the Iron Curtain; therefore, they have no influence whatsoever on the literature of the Dispersion.

As a result of these conditions, the literature of the Armenian Dispersion took a course of its own, unique and independent, and became the direct continuation of the western Armenian literature which formerly flourished in Constantinople, Smyrna, and the provinces of Turkish Armenia which today have been stripped of all Armenians and are covered with the ruins of a former culture.

Full of vitality, rich and young, this literature of the Dispersion has a number of outstanding characteristics, foremost among which are the following:

1. First, the variety of the selected topics, the types, and the literary forms, all of which the result, of course, of each locality and people, the influence of the literature and the culture which they have developed, as well as the general urge to attain to their standards.

2. Second, the Realism which, while maintaining the Armenian's inborn sense of

moderation, strives accurately to portray not only the psychology of the individual Armenian man or woman, but the character of the entire community, its behaviour, its struggles, its strivings, with the good or the bad, the sublime or the sordid.

3. Third, the Idealism which is one of the most stressed traits of Armenian literature is always present and all-embracing. It is expressed with a feeling of worship of sublime ideas, affection for heroic figures and historic actors, and with touching examples of individual and collective self denial.

4. The next trait is the love of Freedom, the fierce desire of free life and free creative expression, with the deep conviction that without freedom no people can live, grow, or create. Historically, the Armenian has always been a champion of freedom and the greater part of his national and literary memoirs have been gleaned from his emancipatory struggles, especially during the past 80 years when the whole people was engaged in a life and death struggle not only for its freedom, but also for the independence of all freedom-aspiring peoples of the world.

As for the flower, fresh and clear air, the sun and light, so for literature—the flower of the human soul—liberty is a vital nourishment. For this reason, the budding literature in France, Syria, Lebanon, Egypt and America is preeminently imbued with this idea of freedom—freedom of thought, of expression, of life, and of patriotic feeling, without dictates from above or the threat of punishment.

6. Together with all this, there is a deep undercurrent of sorrow, grief and suffering in all Armenian literature. Armenian literature abounds with many sad pages where even the satirists often attain to tragic heights. They laugh but also weep; they ridicule but never fail to touch some

spiritual wound. This emotional inconsistency is explained by the colossal tragedy which befell the Armenians some 40 years ago when the enemy uprooted one million Armenians from their ancestral homes, drove them to the desert, and exterminated them by the sword, the fire and starvation, and scattered the survivors to the four corners of the earth. The greater part of the Armenian writers of the Dispersion went through this harrowing ordeal, and therefore, the undertone of sorrow which inevitably accompanies their writings is entirely understandable.

A profound reverence toward moral, religious and humanitarian ideas and ideals which have been inseparable parts of Armenian cultural achievements throughout the centuries, supplement the preceding attributes of the literature of Armenian Dispersion.

Writers and Their Works

As in the past, so during the past 25 years, the newspaper, the monthly magazine, and the periodical were the principle media for the development of Armenian literature. Many of the best works of old and new writers were published in these publications followed by separate volumes which found a wide circulation. A few of the old writers continued to retain their literary charm and prestige. These were Levon Chanth, Arshak Tchobanian, Vahan Tekeyan, Hagop Oshakan. Constant Zarian, Nicol Aghbalian, and during the initial years, Avedis Aharonian.

Levon Chanth

The first of these, Levon Chanth, who died two years ago (1951), developed the fiction and the play, after a few initial attempts at poetry. An old writer, after revising a part of his old works, he collected his entire writings—poetry, fiction,

dramatics, pedagogy, and analytical studies—into nine volumes. A few years ago he published his last work "Thirsty Souls," a portrayal of a Caucasian Armenian family. Chanth is a good narrator, honest and temperate, idealistic and witty. He has left behind six volumes of fiction all of which make delightful reading, with idealistic characters who are dedicated to the best interest of the public. In all these works the male actors play the dominant role and are more fully developed than the heroines who seldom attain to dramatic heights.

But Levon Chanth is at his best as a playwright and has left behind a number of distinctive plays, foremost among which are: "The Ancient Gods," "The Emperor," "The Chained," "The Princess of the Fallen Castle," and "Oshin Bayl." Only the last two of these works were published during the past 25 years, but all the rest have been presented on the stage, thus contributing to the development of Armenian literature and the inspiration of young writers.

The literature of Chanth is highly moral and idealistic, without, however, moralizing. In its depth it is realistic, without descending to the uglier aspects of life. Idealistic in tendency to the point of being romantic, without chasing illusions. Chanth, who for long years was a lecturer on psychology, portrays the man's soul with its lights and shadows, always selecting his characters from some historic era. He draws his material and characters from the history of the Armenians, and one from the history of Byzantium (The Emperor), presenting a realistic picture of palace life with its intrigues and loves, whether they are positive or negative. And yet, his story is not a narration of history, but an etching from a certain period of history, primarily concerned with the characters' psychological state of mind.

The literature of Chanth bears the compact, civilized, and idealistic stamp which

is characteristic of the literature and the art of Europe, more specifically the literature of the North. In this sense, his works are quite unique and can easily be staged on the foreign stage with assured interest.

Arshak Tchobanian

A contemporary of Levon Chanth, writer, poet and literary critic, Arshak Tchobanian is a man of broad interests and an indefatigable worker who to this day is very active in the field of literature. A resident of Paris for more than 50 years, through his published works, as well as his periodical "Anahid," he has presented to his people not only the life of the Armenian intellectuals but highly valuable pages from French literature as well. His "Nahapet Kouchak" and "Nakhash Hovnathan"—studies of medieval popular Armenian poets—as well as his literary portraits of characters from the preceding generation, are his best works. Of equal importance is his "La Rosarie Armenienne," a collection of selections from the works of medieval Armenian poets translated into French, in three large volumes. Of late Tchobanian has started to collect his complete works in separate large volumes.

Vahan Tekeyan

A journalist and writer, Vahan Tekeyan is better known as a poet, although he has dabbled in fiction, play writing, satire and literary criticism. Until his death (1945, in Cairo, Egypt), Tekeyan was the outstanding Armenian poet of European standards. Although a lyric writer, in his art, his interests, and his general development, he revealed a poetic temperament which was more intellectual than emotional. He always exercised a strict intellectual control over his emotional offspring, such as the line and the word, the art and the

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expression. But this did not prevent his poetry from sharing moments of sincere emotion. And although his poems have no great popular appeal, nevertheless they are avidly sought after and read in intellectual circles. Recently his complete works, half of them poems, were published in 12 volumes.

Hagop Oshakan

Hagop Oshakan is known among the Armenians as a novelist and primarily as a literary critic. He wrote some poetry in the initial years, but his entire lifetime was devoted to the teaching of literature in which field he exerted an unusual influence. He was an extraordinary figure, endowed with a deep understanding of the arts, ruthless in his criticism, and a prolific producer.

Oshakan's activity was strictly confined to the field of literature—the novel, the novelette, and literary criticism—with scarcely ten lines of journalism or similar diversions. He published a series of short stories entitled "The Humble," based on village life. Another published work is his "When They Are Lads" which portrays the age of adolescence when the boys seek the company of girls and are filled with unutterable thrills. His "Mnatzortatz (Of the Remnants, three volumes) is a comprehensive volume in which the author depicts life in the villages of Brusa during the past 50 years, in which the principal actors are the peasants, the rich and the poor, the heroes and the spies, functioning under the oppression of Turkish authorities, and portraying the dramas inside Armenian families where the Armenian woman, or generally the woman, is the central figure of the struggle, the crimes, the dramas, and the heroic achievements.

In Oshakan's fiction the woman has a special place, to make the portrayal powerful and dramatic when sex is the pre-

dominant factor. He is a realist, audacious and severe to the point of being rude. He has some published and unpublished plays, written with the same breath, but devoid of facilities for staging. As a literary critic, he was foremost among the Armenians. With him began the real, artistic method of literary criticism. Daring, ruthless and precise, he knew how to portray a writer in a few lines, immortalizing or destroying him.

Oshakan has written some ten volumes entitled "A Compendium of Western Armenian Literature," in which he has presented the Armenian writers of the past century, with a full appraisal of the times, their works, and their value. In language, style, originality, and his understanding of the arts, he was unmatched among the Armenians. His influence on contemporary Armenian literature and his inspiration on the young generation was greater than that of any other man of our times. The greater part of his works, more than 30 volumes, is still unpublished. Their publication could revolutionize the entire course of Armenian literature. He was not popular with the masses because he was too abstruse for their understanding, but the generations which love literature, contemporary or future, cannot resist seeking his works. He died on February 17, 1948, in Aleppo, Syria, without completing a part of his works.

Constant Zarian

An eastern Armenian by birth and language, Constant Zarian is an intrinsic part of the west by his literary activity and his artistic conceptions. During the past quarter century, in addition to his French and Italian works and his criticism of art, Constant Zarian has published a volume of Armenian poems entitled "The Diadem of Days," a poem entitled "The Bride of Tatrakon," and a novel entitled "The Ship

on the Mountain" drawn from life in Soviet Armenia. A voluminous amount of his travelogues, poems and literary productions have appeared in Armenian periodicals.

Zarian is an artist writer of broad literary horizons who knows how to perceive life in its depths and to present it with original philosophizations, pictures, and magnificent episodes. He has a powerful imagination to observe and to portray the basic traits of people with inimitable range of expression and beauty of diction. His reflections, his style, and his figures of speech are novel, but always clear and simple in their variety. He is a thoughtful, philosopher artist, a painter to be precise, who portrays life with living colors, opening bright and scintillating horizons before the reader. Coupled with his rich artistic temperament and his original philosophical bent is a powerful sense of the sarcastic. He lives in Beirut where he lectures on philosophy and the arts.

Nicol Aghbalian Avetis Aharonian

Nicol Aghbalian, literary critic, and Avetis Aharonian, eminent patriotic and distinguished writers, both dead, had their part in the literary movement of the Dispersion during the past 25 years. They both spoke their precious word, and published their works, and yet, in their temperaments, tastes and tendencies, they cannot be regarded as a part of western Armenian literature. Suffice it to say that both exerted an important influence in the formation of the contemporary literature of the Armenians, one with his critical and wise judgment, the other with his patriotic inspiration and faith.

Young Writers

The past 25-30 years brought to the fore a number of young writers who continued

the work of the old with the impress of their time, but always true to the Armenian literary tradition.

One of the first and the foremost of these was Hamasdegh who attracted immediate attention by his two works, "The Village," and "The Rain," collections of short stories based on old country village life. With these two works Hamasdegh immortalized the life of the old country village and the peasant who have now disappeared, in a simple pleasing style. Without attempting artistic flights, he portrayed the Armenian peasant with a feeling of humility and tenderness, their daily life, their toil, their thoughts, their loves and their sorrows, together with their animals. Curiously enough, Hamasdegh's characters are presented to us as they are in their simplicity, their pictorial conversations, and their mode of thinking, without the author's intervention.

Always restrained in his art, compact and primitive in his pictures and descriptions, while seated in the United States, Hamasdegh knew how to paint his village by reviving the old characters, the dust of the village, the moccasin, the oxen and the buffaloes, with moments of brief but delightful humor as the peasant toiled and carried on his intimate conversation with his animals, his neighbors, or the members of his family as the case might be.

Besides these two works Hamasdegh undertook to write a long novel entitled "The White Rider" which started years ago in the Armenian language Hairenik Monthly of Boston. This work of approximately 1000 pages which now is completed, and will soon be published in two volumes, is a sizeable canvas from Armenian life in the villages and the cities. It is an attempt to synthesize the collective life of a people with its emancipatory struggles and cultural strivings, woven of the daily life of the individual characters and the

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larger community, the nation, and the revolutionary movements with their heroic figures and episodes.

A photoengraver by occupation, Hamasdegh still finds time to do some creative writing for Armenian periodicals. He resides in Boston.

Shavarsh Nartouni of Paris, another figure, is a prose writer of comparatively broad literary scope and with manifold interests. He likewise started with stories and anecdotes about the village. His style is brilliant, from literature to science, poetry and literary criticism but he remains an accomplished artist. He has a small volume of short stories and portraits in addition to many studies on art and culture, original and highly interesting observations, a part of which has appeared in small volumes. He is still expected to write much longer works. With all, he is a conspicuous figure with his unique interesting style, his erudition and his manifold explorations.

Two other writers of this category are Vahe Haig (California) and Benjamin Noorikian (New York). The former has published several volumes of short stories from old country provincial life under the title of "Haireni Dzukhan" (Chimneys of the Old Fatherland). The latter, the author of "Aygegotuk" (The Vintage), is much younger and has a wider literary range than the old country. There is a freshness in his language and art whenever he describes humble characters.

Aram Haigaz (New York), another writer about the old country, has many memories of his birthplace and the years he spent when he was a mere lad with the Turks and the Kurds in the days of the Armenian deportations. He narrates in a simple style, with a humor which is at once spontaneous and delightful, without any sophistication or literary tricks. His portrayal of moments of crisis are natural

and warm. He has also written many short stories of American Armenian life in which he skillfully blends the gay and the sorrowful. His most noted work is a volume entitled "The Voice of the Race." He has a large number of highly valuable short stories which still are unpublished.

All of these writers about the old country have come to the United States without having lost their former tastes. They have known how to bring with them the provincial life of the old country and how to keep it intact.

There are other writers in the Dispersion in whose minds and hearts the memory of their ruined fatherland is indelible and who give vent to their feelings by occasional portrayals. Worthily of mention among these are: Edward Taronian and Edward Boyajian of Lebanon, and of the much younger writers, Geghard and others, who have written short stories on the inspiration of what they have seen or heard. They write with an easy and tranquil mind (Taronian), or with an impetuous tempo (Boyajian), or with a humble, plain and restrained emotion (Geghard).

Paris, an Armenian intellectual center, has produced some ten young writers who continue to write to this day. One of the best known among these is Shahan Shahnoor who has written two volumes: one, a novel entitled "The Retreat Without Song," and the other a bouquet of short stories entitled "The Treason of the Gods." The first work is a vivid description of the Armenian youth from Istanbul and the interior provinces who are stranded on the beautiful boulevards of Paris, written in a style which is realistic, brilliant, and impressively picturesque. Filled with boundless bitterness of the soul, Shahnoor severely criticizes the Armenian past, picturing a group of Armenian youths, uprooted from their native soil, who are plunged into the intoxicating Parisian

pleasures, without, however, ignoring that same young people's impossible effort to preserve the national spirit and to stem the tide of dissimilation which threatens to engulf them.

Hrach Zartarian, with his novel "Our Life," and a number of short stories, likewise depicts the life of the Armenian exile with realistic pessimism. Nicoghos (Nicol) Sarafian, poet and a rationalist, has a keen analytical mind whose field is contemporary life. He does not confine himself to Armenians alone. His writings, some pages of prose and a few volumes of poetry, are indicative of the thoughtful writer with a turbulent nature and a highly developed literary taste.

Nishan Beshigtashlian is a writer of manifold literary endowments. He has written and published many volumes of poetry, fiction, satire and research studies. He has two novels: "Sidonna" and "Rabbi," written in a poetic vein and several volumes of satirical writings caricaturing contemporary Armenian literary and public figures, biting, for the most part, in his criticisms, but generally fair and true in character. He exaggerates, of course, but his excesses are always authentic and gratifying.

Beshigtashlian has also many studies from Armenian history and the Armenian theater with the latter of which he is familiar, having been a member of dramatic companies in his earlier years. He writes in a style which is simple, witty, refined and brilliant, making the reading a delightful task.

During the first decade of the literary revival, Paris became the center of the new movement. Having been the rallying ground of old and new writers from Istanbul, Paris for a long time retained the literary leadership and the accompanying charm thanks to many noted names and

the French reputation. Here was organized the literary society named "Friends of Martyred Writers" which collected and published some 20 volumes from the works of noted Armenian writers who had fallen victim of the massacre of World War I. This society was the golden bridge which united the old and new literary generations. It was in Paris that the Armenian language newspaper "Haratch," under the vigorous editorship of Shavarsh Missakian, rallied around itself a flock of young writers; it was here that the young writers founded the new monthly periodical called "WE," started with such fond hopes and daring ambitions, the same young people who tried to forget and repudiate the past and to set their eye on the future; it was here that Arshag Tchobanian's periodical "Anahit" resumed its publication, here started the publication of the monthly periodical "Zvarthnotz," a fiery and artistic publication under the editorship of Hrand Balooian with the collaboration of selective writers, and Muguerdich Barsamian's monthly "Life and Art" with the collaboration of old and new writers.

With the expansion of this literary movement its center of gravity gradually was shifted to the Middle East—Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Palestine. New periodicals came to light: "New Movement" in Egypt, edited by the author of these lines; "Sion" (Zion), a religious and literary periodical published by the Armenian Monastery of Jerusalem; and during the last decade the literary periodical "Nayiri," edited by the poet Andranik Dzarookian in Syria, and now transferred to Beirut as a weekly publication, vigorous, and supported by young writers. Three other periodicals saw the light during the war years: the bi-monthly literary periodical "Agos" of Beirut, now a monthly with a rich content; the monthly "Ani," both of which still continue; and the monthly "Houssaper" which lasted

years in Cairo, Egypt, alongside the "Hous-saper Daily."

The result of these efforts was a new crop of young writers in the Middle East whose works flooded the arena and injected new life in the literary movement. M. Ishkhan published in Beirut four volumes of poems, "The Song of the Homes," "The Fire," etc., as well as a novel entitled "For Bread and Light," based on life in exile. Andranik Dzarookian published two poems: "The Sails," and "Hey Chan Yerevan." Both poets are rich with sensitivity, having related their memories of the deportations with sorrow and resentment, in prose and poetry. The former is more temperate and serene, more balanced in his lines, warming up his story with moments of throbbing love; the second is more impetuous, powerful and courageous. Both writers are irrepressible in their Armenian zeal, but both are full of bitterness and grief.

Yeghivard, an inmate of the Monastery of Jerusalem, gave several volumes of poetry, biblical in motive but modern in spirit. In lengthy poems the poet clergyman painted images from the gospel, seeking new explanations and content in the old stories. In these poems the analytical in him seems to dominate the emotional but after the author returned from a visit to Soviet Armenia, inspired by the soil, the lakes and the shrines of the fatherland, he wrote a few poems which overflow with emotion.

Aharon (Paris), an old writer, is a poet of the classical school, almost flawless in his language and art, but he is more carried away by his aesthetic conceptions and philosophical visions than by emotions which emanate from daily life.

Arsen Yergat (Egypt) who has written several volumes in Armenian and French is a prolific producer. He is a man of modest nature, sensitive and mildly plain-

tive under the constant needlings of life and the threat of death. By the language and the art which he has cultivated, by his honest and noble inclinations, he is a poet who has also written some prose pages.

Vardan Kevorkian, journalist and prose and poetry writer (Buenos Aires) is a cultured poet of the French school. He is comparatively unknown although he deserves far greater attention.

Two years ago in Alexandria, Egypt, passed away Hmayyak Sheyms, poet and prose writer who produced many short stories and poems of unique originality and full of emotion during the past 25 years. He left a volume which testifies of his rich melancholic temperament. He is an embittered soul, full of protest; who constantly complains against his fate which has persecuted him. He has always been a man of faith, a dervish, who sang his life and his grief often with the lines of the minstrel.

Another poet from Egypt is Sarkis Sahakian who has written a volume of poetry, emotional, temperate and highly refined. Another agreeable name is Jacques Hagopian whose affectionate and patriotic lyre often attains to great depths of emotion.

Vigen Klag (Garò Sasouni) of Beirut, prose writer, is author of a volume of short stories, a history of literature and a study on Medieval Armenian poetry. Arañ Sahakian (Beirut) has given three to four volumes of fiction from the life of Lebanon. These are touching episodes written in simple popular language. Completely free of pretension, Sahakian is a sensitive writer endowed with a keen observation and the ability to condense life around a few characters, making them highly interesting in their loves, their disappointments and sorrows. K. Poladian wrote two novels, the last of which, "I Resign from the Armenians," based upon his Armenian circle, is a shocking picture, the story of an

embittered soul who resigns from his people, but with the revival of the national spirit, returns to them at the bedside of a dying Armenian soldier.

Muguerdich Barsamian (Paris), an indefatigable worker, has concentrated on critical literature. He has a number of published and unpublished works devoted to Armenian literature and writers. He treats his subject with extreme tenderness. Benjamin Tashian, journalist and critic, has given interesting studies on Armenian history and literature, written in a robust, beautiful style. He is also the author of a series of text books with literary and linguistic notes. At present he is a member of the editorial staff of "Houssaper," Cairo, Egypt. The author of these lines in Cairo (1946) published a volume entitled "A Quarter Century of Literature," a critical study of Armenian writers of that period. Another literary figure is Minas Teolelian, a vigorous and prolific writer of distinction whose journalistic and critical articles are worthy of great attention.

At present all these writers continue to write for newspapers and periodicals in collaboration with many old and new writers, thus cultivating the field and keeping the Armenian cultural torch burning in the Dispersion.

America is a separate region, far from the life of the Dispersion, but closely tied with the Armenian life and mind. For more than half a century here in Boston, alongside others, is published the Armenian language "Hairenik Daily," a national, literary, and political newspaper. Alongside this paper is the "Hairenik Monthly," now in its 30th year, an imposing literary, historical and political periodical under the editorship of Reuben Darbinian, an erudite journalist and a highly competent literary and political analyst who rallied around his periodical the greater part of Armenian writers of the Dispersion during the past

30 years. Not only many of the above-mentioned writers have collaborated with this periodical, but today the Hairenik Monthly has a host of contributors, young and old, poets, writers, scholars, writers of memoirs, historians, etc.

Among the contributors of Hairenik Monthly is the poet Lootfi Minas who is the author of several volumes of sensitive poems. Refined restraint, deep emotion, and an infectious spirit are characteristics of Lootfi Minas. Another steady contributor of Hairenik Monthly is the poet Taparakan, a deeply patriotic, warm-spirited, and wholesome writer. As yet he has published no book, although his published poems, if collected, would make several volumes.

From the very beginning, Hairenik Monthly developed a new specie of literature—the memoir—which in the course of years grew and flourished, recording many precious pages and episodes from the immediate past, the fatherland, the deportations, and especially the Armenian Revolution and its outstanding figures. The Hairenik Monthly brought to light writers of memoirs who, in the course of their narratives, rose to eminent literary heights. These writers were not literary in the true sense of the word, but they were political or revolutionary field workers who, we can truthfully say, instinctively gave shining pages of literature. One of these was Armen Garo, the Ambassador of the Independent Republic of Armenia to Washington, who offered many beautiful episodes from family and public life. The most outstanding and prolific of these memoir writers was Ruben, whose "The Memoirs of a Revolutionary" were published in seven volumes. These volumes, with their historic and revolutionary episodes and actors, constitute a resume of the newest period of Armenian history—the Armenian Revolution—with its heroic figures and upward flights, realistic, genuine and colorful.

An original writer of memoirs is Malkhas who not only has related his story in a simple, popular language, but has written some ten novels which are sought by the readers because of their interesting, gay, and lively style. Malkhas is the most widely read Armenian author who has been a regular contributor to the *Hairenik Daily and Monthly*.

Parallel with the *Hairenik Monthly*, for the past five years, under the editorship of James G. Mandalian, an alumnus of Harvard University, the *Hairenik Association, Inc.*, has been publishing the English-language quarterly periodical "*The Armenian Review*," which presents pages of Armenian literature, history and culture to the Armenian young generation and to the English speaking public. This quarterly is of course no part of Armenian literature but it testifies to the tempo of the Armenian mind and culture, with such contributors as William Saroyan and Leon Z. Surmelian who are sparks of the Armenian genius now shining in American literature.

New York has two Armenian periodicals, "*Hayastani Gotchnak*" (Bells of Armenia) and "*New Letters*," the first a weekly, and the second a quarterly, both of which give considerable space to literature. The former is edited by Hovhannes Avakian, a literary critic, in collaboration with many known writers; the second by Benjamin Noorikian, supported by comparatively younger writers.

To complete the general picture mention should be made also of several venerable periodicals which are dedicated to Armenian letters: "*Pazmaveb*" of Venice, more than 100 years, "*Handes Amsorya*" of Vienna, 66 years, both published by the Mekhitarist religious Brotherhood, and "*Sion*" (Zion) of Jerusalem and "*Hask*" (Gleaner) of Beirut, both published by the monastics of the Armenian Apostolic Church. All these four publications carry literary fea-

tures in addition to their religious news.

Recently a new literary periodical has appeared in Paris named "*Andastan*" edited by the Armenian poet Buzand Topalian and supported by well known writers. Topalian is a somewhat obscure but turbulent poet who is capable of making his venture a success.

This has been but a hasty sketch, giving a general idea of the intellectual and spiritual condition of dispersed Armenians of the world, as well as their creative effort which, despite the pessimists, continues to grow and bear fruit. The Armenians of the Dispersion, profiting by the higher culture and the intellectual advancement of the countries in which they live, are continuing their centuries-old literary tradition which was started 15 centuries ago, the renaissance of the Fifth Century, AD, which has gone down in Armenian history as the Golden Age of Armenian Letters. The contemporary Armenian literature, authentic and true to the Armenian spirit, and with the added advantage of free civilization's ever new benefits, continues its march on the road to new conquests. The Armenian people, their life, old and new, the eternal fatherland, the Armenian's turbulent fate and his struggle for freedom, the Armenian people's unshakable faith in truth, justice, and liberty—these are the sublime humanitarian themes which inspire the Armenian writer. In their free atmosphere they sing the song of their soul, shed the light of their unrestricted deliberations on their dispersed kinsmen, bracing them in their struggle for survival and their eventual liberation, by arousing in them their affectionate concern for the distant fatherland where their brothers and sisters have been living for the past thirty years, suffering under the Communist tyranny.

In conclusion, it should be mentioned that these writers exclusively use the Armenian language which has become an accomplished and refined medium of ex-

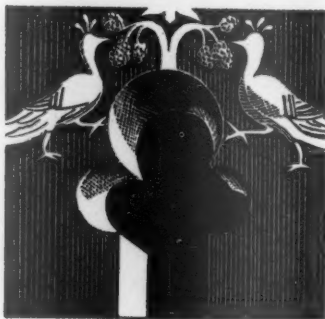
pression, euphonius and rich in its words and expressions. The Armenian is a modern language, enriched by the idiomatics and the beauties of contemporary languages and adapted for the expression of the most refined nuances of thought and feeling.

Contemporary Armenian writers include more than one stylist who, with a profound understanding of the essence of art, profess that the form and content are of equal value in literature whose total dignity can be expressed only through the medium of a refined language and a commensurately artistic style. The modern Armenian, enriched by the treasures of the

classical language, is eminently suited to portray the entire beauty of the Armenian soul, with a refinement and a flexibility corresponding to present life and conditions.

The Armenian language, the supreme creation of the Armenian people, not only is a medium of expression but a realization and perfection of art itself, an addition to literary creation, rendering it doubly beautiful and ennobled.

(Mr. Mekhitarian's article will appear in a future issue of "Books Abroad," an "International Literary Quarterly," published by the Univ. of Oklahoma Press.—Editors.)



THE WIDENING CIRCLE

JACK KARAPETIAN

When the door opened and two clean-shaven British captains entered the shop we stopped the conversation. Jamshid kept drinking his tea from the saucer, feigning indifference.

"Do you happen to have a Leica camera?" asked the tall officer, his clear blue eyes momentarily scanning the store.

"*Khaheshmandam, farsi harf bezanid*," said Jamshid in Persian.

"Curious!" exclaimed the Briton, "don't you speak English?"

Jamshid shook his head negatively. Ahmad and Firouz who were sitting behind the counter-like desk, turned their heads in my direction. Jamshid caressed his chin and threw a mute glance at me. I understood him.

"But how do you do business if you don't speak English?" The officer said, masterfully concealing his irritation. The other captain, crisp and statuesque, stood before a diving girl's photograph and smoked his cigarette very neatly.

"Kodak," said Jamshid.

"Don't you have a Leica?" insisted the officer.

"Kodak," repeated Jamshid with apparent annoyance.

The Briton automatically looked at his watch, puckered his lips and said:

"How much?"

"Two hundred touman."

"Two hundred? That's ridiculous."

The other captain paced back and forth and studied the enlarged photographs which were haphazardly hung on the walls.

Jamshid languidly turned to his left and pounded the wall four times. After a few seconds a porter from the coffee shop next door brought four tiny glasses of tea and instantly disappeared.

When the Britons bought the camera and left the shop, Jamshid said:

"I hate their language and the sight of them. They have been in this country for more than three years and don't want to learn Persian."

"But that's no excuse," I said. "Don't you want to do business? If these people don't buy, who else will? Not the Persians!"

"It won't make any difference," replied Jamshid. "They are in my country, they should learn Persian."

It was no use giving Jamshid lessons in etiquette. Unlike most Orientals he never bothered to please or flatter the Westerners. He had ideas of his own. "Politeness is the sign of weakness," he would say philosophically, "and we Persians are famous for that blend of hypocrisy."

Although Jamshid's somewhat newly grown Tamerlanian moustache and unshaven face were more fit to be seen in a mosque than in a western-style camera shop, he did a thriving business. Germans were pushing to the doors of Moscow, England was beaten and Americans were busy in Africa and the Pacific. Cameras were rarities in Teheran. Through an uncle in Cairo, Jamshid had managed to

import the best Kodaks available and was selling them quickly to the Allied soldiers stationed in the capital.

He was a short stocky man around twenty-five. He wore a wide, home-made black suit, and a faded green shawl as a belt. His camera shop was the headquarters of his friends, all young students, dark and thin, inflamed with extreme patriotism. Persia was boiling in unrest and patriotism was the cry of the day. An important part of my extra curricular work was done in Jamshid's shop. For there we discussed Iranian politics, international affairs and war. Britain had occupied the south of Iran, Russia had taken the north and there remained Teheran, lush and lazy, as an ironic symbol of Persia's independence.

Sitting in my usual place, under a huge kodachrome picture of Niagara Falls, I was looking out at the avenue, mentally absent, wondering about America where I intended to go to study. It was a white sunny Sunday and Jamshid's voice had acquired an unusual metallic tone. Hammering the table with his fist he was predicting the fall of the Iranian cabinet. Ahmad Manuchehri, a tall, Chopin-faced youth was contradicting him, relying more on facts than mere sentimentalism.

"How can we have a stable cabinet when a mere telephone call from the Russian or British legation changes the lives of our government?" shouted Jamshid, always tight-lipped, his dark piercing eyes shining. "Foroughi, our late prime minister told us that these foreigners will come and go. But they are still here, they still are bargaining over our motherland as to who is going to get the biggest loot."

"Don't expect miracles," I said, "when the giants are colliding we must keep our mouths shut. After all what do we know about international politics?"

"The devil with international politics," retorted Jamshid, "all we want is our na-

tional freedom." Then the discussion grew tense, enlivening the dark atmosphere of the shop. There was one question that we all agreed upon. We hated the Russians; we didn't trust the Britons and we were not sure of the Americans.

I was the only Christian student among his friends. He had accepted me despite my religion. Our friendship had flourished in Saint Louis French College of Teheran where we were classmates, majoring in linguistics and literature. Jamshid was a brilliant student, an ardent nationalist, almost a fanatic. Even then, he was noted among students for his organizer's talents. If there was an "anti-foreign revolution"—as he would put it quite proudly—Jamshid was the spirit of the movement; if there was a noisy demonstration against the teaching of French, everyone knew that Jamshid was the engineer of the "coup d'etat." Once he even got expelled from the college on the charge of disrespectful attitude against the French tricolor. But then the student body was behind him. The academic strike ended only when the Board of Directors changed its decision. When the war broke out Jamshid suddenly dropped out of school and joined the Islam Brotherhood, then a new undercover religious movement electrifying the youth. After a year of wondering about his whereabouts, one day, accidentally, I found him in his shop dealing with cameras. When I asked him why he left the college, he smiled sardonically and tapped on my shoulders, saying:

"You Armenians are very peculiar people. As a result of losing your independence, it seems you have lost your vision too." Then his face darkened and in his voice I felt the deep agonies of a wounded Persian. "Listen *berader*, there is a war going on; the future of our country is at stake and you ask me why I left the college. For three hundred years we have

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been composing poetry and nothing else. And where are we now? Right at the bottom. What we need is a sound political organization. That's what I am driving at, working for the party."

Then Jamshid told me that his purpose of going into business was to save money and run for the senatorship in the Majlis, Iran's House of Commons. In Persia more than in any other country you need influence to rule. And money was the source of influence in power and politics. He had been given promises and was confident that the Party would back him strongly. He also told me that he had been elected general secretary of the young Moslems. No doubt Jamshid was on the way. His life seemed purposeful and devoted to the cause of the country. Although I liked his sincere vibrant personality and especially his pure patriotic feelings, I couldn't see any good in his pan-Islamic ambitions. I was an Armenian. There were more than two hundred thousand Armenians in Iran who represented the strongest Christian minority group in the country. If the mobs should go wild and terror reigned in Iran, Armenians would suffer severely.

To me, Jamshid was the symbol of modern Persia's fanatic youth. Moreover, in him I saw that shrewd, educated leader's type that usually plays an important role in the Middle-Eastern political scenes. And because the somewhat newly-attained democracy was on trial in Persia, I was convinced that he would make the mark. He was arrogant and extremely self-confident. Besides, he hated the foreigners, a virtue that most of his compatriots regarded as a sublime requisite for survival.

"They are no good." He would say with abhorrence everytime I advised him against his extreme views. "All foreigners are no good. Today they make friends with you, and tomorrow they stab you in the back."

One day a strange thing happened. It

was May and Istanbul Avenue where Jamshid's store was located had turned into a surging beehive. The sky was azure and the Persian sun was shining like an eternal delight. Teheran was in its best cosmopolitan spirit. A heavy traffic of streamlined American automobiles, mixed with fleets of British-built taxis, pushcarts and caravans of plodding burros were moving steadily along both sides of the avenue. On sidewalks with the fashionable pedestrians, Allied soldiers, mostly Americans, Britons, French, Greeks and Russians were walking harmoniously, enjoying the blessing of Spring which was in the air. Jamshid was doing a landoffice business. Cameras were sold without the customary Oriental bargaining, and my meager knowledge of English was often helpful whenever Jamshid made a sour face and refused to speak anything except Persian. It was shortly after midday and Jamshid was counting his thick stack of green bills when we heard a woman's scream, sharp and dreadful from the sidewalk, right in front of the shop. Jamshid and I rushed to the scene. Two French marines, heavily drunk, were fighting with each other over a Persian woman, each trying to pull her to his side. The woman, apparently an innocent passerby, was furiously struggling to free herself, swinging her purse right and left above her head.

"Oh . . . *ma petite chérie que je t'aime.*" We heard the lament from the long-nosed, thin-faced Frenchman after he was slapped by the woman. The other marine seemingly gave up the fight, leaned on the trunk of the nearest tree, and gazed passively at the thickening spectators.

I turned to Jamshid. He was pale. His square masculine jaw hung loosely and his breathing was heavy like a wounded bull's. Similar incidents weren't unusual in Teheran. Every night the victors left a deeper scar in the hearts of the Persian

people. But in the daylight, in the most westernized avenue of the capital, two foreigners molesting a native woman, that was intolerable. Jamshid made a painful grimace and spreading his arms darted forward shouting, "Allah Akbar." Before he reached the Frenchmen, an American GI had already flattened one of the marines and actually was busy with the other one.

Just then the familiar screams of American M. P. sirens were heard. The crowd broke up and in a few seconds everything on the avenue was in order. Jamshid had pushed the American soldier into his shop, locked the door from the inside, safe from the M. P.'s. The American was in a friendly camp.

"Okay, okay, Johnny," Jamshid kept repeating to the GI, thus expressing his thanks and gratitude for his valiant action. Then, in order to prove his sincerity he embraced "Johnny" and ceremoniously kissed him on both cheeks.

At once astonished and puzzled, the American retreated a few steps and mumbled something which we didn't understand. Then, to our greatest surprise, he spoke in Persian.

"Friends," said the American modestly, "you don't need to thank me for what I did. Anyone else would have done the same." It was such a thrill to hear him speak in Persian. And Jamshid's nationalistic feelings certainly were flattered.

"Motashaker, motashaker," for the tenth time Jamshid extended his thanks, feeling more deeply drawn to him.

Tea was brought in big royal glasses, then came the sweet sticky Persian ice cream, after which fruit was served. It was a feast. At the beginning the American was a little uneasy and overwhelmed by this extra hospitality but gradually he made himself at home. His name was Rex Wallen, a strapping, clean-cut youth from Joplin, Missouri. He had mild manners and a

warm congenial personality. Rex was a radio engineer attached to the American Expeditionary Station at Camp Amirabad, Teheran. He was a good talker and seemed to understand Persian well. His healthy physique, his vibrant voice and his candid smiling eyes had something of a contagious optimism which we Middle-Easterners lacked so badly.

"There will always be an Iran," answered Rex to Jamshid's question, "as long as your countrymen stand firmly on their rights and their cultural traditions."

This American with his unassuming manner made a tremendous impression upon us. It was like magic . . .

First it was the fight and his physical strength that touched Jamshid's heroic spirit, then Rex came to prove that he not only spoke the language of Omar Khayyam but also knew the country and its people's problems as well. Jamshid's frowning forehead now brightened, his piercing eyes which seemed to penetrate your thoughts while he was speaking to you turned kind and mellow and in his voice there was no more hatred. He still felt obliged and was trying his best to appear polite and westernized, something that was new and amusing at the same time.

That evening he invited Rex and me to his home for dinner. He lived in the strictly Mohammedan quarters of the city, opposite the famous Mosque of the Shah. From his window you could see the bulbous dome of the mosque glow with intricate designs in tile, so graceful and tall, as if on the verge of falling on your head. His home was a typical Persian home, rugs covering every corner of the rooms and a big shiny samovar humming monotonously on the table. We were introduced to his parents and his sister. Womenfolk clad in flowing *chaders* bowed their heads gently and disappeared like a breeze. Rex was more at ease than I was. After a spicy

dinner each one of us consumed six glasses of tea and began a fiery discussion on international politics and America. With Rex America had taken a vital significance in the arena of our thoughts.

Before we left his place I nudged Jamshid and said to him jokingly:

"Keep on guard. When two Christians are invading a Moslem home there is danger coming."

"Don't worry, *beradar*," said Jamshid, "if all Christians are like you there wouldn't be a war in this world. As for Rex, to tell the truth, he is a great fellow. I am going to make a true Moslem out of that splendid Yankee."

From then on Rex Wallen's Missouri-accented Persian was more often heard in Jamshid's camera shop. It was obvious that he enjoyed our company very much. Every day, he brought along his Army Spoken Iranian textbook and almost religiously studied the Persian scripts. He was intelligent and determined. His steps towards Iranization began with his appreciation of the dark, bitter Persian tea and then gradually entered into the sphere of Persian literature. In a short time, Rex not only got acquainted with the works of Saadi, Hafez and Firdousi but also he could recite their poems, almost true to the peculiarising song rhythm of the Persian language.

Jamshid was thrilled. His plans were working out beautifully. Single-handedly he was carrying out the ideals of his party. He was proud and devoted in his mission. He did not regard Rex as an infidel foreigner anymore but a prospective Mohammedan, fit for spiritual readjustment. They went places together, they dined and wine in the best restaurants and once a week Rex visited Jamshid's home. They had become like Jonathan and David.

Once Jamshid rubbed his palms vigor-

ously and in a low, mysterious voice said to me:

"I have already recommended Rex for Party membership. All I need is his approval. He is a better Persian than most of our countrymen are."

I knew that Jamshid was not a dreamer, but what was he up to? I just couldn't picture an American GI sitting there among the black-bearded, black gowned members of the Islam Brotherhood, voicing his opinion on the dark, troublesome problems of Iran. Besides, the Party accepted only pure Moslems in its ranks. Was Rex really going to give up his Christian faith? The question worried me extremely, for as a Christian I couldn't stand the loss of a "crusader."

"Listen, Jamshid," I said to him quite seriously, "for three and a half centuries, since Shah Abbas brought us to Iran you haven't been able to convert a single Armenian to Mohammedanism. Now, how are you going to convert an enlightened American to your religion?"

"That is easy," he answered with a firm conviction, "Americans are a materialistic people. For them religious philosophies play a secondary role in life whereas you Armenians have nothing to hang on to but your Christianity."

Both the idea and the wording of his phrase hurt me deeply. I didn't know whether he was right or wrong but I was sure he was repeating some standardized version of Party dogma.

Three days after our conversation as I entered his camera shop I found Jamshid's dark face sunk in a red-covered self-taught Berlitz. There were a few blue catalogs from American universities on the counter. Jamshid's preoccupied face registered a certain helplessness when Rex asked him to repeat after him.

"Don't say *hvat*, *hver*, *hviy*, but say what,

where and why. It isn't really difficult. You've just got to practice."

I was more shocked than surprised. I stood there speechless, lingering for some seconds. Suddenly my blood seemed to warm up and a delightful feeling enveloped me. The Chinese Wall had been cracked in Jamshid. The West was expanding. All the while that they were battling over the English sounds a fantastic illusion nestled in my mind: the unity of East and West, the marriage of Oriental wisdom with the scientific progress of the West.

"Well, Jamshid, congratulations," I said looking straight in his eye. "How do you like *your* English?"

Jamshid threw a swift glance at Rex who immediately responded with an apologetic wide grin.

"It is just for the sake of curiosity," answered Jamshid shrewdly, reading my mind. "Though I should confess that it is rather a difficult pastime."

It turned out that it really wasn't a mere pastime. Jamshid was in it up to his neck, learning feverishly, puzzling over the irregular English verbs and always sweating whenever confronted with some colorful American idiom which made no sense when literally translated into Persian. He was so carried away by his studies that he paid less attention to his business and particularly to his political activities. No doubt Jamshid was going through a radical change. His manners became refined and an unusual gentleness came over him. Somehow, someplace in his heart the blind fanatic had melted away. He wore a necktie now. And one day his long curved Timurlane moustache was no more hanging loosely around his mouth. He had shaved his face and he actually smelled like an American.

September came to Teheran and overnight the poplar trees of the capital's boule-

vards began to glitter in bright multicolored hues. I registered in the college and got busy with my studies. I was a senior and after graduation I had plans to proceed to America to further my education. For almost a month I didn't visit Jamshid, leaving him alone with his English textbooks. So, one bright autumn Friday, after having settled my academic problems I went to see him, carrying along an English book entitled "The Americanization of Edward Bok" as a present to Jamshid. I had purchased the book from an antique dealer on Lalezar Avenue and the work had impressed me with certain vital facts about America and Americans. I wanted him to share with me in the understanding of the miracle of America. As I reached Istanbul Avenue someone called my name. I turned around and saw it was Ahmad Manuchehri, looking fresh and handsome in a Paris-tailored blue suit.

"Where have you been?" he said, his soft, protuberant eyes searching my face.

"Saving the country," I said jokingly. "I was busy getting myself oriented to the college. This year for sure I am going to have a tough time with my studies. How is our eminent Senator? How are the boys?"

"Everybody is all right and thankful to Allah. As for Jamshid, so far no news from him."

"Don't tell me he has another Party assignment!" I retorted. "That man is impossible, a truly hopeless case."

Ahmad turned his face and attentively looked at me, then a curious smile broke on his dark lips.

"Don't you really know?"

"Don't I know what?"

"That Jamshid has gone to America," said Ahmad.

"America?"

The news momentarily stunned me.

"Yes, yes to America. I thought you

knew. He left the country three weeks ago," said Ahmad, somewhat gleeful at my surprise.

"What about Rex, the American?" I asked almost breathless.

"He married Jamshid's sister. They all went together."

I must have made a strange face because for a long time Ahmad couldn't stop laughing.

LITANY FOR AMERICA

Guard Well

*High soaring Eagle over tree-lined mountain and sun
This sweet land of my heart and when day is done,
Let evening star take its place and stand,
Over sky and water and beloved land.*

Guard Well

*High flying Flag fling forever a garland,
Over land majestically sweeping into sky and sand,
Its legend-rich-heritage, its refuge of peace,
For this is my land, may its wonders never cease.*

Guard Well

Guard Well.

SUZANNE BASMAJIAN NATOWITZ

EINSTEIN'S FOURTH DIMENSION

MINAS ENSANIAN

The year 1879 AD means very little to the average citizen of our world. But the impact of the events which took place then are today being felt by everyone. On October 21st of that year a mighty American giant, Thomas Alva Edison, forced the secret of the incandescent lamp from nature. Also during this year a giant of the future was born—Albert Einstein. Great men are born every day, but the birth of a giant, irrespective of character, is history in itself.

This paper is dedicated to the youth, to those living and to those yet unborn, who some day through the omnipotence of mathematics, shall lessen the sufferings of their fellow men. Such has been the fate of Albert Einstein and many others. It is well here to remember the words of Mohammed in his Tribute to Reason: The ink of the Scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr.

. . .

The work of Sir Isaac Newton brought the conclusion that the universe was infinite and that time was something which flowed forever and there was no means to alter this flowing. What do we mean by the term "infinite universe?" Suppose that you are standing in front of a rocket ship pointed towards the heavens. Now if you were to travel in a straight line in the direction in which the ship is pointed, you would travel forever and there would be no end. This word "infinite" is used whenever we speak about something which seems unlimited, to our senses or other-

wise. The next word of great importance is "continuum," it means something which is continuous. If we return to our rocket ship, the exact spot we will call A while some place in the sky along the same straight line in which the ship is pointed, we will call point B. Our ship which is at point A, is pointed at, and lies on the same straight line as point B. Now this line AB is called a continuum, because the interval between the two points A and B may be divided into an infinite number of parts or points. A yard stick is also a continuum because instead of dividing it into 36 parts, we may think of it as being divided into an infinite number of points. We may make a rule here, that a continuum is the interval between two points, which is capable of being divided into an infinite number of other points. This concept is very important.

The word "dimension" is perhaps a little more difficult to understand, but we shall think of it as meaning (a single measure). A simple example will now show how we may use the words, continuum and dimension together. A young man is sitting in front of his desk upon which there is a yard stick. A few minutes later a little black fly lands exactly midway between the 20 and 21 inch marks. The young man wishes to inform a friend who is standing besides him of the location of the fly. We know that the yard stick is a continuum. But the question remains. What kind of a continuum is this yard stick? The young man turns to his friend and says simply, 20.5. In other words we can very easily locate the fly by refer-

ence to a single number—20.5—when we are speaking about this yard stick continuum. Therefore, because we have used a single number to locate a point in that continuum, we refer to the yard stick, therefore, as a "one dimensional continuum."

It is now possible to proceed to the next case. A ship during a storm is lost at sea and several hours later a rescue plane spots the lost ship and by radio informs the mainland of its location. The pilot must refer to both longitude and latitude or two different numbers just as the ship's navigator, because the surface of the sea is a two dimensional continuum. In order to locate

a point we must make reference to two numbers. These numbers are called the coordinates. If we return to the fellow in the airplane, we can see that he is living in a three dimensional continuum, because in order to locate him we must refer to longitude, latitude and height. Thus three numbers.

One Saturday evening while at home the phone rang and a friend informed you that the whole gang was finally getting together at a geographical place which we may call point X. You said okay and hung up. A few minutes later you began to think. I know where the place is, in fact I can locate

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Minas Ensanian, born in Philadelphia, Dec. 15, 1925, of a humble Armenian family, was early considered a "boy wonder" in chemistry.

At the age of 13 he had mastered several difficult texts in organic chemistry. His ability attracted the attention of Prof. Robert H. Hamilton, Department Head of Biochemistry, Temple University School of Medicine, who predicted a great future for the boy.

A self educated chemist at 15, Ensanian left school and entered work with several research laboratories in Philadelphia where, though invariably the youngest present, he amazed chemists with his acumen and original thinking. At 16, he was extended an invitation to visit the laboratory of Thomas Alva Edison, in West Orange, New Jersey where, among other experiences, Ensanian had the hallowed old lab coat worn by the great Edison placed on him.

At 18, Ensanian enlisted in the United States Army, and trained as a paratrooper, finally seeing combat action in France, Belgium and Germany. With the end of the war in Europe, he was appointed instructor in Physics in the 82nd Airborne Division school in Berlin, and, one month later, was made Director of the school of Chemistry and Physics at the American University of Berlin.

He is at present studying chemistry and mathematics in Philadelphia.

Ensanian is responsible for a new theory (Quadrant Mechanics), a new unified field theory comprehending a new philosophical system of chemistry and physics. By uniting the concepts of Einstein's "Relativity" and Schrodinger's "Quantum Mechanics" he has produced the first mathematical equation in history for life. Ensanian defines life and produces an equation for his definition.

Among scientists studying his theory is Prof.



MINAS ENSANIAN

Dr. Erwin Schrodinger, Nobel Prize winner, of Dublin, Ireland. Einstein has communicated with Ensanian on the matter. If the latter's theory is proven, it will make scientific history. No philosopher to date has defined life in mathematical terms. Needless to say, Ensanian's professors hold him in highest esteem.

Minas Ensanian is an ardent Armenian patriot. While in Berlin, he was responsible for saving the lives of several of his compatriots. He lives with his parents in Hatfield, Pa.

it by reference to one, two or three numbers if I want to. But my friend forgot to mention when we should all be there. In other words to be at perfect peace with the world, I must know that other number which will tell me when. You say to yourself, Is it possible that time is also a dimension, just like longitude, latitude and height? The correct answer to this most important question is yes. Even if we desire to locate an airplane in space along with the longitude, latitude and height, the time element must also be given, otherwise the information is incomplete or meaningless. The statement may now be made that we are living in a four dimensional space-time continuum.

What did Newton mean when he thought that Time was something which never stopped but just kept on going at an even rate? Strange as it may seem, a point is often reached in science, when men can no longer sit down and attempt to discuss a problem, simply because the thinking becomes too complex for the human brain to imagine and so men go to the blackboard and spend hours and years playing with what many students proclaim as a nightmare or a brainstorm. They study very complex systems of mathematical equations, often with the result that a great new truth is discovered. Such has been the fate of Profs. Schrodinger, Lorentz, Maxwell, Minkowski, Riemann, Lobachevsky, Wiener, Gauss and many others.

Anyone can sit and observe the hands of a clock as they keep turning hour after hour. The question remains what is this thing which we call Time? One need not become too involved in such thinking. Time is only a measurement in space. All our clocks here on earth are geared to the motion of the stars. An hour is the measurement of the earth's position in space with reference to some body in the heavens. In the place of one hour, you may

say 15 degrees of longitude. Time is therefore something which man has invented so that those events which he observes may be placed in some sort of order. Man's object is to force order and when we force order upon nature we are no longer afraid because we can predict certain events and better understand their meanings.

A certain man is known: to be 80 years old. The correct thing to say would be that he is "eighty terrestrial years." By the mathematics of the theory of Relativity it is possible for a man to have been born eighty terrestrial years ago, yet the actual age of his body with respect to its chemistry is only seventy terrestrial years. Of course this seems very unusual and rather difficult to believe, even by mathematical proof. But it serves a two fold purpose as far as the student is concerned. First it displays the power of the mathematical tool and second it destroys a nonscientific concept of Time. The latter is often a most difficult problem.

If Time is a measurement of space, then measurements of space must depend on measurements of Time. When we look up at the stars we think that we are looking at certain very bright stars, but the truth is that we do not see millions of other stars which our eyes are unable to see because of the nature of the light which they emit. However photographs made from special paper will reveal them. There are many stars which even the camera is unable to locate. The latter are known as radio stars, since they emit radio like waves and special apparatus will locate them. A very interesting thought is the word "now." This word also was affected by Professor Einstein's Relativity. Let us assume that you are looking at some star and the following thought raced through your mind. "I wonder what is going on up there RIGHT NOW." It is very possible that there is no such thing as right NOW,

simply because that star may no longer exist even though you are looking at it. The reason being that perhaps it takes ten, thirty or fifty years for the light of that star to reach your eyes, conversely a hypothetical observer on some star might with the aid of his telescope be looking at our earth and see the immortal James Thorpe at the Olympics in 1912.

It would be well at this point to refer to a statement made a long time ago by Kant. "Our notions about man and nature, life and death—these are merely perceptions of our senses but not conceptions of our mind, it remains completely unknown to us what these objects may be by themselves and apart from the receptivity of our senses." What this man means is that we can not rely upon our senses to reveal the true nature of the world around. This is self evident to any student of philosophy or the physical sciences. Thus there is a distinction between the real world and the phenomenal world.

The mere fact that in our world Time is the fourth dimension does not mean that in any special case we cannot just have two dimensions, one of them being Time. If we refer to a railroad time-table we can locate a train on the track by just two numbers, namely one for the distance in miles and the other coordinate for Time. Here we see a two dimensional continuum where one of the dimensions is Time.

Another word which is used very often in philosophy is the term "absolute." The word has been used when speaking of motion and Time. One may hear the phrase, absolute motion or absolute Time. The truth is that both are non-existent. There is no such thing as absolute motion nor absolute Time, i.e., all stars and other bodies have their own Time. There is no single Time for all the various stars and planets even if they exist at the outer edge of the universe. One hour here on earth

means something else at the other end of the universe. Let us assume that every thing in the heavens including the moon were to vanish. Then it would be impossible for us here on the earth to prove that we were moving through the void. Simply because there is no such thing as absolute motion, there is only relative motion. That is motion with reference to another body. Only when reference is made to another body can we detect any motion. The truth is that everything in the world is in motion. The very molecules and atoms of this paper are in rapid motion or vibration. Everything which you can see, feel or think about is in motion. Such is the nature of the physical universe. As the molecular motion increases we generate heat, likewise the slower the molecules travel the colder the object becomes. It now becomes clear that heat itself is a measure of molecular motion and nothing more.

Each star system has its own local Time and therefore there can be not only changes in Time but changes also in motion. Time is not a thing which is free and independent of the other forces in the universe. Time is dependent upon motion, that is, relative motion. The properties of space were also shown to experience changes. What Newton regarded as absolute rigid fixed space was shown by Professor Einstein through the use of a type of mathematics which is known as Tensor Calculus to be meaningless. The situation is getting rather complex. A revolution has been created, by a mere pen and paper.

A professor once asked of a rather slow student the following question. "Young man will you please tell me how long a year would be if you were living on the planet Mercury?" The young man was so confused that all sorts of words like, year, month, hour and day were running through his mind. At length he decided to take a wild guess. He knew that something was

very unusual about this planet which was now causing him so much pain. He answered, "a day" and to everyone's amazement, his answer was correct. Astronomy has shown that a day and a year are one and the same on this strange little planet. If the motion of the earth were to change our time would also change. Actually our earth is slowing down and the day is getting longer just as our moon is very slowly getting further away from us. Of course when the statement is made that a year and a day are the same we refer to the trip around the sun and the planets own rotation on its axis which clearly indicates this truth.

Perhaps it will be well to ask and answer a few questions concerning the nature of Time and Light before we enter into a further study of this most interesting concept of the fourth dimension:

Q—What is the speed of light in a vacuum?

A—About 186,284 miles a second.

Q—Can anything go faster than light in a special media?

A—Yes. Electrons may travel faster than light in glass under such conditions which might exist around an atomic pile. This effect is known as the Cerenkov Radiations. There are other cases also.

Q—If a man were going through space at a great speed would his watch slow down as his speed increased?

A—Yes.

Q—Would a clock built on the earth if transported to another star system tick away at the same rate as it did on earth?

A—Paradoxical as it may seem and again contrary to common sense, the answer is no. It would be most difficult to prove this in a paper of this nature and intent.

Q—By theory and mathematical analysis can we prove that if a system went fast

enough that its Time would change in direction of flow?

A—If a body were to exceed the speed of light a clock on that body would begin to go backwards, that is, a man would get younger.

Of course these questions and especially the answers appear very unnatural and one may not see their practical application or imagine that they could have any use. But from such consideration as these Professors Lorentz and Fitzgerald produced very powerful equations which later helped Einstein and others to continue their investigations, with the result that the secret for the utilization of nuclear energy was made possible. As often is the case, work in science does not always produce so-called practical results at once.

The theory of relativity is based upon one idea, that the velocity of light is a universal constant. This means that no matter what body in space one happens to be on, and no matter how fast that body itself is going through space, the velocity of light will be the same for all observers. Although our paper is not concerned with the relativistic concepts in general, it is nevertheless important that this principle be stated.

The student must realize that the Time element is of the greatest importance in physics. In high schools we are given a brief introduction, when we study the motion of falling bodies, and we may simply graph distance against time. But the introduction of the Time variable into certain problems of both chemistry and physics, produces great mathematical difficulties and often complex philosophical situations. Yet every advance in modern science from electronics to chemical kinetics, has made use of this variable through mathematical systems.

A while back we mentioned that there were many points along a certain conti-

num. It is correct for us to think of these points also as events, that is, events along a particular conituum. A clock or a calendar when used by man, makes Time an objective concept, since we refer our experiences to this clock. We remember events by the terms, before and after. We thus establish order among the events which we experienced during our lifetime.

Numbers are used to express the history and date of certain events, such as the day, month, year and the Time. But even these concepts are not rigid or absolute, they too may change through the course of celestial history.

People are always trying to save Time, in order that they may have more Time to do something, which perhaps classed as fun, is pleasant and bearable. They are the victims of two evils, mental and physical fatigue. When a married man is waiting for his wife to give birth to a child, a minute is like a day, but ask any young man who is making love to his girl friend on a beautiful summer evening about Time, and for him an hour is more like a second.

Well perhaps it all depends upon how you look at it. This simple innocent statement has given philosophers nightmares since the first human being started to think. Seeing is not always believing. Just a short time ago Dr. Einstein gave us four equations, and we are advised that the best way to solve the problem (Unified Field Theory) is to assume that mass is non-existent. There are only fields and within them, there are regions of ephemeral strength. Dr. Schrodinger did the same for the electron, only he added the concept of probability, that is, the place where we are most likely to find the electron within the atom, etc. (back in 1933).

Thus far, we have been concerned with the concept of Time when pertaining to the motion of large bodies within our solar system. It is legitimate to give con-

sideration to other systems, philosophically at least. During the course of a conversation, Mr. J. G. Mandalian once asked the author a most embarrassing question, while holding an inanimate object in his hand. "Does this thing have Time?" he asked with all sincerity. To have answered no, would have been most difficult, and to have said yes, it would be almost impossible to prove it. Before we begin an analysis of this poignant question or even attempt an answer, reference should be made to several Einsteinian concepts or laws.

Generalizations from the Special Theory of Relativity:

- 1—Concerning relative motion, a time-value may be associated with every event which is essentially capable of observation. (Identity).
- 2—Every body (coordinate system) has its own particular Time. Bodies in motion such as planets, etc.
- 3—All natural phenomenon obey the same laws for all bodies which are in uniform motion. (Void of rotation).

The author must apologize to any mathematical physicists and to the readers for the manner in which the first question shall be answered and begs the patience of all concerned. Due to the scarcity of information in the classical literature, I must refer to my own philosophical works or speculations. (The Special and General Theory of Quadrant Mechanics).

For the sake of argument, let us assume that the above inanimate object, was a reagent bottle containing some complex chemical solution, which had just been prepared. The bottle is at rest upon a table and we refer to this solution as a system. It is possible to assign a time-value to this system? Can you state that this chemical system for example is 1×10^{20} seconds old, etc.? in the same manner in which we hear that Bill is 10 years old.

Note: We have considered the child here as a system.

The theory of Quadrant Mechanics proclaims that a time-value must be assigned to any system (chemical) in order for its future chemical behaviour or history, conform to the dynamic laws (non-statistical laws which govern all chemical systems). The answer to the above question is therefore yes.

All this means simply that the older the system gets, that is, as the time-value increases, some other factor will increase, which will compensate for the Time increase. We may draw an apocryphal analogy. The older Bill gets, the smarter he will be. Again I must apologize, since we are unable to give any mathematical proof, due to the nature of this paper, the intent of which is to arouse an interest in mathematics among our high school students and nothing else.

The applications of the time-variable in chemistry and physics are almost unlimited and we must thank the genius of Professor Albert Einstein, for his prolific prodigy, Time. The most wonderful and im-

portant, "fourth dimension."

Most high school students detest the study of mathematics. This may be due to the instructors, in the manner of their teaching or in the volume of work presented, the latter being on the increase from year to year. Mathematics is a way of thinking and expression. It is the most powerful weapon created by the human mind. Man can not be civilized without a knowledge of mathematics. It is the most powerful weapon that any man can possess. Nuclear fission bombs and mechanical brains are first created through mathematical equations. All the new electronic machines used by modern medicine, etc., are the products of mathematical thinking and research. It is most unfortunate that many high school authorities consider the romance languages above everything else. But any boy or girl who places mathematics first, regardless of his life ambitions after high school, can write his own ticket to success and at the same time become a valuable asset to our American Democracy.



PROFESSOR BERKOWSKY

ARMEN SANINIAN

Past midnight, just when I had fallen asleep, the Professor woke me up. It was time for our regular outdoor exercises. The jailor opened the door of our chamber and the prisoners started to file out. In the corridor the air was heavy and pungent, just like the day before. Under the dim electric light, single file, the prisoners marched with light, cautious steps, as if they were walking on broken glass while their grotesque silhouettes, playing on the low and narrow walls of the spectral silent ravine, gave them the appearance of men in a purgatory, famished and tortured, who were being given a moment of respite outside to graze on the grass, only to be returned anew to their torture house.

It was a long and winding corridor, marked at almost every few steps by closed iron gates on right and left inside which were huddled thousands of other similar unfortunate souls. As we passed along, the guards posted on either side fell in line one by one and marched behind us.

Being at the tail end, when we passed through the last gate, I found myself in a narrow dark courtyard secured by tall walls. In a moment my lungs were filled with the rush of the clean air and I felt dizzy. It was an open court. Above us, on the clear sky, there were a few scintillating stars which loomed much larger than they were in contrast with the depth and the darkness of the court. As I lowered my gaze from the stars I noticed the high tower at a corner of the walls where stood a sentinel watching us. He had orders to

shoot on the spot any man who approached the wall. Under the tower light his huge powerful body, together with his bayoneted rifle, loomed like a giant silhouetted against the dark sky.

The Professor whispered into my ear: "It's three o'clock in the night."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"By the stars."

"Are you an astronomer?"

"Yes, now let's go wash up."

In the center of the court there was a long wooden sluice of dripping water. The prisoners wet their fingers with the water then touched their nostrils and eyes. That was what they called washing. I had scarcely finished the ceremony when the electric bell rang, the signal for our return to our cell.

"Is this what you call the exercises, or the morning recreation?" I asked.

"Yes," the Professor said. "Didn't you like it?"

"Why is it necessary at all?"

"To give time to clean up the cell."

"Do they always hold this exercise in the night?"

"I have been here for two months and that's the usual procedure."

Before dawn five of the prisoners of our cell were taken out, including the half-lunatic Feodor and the young officer. Feodor was reluctant to come out from under the wooden platform. He was fearful that they would give him another beating, but the guards dragged him by the feet as far as the corridor. He tried to scream but he was instantly silenced.

The summoned men had been asked to take along their belongings which was a clear sign that they would either be freed, or removed elsewhere, or executed. As far as the Cheka was concerned, prisoners were never freed. There remained the other two alternatives. After their departure there was considerable speculation in the cell as to their probable fate. Many thought the officer and two others would be executed, although they were not positive, because executions generally took place at midnight. So far no removed prisoner had ever returned to give a specific report.

About one hour after their departure they brought seven new prisoners to our cell. I was surprised that the old inmates showed no interest in the newcomers. Only one of them hissed through his teeth quite lazily: "What is cooking outside?"

"Much the same as before," one of the newcomers volunteered.

"Are there any free men left?"

"There are some, waiting for their turn."

"Have no fear, they will soon be with us," the other man wisecracked and disappeared under the platform.

"Where did that man disappear?" the newcomer asked me.

"He went back to his place."

The newcomer bent low and peeped underneath the platform. When he rose up I could see in his eyes the peculiar luster which is difficult to explain.

"Are we too supposed to get in there?" he asked in a broken voice.

"If you find a place."

"If not?"

"Then you will have to stand on foot."

"How long?"

"Until there is a vacancy."

"I'll do something about this," he grumbled with a confident tone.

That day I was given 200 grams of bread for my ration which was a sign that

now I was accepted. After the meal the cell became lively. The Professor and I went up to the upper story. The inmates were talking to one another in low tones when they brought back Vasilev, one of the prisoners who had been summoned. Hardly able to stand on his feet, the minute he arrived he collapsed on the edge of the plank.

"My feet are shattered," he nearly broke down.

"Did they beat you on the legs?"

"No, they stood me up in the corridor."

"They call it punishment by standing," the Professor explained to me.

"I don't understand it."

"Very simple. They call you apparently to interrogate, but they never interrogate, they make you wait standing in the corridor, sometimes for a whole day. Then they call you in to interrogate and torture."

Late in the night the door of our cell was opened and something was dumped in with a loud thump. We heard the sound of moanings. I came out from under the platform and saw that it was Prokofiev, sprawled there like a broken vessel. The inmates tried to raise him up but he would not let them get close. He merely groaned, licking his bloody lips.

"Water," he cried.

There being no water in the cell, they took to his lips his share of the soup, but he could not drink it. He drew his head back nauseated. "Water, I beg of you, some water," he murmured.

The inmates looked at one another helplessly. Only the cell guard could get water, but who could approach the guard? As I was about to rush to the cell door, the newcomer who had threatened to take care of the Cheka, brought his fist down heavily on the iron door again and again. The door shook with resounding sound and the inmates around Prokofiev scurried to their

holes. Presently the door opened and in came two infuriated Chekists.

"Who knocked on this door?" roared one of them.

"I did," the newcomer replied in a firm angry tone.

"What do you want?" the Chekist was remarkably courteous now.

"The man is dying, he wants water. I want to get some water for him."

The Chekists looked down on Prokofiev who was sprawled at their feet.

"Yes, of course. We'll go get some water," they smiled at each other.

"Wait, I'll get a glass."

"It is not necessary. We will take care of it. Let's go."

The newcomer fixed us with a triumphant look and drew back, but only I saw that look as I stood frozen in my tracks. The other inmates made as if they did not exist. They shut tight their eyes, pretending to be asleep. Experience had taught them to act this way. It seemed none of them wanted to be subjected to added tortures. What they had had was quite enough for them.

After the Chekists had left, the inmates flew out of their places. "The poor boy is gone. They have taken him to 're-educate' him."

Once again the door opened and the inmates scampered to their holes. In came Vasilev. I looked at him and I was terrified. There was not a single human line on his face. The whole thing was round and smooth, as if it was a football filled with air. His eyes were strikingly red, from which, it seemed to me, blood was oozing. His head, swollen and heavy, would not stand on his neck, but always bent on one side, pulling his body along with it.

The minute he came in he saw Prokofiev and started to chuckle like one who was possessed of the demon: "The old man is

sprawled out; he is taking a sun bath. Ha, ha, ha."

Then, becoming serious, he wanted to pass by us cautiously but his head flopped to the left and he fell at the feet of the men who were lying down. They raised him but he could not stay in a sitting position, because each time his head flopped to either side it dragged his body with it. Finally, with great difficulty they stretched him in his place.

He lay down and seemingly rested a while, but soon resumed his apoplectic story and chuckled: "Says he, Vasilev, you have not yet come to your senses, we must tame you. And, Comrades, what do you think? Hi, hi, hi, hi. They tamed me. Hi, hi, hi, hi."

There was a stony silence in the cell. In that silence, under that dim, light, in that narrow, low, windowless cell where the air was standing still like the water which does not flow, here men, emaciated, pale, and with disheveled, faded eyes were sprawled on one another, the distracted, frantic laughter of Vasilev was a terrible thing, enough to drive one mad.

"What did they do to you, Vasilev?" someone tried to probe into the bottom, because there were no traces of beating on his body.

"Hi, hi, hi, hi, they brought me to my senses; they tamed me. Hi, hi, hi, hi."

"How?"

"Hi, hi, hi, hi . . . They hung me from my feet. They hung me for hours, they tamed me. Hi, hi, hi, hi. They tamed me."

Reluctantly, I took my hand to my forehead and started to rub it. Perhaps this was a dream, a nightmare. One should wake up. The nightmare should not be allowed to continue. It was more than enough.

But, it was not enough. For a dream, yes; but for reality, no.

The inmate who had been taken out for a drink of water was brought back a few

days later. He had become unrecognizable, because, after breaking his body, they had incarcerated him in a cell for days standing. He came in shattered and completely broken. The minute he came in he sat down on the edge of the plank and grasped his head in hands. I pitied him.

I had been in cell No. 176 for about ten days when one day they summoned me. As I stepped into the corridor a guard holding a revolver picked me up and warned me sternly to follow his orders. I kept walking briskly, sensing that, no matter what happened, this would be a new adventure. We walked the length of the corridor until we reached a new barrier. Here my guard opened a door and we started to ascend the stairs. After ten minutes of climbing we reached the upper world which was in striking contrast with the purgatory below where we lived. Broad rug-covered corridors, sleek lustrous floors, bright smiling windows, and flowers everywhere, in vases, in pots, and small tropical trees.

That was not a Cheka, but a veritable palace, a paradise, to be precise, built on the hell below where we lived. And I, having come out of my cell, accompanied by this evil guard, had come into this paradise. I did not fit in this palace. My tattered clothes, my soleless wrinkled shoes, my stubbled face and disheveled hair, my entire makeup was in ill keeping with this new setting. I had an irresistible urge to return to my former place. It was good there, in my old cell, under the wooden plank, lying down next to the good Professor. The palace air was stifling me. It was an evil air. It seemed those white walls, the waxed floor, the gorgeous flowers, and the wide laughing windows were mocking me.

The poke of the guard's gun startled me from my reverie. "Stop! Keep away from that wall." He knocked on the door and

waited. There was no response from inside. He again knocked and took a pose of long waiting. I tried to register the number on the door in my mind, but after repeated trials I abandoned the idea. The magnificent corridor was silent, although brisk with activity. From countless doors well-fed and meticulously clad Chekists emerged and went in, holding in their hands thick folds of paper. Sometimes they confronted each other, sometimes they merely greeted and hurried on. Often they stopped, talked, cracked a joke, then parted. The doors opened and closed. When they opened one could hear the laughter of girls and the rat-tat-tat of typewriters. The Cheka was at work. The hundreds of Chekists of this palace alone, with their big salaries and the bountiful privileges they enjoyed, were busy wrecking homes, arresting innocent men, killing, torturing, and sentencing men to hard slave labor.

This was the palatial office of one city alone for the extraordinary slaughter, a gigantic institution which dealt with human beings, not in order to heal the sick, to feed the starving, or to educate the illiterate, but the exact opposite. In the labyrinthine corridors of this institution they made the whole man sick with torture, starved the hungry, and destroyed the mind of the intellectual. Here, the Communist bigshots were masters of nearly two hundred million Soviet slaves who worked and toiled so that their lords could enjoy life and massacre them for their service. This "state policy," this monstrosity, this madness, taken together, was Bolshevism.

I waited for a full hour for the Chekist who was to see me but he did not show up. He might not come the whole day, for two or three days, and I would have to wait for him in the corridor. I knew one prisoner who had waited for three days standing on his feet, without leaning against the wall, without food, and without

water. At the end of three days they had returned him to his cell, without saying a word.

The delay of my investigator, however, proved to be a blessing in disguise because it gave me an opportunity to meet and know someone who became a great source of inspiration for me in my future trials. My guard had left me in a position from which I could clearly watch what was going on in the corridor on either side. Presently, not far from us to the right, I saw a young girl who, holding a piece of paper in her hand, was checking the numbers on the door. Her timid walk, the expression of sadness stamped on her face, and her apparent eagerness made it plain that she was not an employee of the institution but was a petitioner who had come to intercede for some loved one. Finally she came to where we were standing, examined the number on the door, and when she verified it with the paper in her hand, she suddenly paled. She hesitated for a moment. It was plain that she lacked the courage to knock on the door.

At first she did not notice either the soldier or me, although she passed right by me. But when she decided to knock on the door she saw the soldier, and thinking he was guarding the door, she asked him: "Comrade, may I go in?"

Accosted by the lovely girl, the soldier was confused, tried to hide the revolver behind him, and replied with a smile: "Lady citizen, there is no one inside."

"Shall I wait then?" the girl asked, encouraged.

"I guess so."

Walking to the opposite wall, the guard struck a waiting position, watching us the while. It was at this moment that the girl saw me and our looks met. It is very difficult to describe what took place in her as she saw me. My long black beard, my pale tortured face, my sunken eyes, and

my tattered clothes had such a shocking effect upon her that she swayed for a moment and was about to collapse to the floor. Then she leaned against the wall and started to cry quietly. She seemed to be made of the nobler stuff and it was plain to me that, through me, she was mourning the plight of some loved one who was in my situation. We were total strangers to each other.

For some reason I lowered my gaze, and when I raised my head I saw that she was looking at me. Again our looks met, and this time I read on her face a peculiar expression which is characteristic of mothers, sisters, or women who love as they watch the suffering of some loved one in bed, who pray for his recovery, and who are willing to sacrifice themselves for his sake. That expression on her face went through my soul like a warm ray of the sun which suddenly pierced the darkness and the icy cold, tingling my body, and made me happy to the point of shrieking. I was made over again. The memory of the Cheka, the inquisitor, the soldier, the cell, the beating, the torture and the suffering left me for a moment, and I smiled happily.

She understood that I had read her soul, and that I was grateful to her. She looked at me with a sad bashfulness and she blushed.

Women are wonderful. Sometimes they fall in love with the happy, and sometimes with the unhappy. The latter are rare. The girl was modestly dressed, but that did not prevent her from looking beautiful. She was a brunette with a graceful figure, her oval face etched with regular features, her large eyes sad and pensive. The presence of this lovely good girl completely revolutionized my mood. Whereas, before seeing her, I was in a hurry to return to my cell and was cursing my investigator for his delay, I wanted now that he never would return, that the girl would stay

there, so we could look at each other. I wanted to be alone with this girl not in the Cheka's corridor, but in freedom, so that we could be together forever. To be together, to love and to be loved, to be happy. But I was a captive in the claws of my own government, although I had not rebelled against it, nor had I wished it ill, but had only tried to play the role of an intercessor between that government and its hapless subjects, to prevent their starvation.

I did not know what was in store for me in this captivity, but of one thing I was certain. There would be beatings, tortures, starvation, and years of hard slave labor, but never freedom. The prospect of being happy with this girl was indeed remote.

"You have given me some very happy thoughts, dear lady, but they are all illusions, never to be realized, only a sweet dream, because I am a captive, the master of neither my will or head," I said to her, without moving my lips.

"I know," I seemed to hear her voice, coming from the depths of her soul.

"Please, do not forget me, I am so unhappy. If you forget me, I shall be even more unhappy, because . . ."

The girl blushed and lowered her eyes. I scarcely heard the voice of her soul, "I won't forget you."

I brightened, and so far forgot myself that I spoke out loud, "Thank you."

Startled by my voice the girl looked at the guard and when she saw he was not watching she moved her lips and I heard her say, "I will pray for you."

Just then one of the Chekists approached the girl and asked dryly, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am Professor Berkowsky's daughter," the girl replied, somewhat frightened by his sudden appearance. "I have come to

ask permission to bring some linen for my father."

I could scarcely believe my ears. This beautiful creature was the daughter of Professor Berkowsky, my friend, who had been a father to me in the cell, and suddenly I felt a happy kinship with her. I was amazed at both the coincidence and my good luck.

"It's impossible. It's forbidden," the Chekist cut off bluntly, "let me have your pass."

The Chekist signed the paper, returned it to the girl, and turned to the door.

"Please, I beg of you," the girl pleaded.

"I said it is forbidden," the Chekist cut short. Then turning to my guard he said, "bring that fellow in," referring to me.

To me, the moment was fateful. I turned to Valendina Berkowsky who was still standing there, crying. "Valendina, your father and I are together," I wanted to cry out loud but I never had the chance. My guard pushed me inside the door roughly.

The Chekist who interrogated me took my name and family name.

"Have you any connections abroad?"

"None."

"Did you serve in the Tsarist army?"

"No, I was not of age at the time."

"Did you take part in the civil war?"

"I was too little at the time."

"And if you were old enough, would you have taken part?"

"I don't know."

"What? You know very well, you counter-revolutionary dog."

"Were you ever a member of the Tsarist organizations?"

"I don't know any such organization."

"Give me a direct answer, yes or no."

"No."

Finally, my interrogation was over. When they returned me to my cell the Professor was waiting for me.

"Did the interrogation take so long?" he asked.

"No, I had to wait for the interrogator."

During my absence the Professor had taken care of my ration, and to keep the food warm he had wrapped the tin receptacle in his coat. The two of us crawled into our holes. For some time I debated in my mind whether or not I should tell the Professor about my meeting his daughter. I did not want to excite him, but I knew how much he loved his daughter. There was not a day he would not tell me about her. Finally, I decided to tell him.

"Professor, guess whom I met today in the corridor."

"One of your relatives?"

"No, I have no relatives."

"Who then?"

"Guess who."

It seemed he understood. "One of my family?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Whom?" his voice shook.

"Your daughter."

"Valia?" he sprang to his feet.

"Hush. If they find out about it they will separate us. It was a rare coincidence."

"How did you know she was my Valia?"

"I heard her say so."

"Valia, Valia, my precious, my good daughter," the Professor was crying.

Thereafter, for two days the Professor kept to himself. I brought him his ration but he would not touch the food, nor would he speak to me. I thought he was angry with me. The third day he broke the silence.

"Did you like her?" he asked.

"Yes."

"She is a wonderful girl," he said with boundless tenderness and pride.

The Professor kept track of his days in jail by marking the recreation periods. On the night of the ninety-eighth day he received the long-expected call: "Berkowsky, come on out!"

At that moment, lying there under the

platform, we were talking in low tones, and while I could not see his face in the dark, I felt that he was trembling with fear. Failing miserably to come out of his hole, he slumped on the cold floor. I offered to plead for him that he was sick and could not come out, but he insisted on going. The guard was getting impatient. Finally, the Professor made a superhuman effort and crawled out.

"How long do you think we should wait for you, old man?" the guard shouted at him.

"To you I am not an old man, but only Professor Berkowsky," the Professor replied calmly.

"No lectures from you, come out quick."

There was much excitement in the cell after the Professor left. They speculated, pro and con, that they would not dare touch the Professor who was a world renowned scientist, that the scientists of the world would raise a big hue and cry, that there would be protest meetings, petitions, and public demonstrations. Others derided the idea, insisting that the report of such demonstrations would not go beyond the limits of the Cheka. Personally, I was much worried about him who by now had become a father to me. I could not bear the thought that they might torture him.

We had just returned from our customary outdoor exercises when they brought the Professor back to his cell. Instantly he was surrounded by the inmates, all curious to know what had happened to him. Apparently he had not been subjected to the third degree, in fact he was in a cheerful mood.

"Professor, tell us what happened."

"I have nothing to tell," he said calmly.

"There was no interrogation today. We had a general conversation."

"What about?"

"Nothing in particular. I am tired, I must lie down."

When we crawled into our holes he

whispered in my ear, "I think they will set me free."

"Oh, Professor!" I could hardly control my joy.

"They have nothing on me. I have a book on economic geography. Perhaps you are familiar with it."

"I don't remember, Professor."

"No matter. They have found a few 'errors' in my book."

"A big error?"

"No, trivials. For example, I have written that the English mines economically are sound, that the American workers have their own automobiles, and similar facts."

"Then what?"

"The Chekist 'explained' to me that this was not so and drew a list of similar sentences."

"Did you sign his report?"

"Of course. How could I refuse to sign it when I wrote the book myself?"

"How did they treat you?"

"They were extremely courteous. They even offered me cigarettes."

"Try to catch a little sleep now, Professor. You need a rest."

But the Professor still was uneasy. "How do you think this farce will end?" he asked.

"We shall see," I said uncertainly.

As he tried to go to sleep I began to think about the matter and came to the conclusion that he would not be released. The facts of the past were against it. At all events I was glad that he had escaped so lightly, that they had not tortured him.

After the Professor's interrogation, the investigation of the rest of the inmates of our cell, generally speaking, became very lively. Every night they took away a number of inmates, then returned them in a thoroughly shattered condition. Our prison had become a hospital for battered bodies.

I was expecting my turn would come any day but it was the Professor whom

they called for the second time. This time he came out of his hole briskly. "What do you think?" he asked me before leaving. "What will they do now?"

"I think they are going to question you again," I said assuringly, although I was far from being optimistic.

Two hours later they brought him back. His eyes blood red, his head dangling, he stood there in front of the door in a daze. "Professor, it is I, Andrei Ignatievich," I rushed to his side. He looked at me and two large tear drops trickled down his graying trembling beard.

"What did they do to you, Professor?"

Silently, as much as the pain would permit him, he raised his two palms, and unable to endure longer, he slumped to the ground. I looked at his hands and was horrified. His fingers had been flattened, stretched apart like sticks of wood, and bloody. His finger nails were crushed, black and blue. Supporting him under my arms I took him to his hole and with the aid of other inmates deposited him in his place.

For a few days he suffered from the excruciating pain, although he made a valiant effort not to show it. When he had sufficiently regained his strength I asked him why they had treated him in this manner.

"They were forcing me to sign a confession," he said bitterly. "They wanted me to admit that my book is counter-revolutionary, that I wrote it deliberately. When I refused, they crushed my fingers in a steel vise."

"Did you sign the confession?"

"No. I think they will call me again."

Finally they made him sign the confession and a few days later some twenty inmates who had signed similar confessions were notified to gather their belongings and make ready to leave. That was a sure sign that they either would be sent to the

Central Prison, or to some remote slave camp.

Our parting was as touching as it was difficult. I could not picture living without this good man who had been a veritable father to me. "I have loved you like my own son," he said to me tearfully. "Who knows? Perhaps we shall meet again."

"But I have a feeling that I shall die

on the road to Siberia."

For the second time they were reading the list of the exiles. As we embraced for the final parting, he whispered in my ear: "If you ever get out of this, don't forget to call on my family."

"I won't, Professor."

If I ever got out of this mess, that was one thing I would never forget to do.



GHENGIZ KHAN

AVETIK ISSAHAKIAN

(Armenian Poet)

Ghengiz Khan is sick, close to death, living in his golden bedstead.

"Vezier," the Khan whispered to his Prime Minister in a scarcely audible voice, "my death is fast approaching. I command you to assemble the soldiers and surround the city, the walls, the escarpments, the towers. Guard well the palace from all sides, from the roofs, the gates. See to it that Death shall not creep in. Lay in ambush, and when Death comes, seize him and slay him."

The Khan spoke and sat up in his bed. "Vezier, hand me my sword so that when Death comes I shall plunge it into his heart.

They fulfilled the Khan's command.

"Vezier, my hand is heavy, I cannot raise my sword. Let me have my dagger."

Again they fulfilled the Khan's command.

"Vezier, my hand does not move, who is holding my hand?"

"No one is holding your hand, Sire. Who would dare to hold down the arms of the world's Lord?"

"Vezier, it is dark. My eyes cannot see. Who extinguished the candles?"

"No one, Sire. Who would dare to extinguish the lights of the Conqueror's mansion?"

"Vezier, my breathing is heavy. Who is sitting on my chest and stifling me? Hang the scoundrel."

"Sire, who would dare to approach you? There is no one here," replied the Vezier.

A stony silence descends upon the mansion.

"It is I Death, who has shackled your hands, who has darkened your eyes, who has sat on your chest."

"How did you get here, bandit! Villain!" the Khan roared, summoning his waning powers. But as he spoke his hand weakened and the dagger dropped on the floor.

"Vezier, Death is here, why did you let him in? Treason! Treachery! You have been bribed."

"I have not come from afar," Death spoke ponderously. "I have always been inside you, ever inseparable. In your younger days you used to conquer me, but I wore down your power and now you are at my feet. Make your last will and let us part."

"Vezier, I command you to poison all the fountains, the rivers, the seas and the oceans of my realm, so that all shall die with me, all, all."

The Vezier did not hear the Khan's last will because Death had tied his tongue.

"That is my job," Death said angrily. "That is Death's will. Now make your last will and testament and let us part."

The Khan shook and whispered in a scarcely audible voice:

"Vezier, have inscribed on my tomb the following epitome: 'Ghengiz Khan conquered the world, but the world is only a grain of dust beside Death. Death is the only master of the world. He alone is the immortal truth.'"

The Problem Of Caucasian Population Statistics Under Tsarist And Soviet Rule

VAHE A. SARAFIAN

No discussion of "National minorities" in the Soviet Union, "rights of self-determination," national policies, or of the status of the Caucasus after the expected liberation can be based on firm ground or be fully valuable without the possession of the *complete and real* statistical picture, both as it existed in the time of the Tsarist Empire and as it now exists under the malevolent tyranny of the Soviet regime. Figures of a sort are available, of course. In general, most authors and writers have tended to accept uncritically Russian governmental population statistics, even when deriding the validity of other statistics issued by the Russian governments. The unhesitating acceptance of such population statistics, whether Tsarist or Sovietic in origin, at their face value may lead to grave errors of assessment of the Russian situation, and may even affect the policies and actions of non-Soviet regimes.

It is the purpose of this study, in as brief a space as possible without neglecting important aspects unduly, to survey the Tsarist background very swiftly, to discuss the Soviet statistics for the entire Caucasian national areas, and to particularly investigate the question of the *actual* number of Armenians within the Soviet Union *at the start of World War II*. A future article will assess and estimate the *present* number of

Armenians in lands behind the Iron Curtain. It is my hope that a detailed investigation of the Armenian figures will reveal a basis on which more accurate acceptance or rejection of Soviet census results can be predicated. At times, it may seem to be a dwelling too much on minor points, but it is my conviction that such minor points and little renowned facts can be the key to a better statistical view of the impact of Russian *colonization* of the Caucasus, and the extent of success of the *Russification* policy so frequently pursued.

Before the Imperial Russian Census of 1897, there were no adequate statistics for the populations of the Caucasus. Perhaps as a part of imperial politics, no effort had been made to ascertain accurately the populations of the various districts, or of the various nationalities and tribes involved. To a certain degree only do the reports of European travelers and investigators aid in establishing putative population values for the pre-1896 period.

Schnitzler and von Erckert undertook the most comprehensive studies of the Caucasian populations in the mid-19th century period. Schnitzler reports Tsarist governmental estimates as evaluating the Russian Caucasus as having 1,500,000 inhabitants in 1815, of about 45,000,000 in the then Empire. This figure apparently can-

not include populations not yet subjugated in the mountains proper, or those in parts of the Transcaucasus not yet fully acquired at that time. Furthermore, being based on the number of males, and mainly counting as "inhabitants" the people living behind the "Cossack Line" used in the subjugation of the conquered areas of the Caucasus, this estimate has little general value.

For the period about 1845-1855, Golovin found that the population could be divided, in part, as follows: *about 400,000 Lesghians, divided into many tribes; about 20,000 Kumiks in Daghestan; about 40,000 Cossacks in the Kouban; some 4,000 Suabian Germans, originally colonized in the Transcaucasus in 1818; while, he finds that, when the "Crimea passed, in 1771, under the Russian domination, other Tartars came to join their countrymen of the Kouban; the population (of old and new Kouban Tartars) is now about 70,000."* Golovin believed Russian Armenia to contain a population of 165,000, although *the total number of Armenians then subject to Russian rule "may be estimated at 400,000."* He adds the interesting note that some 8,000 families with about 40,000 Armenian individuals had migrated from Aderbaijan to Russian-ruled lands, with Lazareff as their leader, when Russia undertook the protection of the Christians in her newly-won portions of the Transcaucasus in the early part of the century.

To that great immigration-caused increase in the population of Caucasian Armenia must be added as well the immigration from Turkish Armenia, especially from Erzeroum Province and the Djorokh Valley. When the Russians captured Erzeroum for the first time in 1829, some 96,000 Armenians, with the encouragement of the Russian government, left that city and the outlying districts with the Russian army, and emigrated toward the Caucasus, where they founded three new cities in desolate

parts of Caucasian Armenia—these are the cities today of Leninakan (formerly Alexandropol), Akhalkalak, and Akhaltsikhe.

Schnitzler, showing the population by districts, reveals a steady growth, as will be seen in the following table:

GOVERNMENT	1846	1856
Stavropol	402,500	604,125
Chernomori (Black Sea)	124,100	194,919
Derbent	427,931
Tiflis	560,455
Koutais	324,320
Shemakha	541,170
Brivan	254,077
Mountaineer country (unsubdued)	1,500,000

In the period from 1838-1847, Schnitzler found that Armenian population was increasing at the rate of about 9,000 per year; mean births—16,548, mean deaths—7,796. This would mean an approximately 2.2 percent natural rate of increase annually. Against this high natural increase for the Caucasian Armenians was the lower increase registered for all other inhabitants of the Caucasus, the figure for the total population increase (including the Armenian) in the Caucasian region in 1856 averaging only 1.04 percent. Thus the demographic position of the Armenians was becoming better as time passed, barring unforeseen and untoward events.

Schnitzler also reported a phenomenon which has been persistent in the non-Slavic populations of the Caucasian area, namely an excess of males over females; even including the Slavic settlements, Schnitzler found that the population totals for the Caucasus indicated only 91 females for each 100 males. Against this, the Slavic areas outside the Caucasus had a preponderance, apparently growingly so, of females over males. These facts should be borne in mind when in later periods it is seen that the national groups lose heavily in wars, revolts, and small-scale massacres. The native Caucasian peoples, generally

speaking, have a better basis for recovery from population losses in such violence than the local Russian settlers.

Dividing the native Caucasians into three general groups, *the Gruzians* (the Georgian group), *the Armenians*, and *the Mountaineers of the Caucasus* (excluding the non-subjugated tribes), Schnitzler gave the following population figures:

Caucasian Mountaineers	1,530,000
Georgians	950,000
Armenians (of Transcaucasus)	333,000

He notes that Balbi had presented 2,775,000 as the total of the Caucasian mountaineers in the 1815 period, but he disregards it for that figure included the estimate of tribes who had remained independent. *For that very reason, of course, Balbi's estimate becomes of great value to present studies.* Estimating for about 1860, Schnitzler then reports that there were about 3,500 (male figure only) Kalmuck Cossacks of Stavropol; while the Black Sea (Chernomori), Cossacks totalled 156,745, including both male and female; the Cossacks of the line of the Caucasus (i.e., the Cossacks along the Terek River and in Lesghia) encompassed a general population of 254,415.

Estimating the number of Caucasian mountaineers who had not yet then submitted, Hommaire de Hell, writing in 1844, presented a figure of 2,000,000. Adjusting to the previously given figures of Schnitzler and Balbi, *we thus can estimate that the Caucasian mountaineers totalled about 3,000,000 to 3,200,000 in the 1850-1860 period*, exclusive of deaths due to Russian military operations. Against this greatly preponderant native population in North Caucasus and Daghestan, as we have just seen, were some 400,000 Siavic and Slavic-mixed Cossacks.

In a fine later investigation, von Erckert, dividing into racial groups the figures avail-

able to him, presented the following "racial" totals for 1881:

Indo-Europeans	3,160,000
Karthvelians (Georgians)	1,100,000
Mountaineers	900,000
Ural-altaic (Turco-Tartar)	1,300,000
Mountain Jews	30,000
Assurians	1,000
Of divers sort	9,000

TOTAL

circa 6,500,000

Placing on a chart basis the results of early investigations available for each group, (and including the figures of von Seidlitz for about 1875 as quoted by von Erckert), we have the following picture for each people:

Russians & Ukrainians:	c. 1860	411,000
		(Cossacks)
	c. 1875	1,354,000
	1881	2,000,000
	1906	3,000,000
Poles:	circa 1875 and 1881	6,000
Czechs:	circa 1875 and 1881	1,000
Germans:	circa 1845-1855	4,000
		(Swabian settlers)
	circa 1875-	16,000
	1881-	21,000
Greeks:	c. 1860	5-6,000
	c. 1875	20,000
	1881	25,000
	1906	55,000
Persians:	c. 1875	8,000
	1881	10,000
Tats:	c. 1875	82,000
	1881	90,000
Talish:	c. 1875	43,000
	1881	45,000
Kurds:	1865	11,000
	c. 1875	44,500
	1881	60,000
Ossets:	1856	*60,000
	c. 1875	111,000
	1881	120,000
Armenians:	c. 1845	400,000
	c. 1860	400,000
	c. 1875	721,000
	1881	780,000
Gypsies:	c. 1875	500
	1881	1,000

* Apparently, this refers to one branch of the Ossets only.

The above breakdown yields a total of 2,408,000 in 1875 for von Erckert's "Indo-European" group, rising in 1881 to a figure for the Caucasian Indo-Europeans, together with the Indo-European settlers, of 3,160,000.

For von Erckert's Georgian group, the following results appear:

Grusinians:	1836	247,000
	c. 1875	302,000
	1881	350,000
Imeretians & Gurians:	1836	234,000
	c. 1875	380,000
	1881	480,000
Adjars & Lazzes:	1881	20,000
Pshavs, Tushis, Khevsurs:	1845	10,600
	c. 1875	20,000
	1881	22,000
Mingrelians:	1836	122,000
	c. 1875	197,000
	1881	215,000
Svanetians:	1856	c. 40,000
	c. 1875	12,000
	1881	13,000

Thus, against Schnitzler's 1860 estimate of 800,000 in the Georgian group, von Erckert gives figures of about 1,100,000 in 1881, while quoting von Seidlitz's total of 911,000 for about 1875. According to England's Professor Villari, the Georgian group had reached a total of 1,800,000 in 1906.

Coming now to the mountaineer group, we face a difficult problem, for the various writers could not agree on what clans, villages, and tribes belonged to which national grouping. Early estimates had entirely neglected to differentiate the various nations involved, and even the races. Therefore, in a study of detail such estimates prove of little value whatsoever. However, utilizing the following figures very critically, we can salvage some value:

Cherkess (Adighei):	1856	554,000
	c. 1860	300,000
		-570,500
	c. 1875	116,000
	1881	*120,000
Abkhaz & Abass:	1856	142,000

* These figures, though undoubtedly not accurate, do, nevertheless indicate the tremendous losses in the Caucasian War of Independence.

	c. 1875	22,000
	1881	*20,000
Chechens (Midzighi):	1845 (men)	25,000
	1856	195,000
	c. 1875	165,000
	1881	180,000
Lesghians:	c. 1845	400,000
	1856	276,000
	c. 1860	400,000
		-530,000
	c. 1875	518,000
	1881	580,000

Thus, von Erckert shows a total in 1881 of about 900,000 Caucasian non-Turkic mountaineers, as against von Seidlitz's earlier total of 821,000. It must be borne in mind that, during the Russian settlement of North Caucasia and the decades-long Caucasian War of Independence, a conscious policy of *genocide* had been followed by the Russian military and imperial authorities; that policy of *genocide* has been estimated to have involved the slaughter or expulsion of over one million of the native inhabitants. The above listed "mountaineer" groups suffered especially severely under that early practice of Russian *genocide*.

As for the Ural-Altaic peoples, that is, the Turco-Tartar elements, the problem of tribal and national classification is difficult also. However, the following figures again are usable and present a certain value:

Kalmyks (Mongols):	1845	10,000
	1854	10,223
	c. 1860	10,250
	c. 1875	11,000
	1881	11,000
Turkmen & Kirgiz:	c. 1875	11,000
	1881	11,000
Nogais & Edissans:	1845	10,000
	1856	16,000
	1881	11,000
Karatchais:	1881	22,000
Mtn. Kabardins:	1856	20,000
	c. 1860	30,000
	1881	15,000
Kumiks:	c. 1845	20,000
	1856	60,000
	c. 1860	39,000
	c. 1875	76,000
	1881	83,000
Azerbaidjanis (Azeris):	c. 1875	976,000

	1881	1,060,000
	1856	70,000
Tartars	c. 1860	76,000
	("Turkomans")	
	c. 1875	77,000
	1881	84,000
Turks:	1881	1,000
Ests (Finnic):	c. 1875	1,000
	1881	2,000

The totals for the Ural-Altaic group are reported variably, but seem to indicate a progressive increase during the 19th century, despite the losses suffered by Russification and the losses suffered by some of the smaller branches of the Ural-Altaic family in the Caucasus during the Russo-Turkish Wars and the Caucasian War of Independence. Reportedly, there were some 896,000 in 1860, about 1,197,000 in 1875, and about 1,300,000 in 1881.

Including the few thousands of odds and ends left unlisted, von Seidlitz found a total population for the Caucasus about 1875 of 5,375,000, whereas von Erckert found a total of 6,500,000 in 1881. This, then, was the approximate picture of the Caucasus just before the first worthwhile Russian census. Many of the groups may be grossly underrated in their total number; the number of persons counted as "Russian," that is either Russian or Ukrainian by language, is beyond doubt considerably exaggerated if an ethnic meaning be given the term "Russian." However, even in this a moderately reasonable picture can be formed, for many of the Russified natives did subsequently tend to intermarry or merge culturally into the mass of the Russian nation, as earlier many Central Russian and Ural Tartars had been assimilated.

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When the 1897 Imperial Census took place, it was a milestone in Russian statistical history. However, conducted by a government determined to push a program of *Russification*, its findings regarding the subject peoples are open to question, just as are the figures quoted above, for these

also, in general, are based on the estimates of the Russian *government* or the guess of its officials. In the face of the Tsarist determination to assert Russian supremacy over all areas in the Empire, it would be fool-hardy to accept Russian-authored figures as gospel.

Despite the imperial pressures on the figures of the 1897 census, they yet are fundamentally honest, for they do not try too distortedly to disguise the fact that the Russians were a minority in the realm. Nor do they *grossly* minimize the figures for the national groups to all appearances. Yet, it must be remembered that this was an *imperial Russian census*, that *knowledge* of the Russian language has traditionally made a person be counted as a Russian. Few complaints were registered ever about that census, for people were still too unsophisticated in that time to read into statistics facts other than as presented. Nevertheless, *The Jewish Encyclopedia*, published in 1903, did question the census listing of only 58,471 Jews in the Caucasus, stating that "These figures are probably too low." Victor Berard, in his book published in 1905, is wrong when he states that the official statistics do not distinguish the different races, languages, and nationalities; he meant, more probably, that they do not distinguish *accurately*. He states acutely, however, that "the figures are not . . . exact in their smallest details . . ."

In the general listing of peoples under the 1897 census, those which are readily ascribable in whole or in major part to the Caucasus are given as follows:

Georgians, Imeretians, Mingrelians, etc.	1,400,000
Armenians	1,200,000
Caucasian Mountaineers	1,100,000

Breaking down into further detail, the 1897 Census revealed the following figures for various Caucasian stocks:

Armenians	1,172,914
Azerbaijan Turks	1,506,540

Karatchai	27,233
Balkar	34,232
Georgians	1,094,734
Mingrelians	239,611
Swanns	15,756
Abkhazians	c. 72,000
Cherkess (Circassian)	46,200
Kabardin	98,561
Chechen	226,496
Ingush	47,822
Dargua	140,209
Kasikumik	90,880
Avar	212,692

An indication of the general minimizing of the overall importance in the area of the larger stocks by the Russian imperial government may be seen in the fact that the 1896 census estimate indicated a Transcaucasian total of six millions, of which about 1,400,000 were Armenians. The Armenians, according to that 1896 census estimate, formed 50 percent of the population in the Erivan Province, 35 percent in Elizavetpol Province, 24.2 percent in Tiflis Province, 31.3 percent in the Kars District, 8 percent in the Baku Province, 10 percent in the Black Sea District, 2 percent in the Kutais Province, and 1 percent in the Daghestan District. Another large group of Armenians, over 100,000, were registered as residents of Rostov, Nakhitchevan on the Don, Astrakhan, Bessarabia, Crimea and North Caucasus.

According to the official report of the 1897 Census, each of the provinces and districts of the Caucasus were heavily mixed in population, with those over 1,000 in a particular area being as follows:

BAKU PROVINCE:

Russians	73,632
Ukrainians	3,372
Poles	1,439
Germans	3,430
Armenians	52,233
Persians	5,973
Talish	34,994
Tat	89,519
Jewish	8,172
Georgians	1,616
Avar and Andi	2,898
Kasi-Kumik	11,811
Kurin	48,192
Azerbaijani	485,146

Total	826,716
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DAGHESTAN DISTRICT:

Russians	13,111
Ukrainians	2,895
Poles	1,630
Armenians	1,636
Persians	1,720
Tat	2,998
Jews	7,361
Avar and Andi	158,550
Dargua	121,375
Kasi-Kumik	76,381
Kurin	94,596
Azerbaijani	32,143
Kumik	51,209
Nogai	1,909

Total	571,154
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ELIZAVETPOL PROVINCE:

Russians	14,146
White Russians	2,868
Germans	3,194
Armenians	292,188
Kurds	3,042
Tat	1,753
Georgians	1,204
Kurin	14,503
Azerbaijani	534,086
Udi	7,040

Total	878,415
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KARS DISTRICT:

Russians	22,327
Ukrainians	5,279
Poles	3,243
Greeks	32,593
Armenians	73,406
Kurds	42,968
Jews	1,138
Tatars	2,347
Turks	63,547
Karapapakh	29,879
Turcomans	8,442

Total	290,654
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KUBAN DISTRICT:

Russians	816,734
Ukrainians	908,818
White Russians	12,356
Poles	2,719
Czechs	1,213
Greeks	20,137
Rumanians	5,370
Armenians	13,926
Germans	20,778
Ossetins	1,973
Jews	1,942
Gypsies	1,753
Tatars	3,848
Cherkess	38,488
Turks	2,187
Kabardins	14,340
Abkhasians	12,481
Mordovian Finns	1,494
Karatchai	26,877
Nogai	5,880

Total	1,918,881
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KUTAI PROVINCE:

Russians	19,273
Ukrainians	4,008
Poles	1,938
Greeks	14,482
Armenians	24,044
Germans	1,065
Kurds	1,824
Ossetins	4,240
Jews	7,006
Turks	46,665
Persians	1,022
Abkhassians	59,469
Imeretians	270,513
Mingrelians	238,655
Svanetians	15,669
Georgians, etc.	343,929

Total 1,058,241

STAVROPOL PROVINCE:

Russians	482,495
Ukrainians	319,817
Greeks	1,715
Armenians	5,385
Germans	8,601
Jews	1,338
Tatars	3,245
Turcomans	14,896
Nogai	19,651
Estonians	1,279
Kalmuks	10,814

Total 873,301

TEREK DISTRICT:

Russians	271,185
White Russians	1,423
Ukrainians	42,036
Poles	4,173
Armenians	11,803
Germans	9,672
Ossetins	96,621
Jews	6,328
Tatars	27,370
Cherkess	2,565
Persians	4,245
Turcomans	1,057
Kabardins	84,093
Nogai	36,577
Georgians	5,756
Kalmuks	3,595
Avars and Andi	15,721
Dargua	1,067
Kasi-Kumiks	1,416
Chechens	223,347
Ingush	47,184
Kumiks	31,826

Total 933,936

TIFLIS PROVINCE:

Russians	79,082
Ukrainians	6,443
Poles	6,282
Lithuanians	1,263
Germans	8,340
Greeks	27,118
Armenians	196,189
Persians	1,991

Kurds	2,538
Ossetins	67,268
Jews	5,188
Georgians	465,537
Imeretians	1,546
Avars and Andi	34,130
Dargua	7,565
Kurin	1,149
Chechens	2,207
Tatars	107,383
Turks	24,722
Assuries	1,570

Total 1,051,032

BLACK SEA DISTRICT (CHERNOMORSK):

Russians	24,635
Ukrainians	9,252
Greeks	5,969
Armenians	6,285
Czechoslovaks	1,290
Cherkess	1,939

Total 57,478

ERIVAN PROVINCE:

Russians	13,173
Ukrainians	2,682
Poles	1,385
Greeks	1,323
Armenians	441,000
Kurds	49,389
Tatars	313,176
Assuries	2,862

Total 829,556

In the census estimate of January 1, 1913, the Tsarist government's Central Statistical Committee raised the population figure from the 1897 Census's total of 128,000,000 to 170,000,000, an average annual increase, if true, of 2.1 percent for the empire. In the same period, despite an extensive, though scattered, immigration from Turkish Armenia and a reproduction rate generally considered in excess of the overall average, as was earlier pointed out, the figure for the Armenians was increased only to 1,500,000, which would thus yield an average annual increase of only 1.55 percent. In this period in Armenia, and the other centers of Armenian habitation as well, there was a dynamic increase in public health services, in the standard of living, and in the degree of industrialization and commercialization.

All these factors are known to produce a sharp boost in reproduction rates; yet, the

Tsarist government claimed a drop in that rate, instead. From this, it becomes rather obvious that the Russian government deliberately was attempting to show the native peoples of the Caucasus as low in population. Using the 1896 figure of 1,400,000 as a base, rather than the 1897 census figure of 1,172,000, and calculating reproduction at a fair 2.2 percent annual average, we find the number of Armenians would be 2,026,637 (exclusive of immigration) rather than the 1,500,000 which the Tsarist figures show for 1913.

In any case, we know demonstrably that the figures of this period are false, for the 1897 census figures themselves, implemented by an average annual reproduction calculated at 2.2 percent, and very slightly increased to account for the immigration of Turkish Armenians, reveal that the correct 1913 figure must have been at least 1,700,000.

There is an excellent proof that the real number of Armenians in the Russian Empire at the break of World War I tallied rather closely with the calculations based on the 1896 figure; that calculation revealed above that the Armenians in Russian-ruled lands by 1914 must have achieved 2,026,637. This appears a solid, conservative estimate, for the fact that some 200,000 Armenians of the Russian Empire took up arms as regular soldiers on the outbreak of World War I, and that some 20,000 others joined in volunteer battalions to fight Turkey as irregulars, is an indication that the actual population of Armenians in the Empire must have exceeded 2,000,000 in 1914, for no nation can give up to warfare except in dire emergency more than 10 percent of the population; in the last extremities, perhaps, the proportion may rise as high as 15 percent. The Russian Empire mobilized during the entire period of the war its manpower in ratio to the total population of

9.5 percent, as calculated by Kohn and Myendorff. (Approximately 10.5 percent of those mobilized suffered fatal casualties, while approximately an equal proportion suffered disablement of some degree.)

On the basis of the 1896 estimate of 1,400,000 Armenians, increasing annually at 2.2 percent until 1915, when we drop the reproduction rate to 1 percent per annum for the duration of the war period, we achieve a figure of 2,180,921 for 1918. Against this, the 1897 basis would yield approximately 1,900,000 for that date. To the natural figures thus arrived at must be made the following adjustments in order to find the actual 1918 figure. Some 300,000 Turkish Armenian refugees must be added; of these, perhaps as much as 50,000 succumbed subsequently to disease and famine, leaving an increment by immigration of about 250,000. Deducting also some 50,000 slain in the civil war conditions prevailing in the mixed population areas of Azerbaijan, some 30,000 in the parts incorporated into Georgia, and another 80,000 in Kars, Sharour-Nakhitchevan, and Erivan Province, we are left with a total increment (after the civilian and military losses) of 90,000. Assuming a further loss of 20,000 by scattered flight to Persia and other areas, we thus must increase the 1896 and 1897 based figures to 2,250,000 and 1,970,000 respectively, to establish a corrected 1918 estimate.

It is interesting to note that, though historians were yet accepting the Tsarist figures as correct, unquestioningly, the sharp-minded leaders of the Caucasian peoples were beginning to recognize the worthlessness of the census as an accurate guide. For example, Dr. G. Pasdermadjian, the Minister of the Armenian Independent Government to the United States, wrote that in January, 1918, when the Russian armies disbanded, the "2,000,000 Armenian inhabitants of the Caucasus remained alone

to face . . . the Turkish regular army of 100,000 men" The same writer, in telling of the Turkish Armenian refugees, states: "Toward the latter part of 1916, even among Russian governmental circles there was talk of transferring to Siberia nearly 250,000 Turkish Armenian immigrants who had sought refuge in the Caucasus . . ." even though at that time there were more than 250,000 Armenian soldiers fighting for the Allied side. It appears that the real reason this plan of foreign resettlement was being seriously considered was not the objection that no lands were available in the Caucasus for them, but high policy, i.e., the desire of the Russian government to prevent any Caucasian national group from achieving a large, concentrated population. At this period of Russian history, lands were still being given over to Russian settlers in the Caucasus, and the census-claimed Russian population in this region had increased, mainly by immigration, to 34 percent (in 1913) of the total population of the Caucasus.

When the war was over, new governments based on the ethnic principle had been established in the Caucasus. Concerning ourselves with the Armenian part, for the moment, we see that the post-war Armenian Republic was scheduled to include an internationally delineated part of Turkish Armenia and all the Armenian-majority inhabited parts of the Transcaucasus except the city of Tiflis, that is, Turkish Armenia (the area termed "Wilsonian Armenia") and Russian Armenia. In the areas encompassed in "Russian-Armenia," inclusive of the entirety of the Erivan Province, all of Kars Territory, and parts of the Elizavetpol Province, the 1917 Russian Census estimates, greatly depressed, as we have seen, showed:

Armenians	1,293,000	59.87%
Tatar, Turk, etc.	588,000	27.22

Kurds	82,000	3.79
Yezidees	50,000	2.31
Gypsies	24,000	1.11
Russ, Greek, Georgians	123,000	5.70
	<hr/> 2,160,000	

The American Military Mission to Armenia (Harbord Commission) gives approximately the same figures for Russian Armenia, but dates them for 1914, as follows:

Armenians	1,296,000	62.5%
Turks, Tatars	598,000	28.8
Russ, Greek, Georgians	65,000	3.1
Yezidee, Gzelbash, etc.	38,000	2

As for the disputed territories of Karabagh, Bortchalou (Lori), Sharour-Nakhitchewan, Akhalkalak and Dzalga, and Kars Province, the Military Mission asserted the following:

TOTALS FOR KARABAGH:		
Armenians	317,000	72.5%
Russian, Greek, Georgians	1,000	
Turks, Tatars	120,000	
	<hr/> 438,000	

TOTALS FOR SHAROUR-NAKHITCHEVAN:		
Armenians	60,000	33%
Turks, Tatars	120,000	66%
	<hr/> 180,000	

BORTCHALOU (LORI):		
Armenians	70,000	82.3%
Russians, Greeks, Georgians	10,000	
Turks, Tatars	5,000	
	<hr/> 85,000	

AKHALKALAK and DZALGA:		
Armenians	90,000	76%
Russians, Greeks, Georgians	20,000	
Turks, Tatars	8,000	
	<hr/> 118,000	

KARS PROVINCE:		
Armenians	98,000	39%
Russians, Greeks, Georgians	28,000	
Turks, Tatars	62,000	
Kurds	41,000	
Yezidees	21,000	
	<hr/> 250,000	

Turning now to the general statistical picture of the entire Caucasus during the World War I period and its immediate

aftermath, but exclusive of the approximately 300,000 Turkish Armenian refugees, we are presented with the following figures:

GOV., ETC.	1910	1913	1914	1919	Major % 1919
Baku	1,013,000	1,074,100	1,120,000	1,008,000	Turco-Tatar
Black Sea	126,200	139,600	100,000	90,000	Russian
Batoum	164,300	171,200	124,000	112,000	Georgian
Daghestan	675,800	715,100			Caucasians
Elizavetpol	1,007,800	1,049,600	1,275,000	1,147,000	Turco-Tatar
Erivan	957,100	986,600	1,115,000	1,004,000	Armenian
Kars	370,600	389,800	365,000	328,000	Armenian
Kuban	2,625,800	2,911,800			Ukrainian
Kutais	990,800	1,041,500	1,035,000	932,000	Georgian
Sukhum	132,000	140,600	209,000	188,000	
Stavropol	1,231,100	1,321,100			Russian
Terek	1,182,700	1,246,700			Caucasians
Tiflis	1,163,600	1,219,700	1,455,000	1,309,000	Georgian
Zakatali	93,400	98,800	94,000	85,000	

The above figures appear to be based almost exclusively on the Tsarist statistics, which we have seen to have been of extremely doubtful validity. The 1910 and 1913 population columns are, indeed, taken from the official imperial estimates, while the 1914 and 1919 columns are figures reported by the American Military Mission. The variability and shrinkage apparent in the American Military Mission's statistics would seem to reveal a failure by that body to assess the actualities of population statistics accurately. On the other hand, that body's figures may reflect, in part, the cutting out from the totals of the pro-Russian "padding" by Tsarist officials and of the Russian military numbers. In any case, there can be no real doubt that the Harbord Commission's (American Military Mission) figures reveal too small a total to be accurate for the native stocks.

Again based on the distorted Russian imperial statistics, apparently, is the chart prepared by Professor Niederle of Prague which reveals the (apparently pre-war) distribution of the ethnic groups in the Empire as follows:

	Eur.	Caucasus	Siberia	Cen.
	Russia			Asia
Slavs	80.0	34.0	81.0	8.9
Poles	1.2	0.3	0.5	0.1
Lithuanians	3.0	0.1	0.2	—
Finns	3.6	0.1	1.1	0.2
Germans	1.4	0.6	0.1	0.1
Jews	4.0	0.4	0.5	0.1
Caucasians	—	26.2	—	—
Armenians	0.1	12.0	—	0.1
Turanians	4.9	20.2	8.3	85.5
Mongols	0.2	0.2	6.2	0.2
Others	1.6	5.9	2.1	4.8

* Percentage of.

Analyzing the Armenian material carefully, Simon Vratzian, a former premier of the Armenian Independent Republic, has posed many intriguing questions relative to the statistics for Armenian nationality under the Russian domination. Conceding at the start the 1897 Census gave approximately correct figures (although we have seen conclusively above that such is scarcely the actual fact), he goes on to show that the 1916 Russian statistics indicate that on January 1, 1916 there were about 2,000,000 Armenians under Russian rule (1,860,000 in the Transcaucasus; about 100,000 in the rest of the Empire, at a minimum). Regarding more critically the figures released by the Soviet authorities, he says: "Soviet statistics present such strange figures that

it is not possible to lend credence to them. Thus, the Transcaucasian Statistical Central Commission has published figures for January 1, 1925 revealing the following ethnographic picture:

	Azerbaijan	Armenia	Georgia	All Transcaucasia
Azerbaijani Turks	1,129,150	89,200	81,800	1,300,150
Armenians	272,200	782,600	297,550	1,352,250
Georgians	14,150	*	1,688,750	1,702,900
Russians	141,150	21,800	89,300	252,250
Miscellaneous	459,750	16,400	322,400	798,550
Totals	2,016,400	910,000	2,479,800	5,406,100

* In miscellaneous.

These figures are unbelievable on many scores. For example, from all the previous evidences, the Transcaucasus as a whole could not have had less than the American minimal estimate of about 6,202,000 at the end of the war, at the time of the Harbord Commission in 1919. Taking the 1896 figures as a basis, assuming a conservative Armenian reproduction rate of 2.2 percent annually until 1915 and a reproduction rate of 1 percent from 1915 to 1921, with no natural increase in 1921 (the year of the anti-Soviet revolt), 1.2 percent in 1922, 1.5 percent in 1923, and 2 percent in 1924, and adjusting for the refugee influx and the war losses, we can calculate that the Armenian people alone in the Soviet realm must have numbered a rather realistic 2,460,000 as 1925 opened. Assuming further that by 1925 emigration from the Transcaucasus had removed 300,000 Armenians to other Soviet areas we would then face a discrepancy of some 750,000 Armenians in the Transcaucasus. The lowering of the figures for the other native stocks, though not as severe in all probability because of special factors in the Armenian case, must have been equally remarkable.

S. Vratzian himself points out that the Soviets list only 1,352,250 for 1925, as against the Tsarist listing of 1,786,794 Armenians in the Transcaucasus on January 1, 1916. He challenges the possibility of a

logical explanation for the discrepancy he finds of more than 400,000, ignoring, for the moment, the question of natural increase. He then asserts that war losses, although heavy in the massacres, civil wars, and emigrations for the Azerbaijan Armenian communities (not less than 50,000 deaths), and reaching some 30,000 in the parts incorporated into Georgia, while the losses in Kars, Sharour-Nakhitchevan, and Erivan Province were some 80,000 (a total of some 160,000 in the three Transcaucasian states), might conceivably account for a part of the 400,000 difference, but some 275,000 would still be unaccounted for. Assuming that of the 300,000 Turkish Armenian refugees only 150,000 remained in the Transcaucasus, the rest establishing themselves in other areas of the Soviet Union, and assuming that the natural increase was only equal to the number of deaths and to the number purged, this would then give a figure of Armenians in the Caucasus of about 1,776,000, of whom a probable million or more were resident in Soviet Armenia. To this figure for the Transcaucasus must be added also the Soviet-reported estimate of 439,000 for the rest of the Union; the total in 1925 of Armenians in the Soviet Union would thus be about 2,215,000. Since this is a figure analyzed out on the basis of the notoriously inaccurate Tsarist estimate for 1916, which claimed only 1,786,794 Armenians in the

Caucasus, while we have seen by a conservative calculation on the basis of the 1896 census estimate that the 1916 number must have approximated 2,140,000, of whom almost all were resident in the Transcaucasus, we find that S. Vratzian's figure of 2,215,000 for the whole of the Soviet Union is not far out of keeping with our 1896-based estimate of 2,464,753 at the start of 1925.

A prominent Soviet writer, Hovanness Hagopian, in a propaganda book about the Armenian Soviet state published in Paris in 1929, deals with the question of the Armenian statistics in some detail, to explain away the obvious trend within the official Soviet figures. He reports that the Dec. 17, 1926 Census revealed a total of 880,464 inhabitants of Soviet Armenia, divided as follows:

Armenians	743,571
Turks, Persians, Karapapakhs	88,224
Russians	23,153
Yezidees, Kurds, Greeks, Assuri, etc.	25,516

Total 880,464

Admitting that this was not completely accurate for various "seasonal" reasons, the Armenian Central Statistical Commission gave the figure of 927,000 for April, 1927 as being correct.

In a chart comparing the December, 1926 Census with the figures for 1914, Hagopian shows the following contrast:

	1914	1926
Armenians	743,503	743,571
Turks	405,000	88,224
Others	111,285	48,669
	1,359,588	880,464

Continuing, he states that the 1926 Soviet census found a mere 1,536,948 Armenians in the entire Soviet Union, dispersed as follows:

Armenia	743,571
Georgia	306,376
Azerbaijan	281,281
Other areas	204,720

In regard to the Census of 1926, we

have the following figures to consider, for whatever they are worth, from other sources. Hans Kohn, including the figure for those who speak the national language as their mother tongue, a sort of index of the effect and extent of Russification, lists:

Nationality	Number	P.C. of Mother	
		Total	Lang.
Ukrainians	31,194,976	21.27	87.1
Georgians	1,821,184	1.24	96.3
Azerbaijani	1,706,605	1.16	93.8
Armenians	1,567,568	1.07	92.4
Chechens	318,522	0.22	99.7
Ossetins	272,272	0.19	97.9
Avars	158,769	0.11	99.3
Kabardins	139,925	0.09	99.3
Lesghians	134,529	0.08	97.4
Kalmyks	129,321	0.08	99.3

Yarmolinsky lists the 1926 Census as showing 393,000 in the Chechen group and 219,000 in the Cherkess group; he also states that the Caucasian Japhetic peoples (including the Armenians and Georgians) are 3.2 percent of the total population. He classifies the populations of the Caucasian districts as follows:

Daghestan ASSR	788,100
Adighe (Tcherkess) AR	114,200
Ingush AR	75,100
Tchetchen AR	309,900
Kabardo-Balkar AR	204,000
Karachai AR	64,600
North Ossetin AR	152,400
Armenian SSR	879,900
Azerbaijan SSR	2,314,000
Nakhitchewan ASSR	104,900
Karabagh ASSR	125,300
Georgian SSR	2,666,400
Abkhasian ASSR	201,700
Adjarian ASSR	131,600
South Ossetin AR	87,400

A German analysis of the populations and proportions in the Transcaucasian Socialist Federal Soviet Republics reported the following census results:

Georgians	1,702,900	33.4%
Armenians	1,352,350	24.1
Azerbaijani Turks	1,350,000	23.1
Russians	252,250	4.6
Ossetins	92,757	1.7
Abkhasians	43,220	0.8
Lesghians, Persians, Kurds, etc.	662,573	12.3

In view of these rather obviously dis-

torted Soviet figures, it is interesting to note what Soviet propagandist Hagopian had to say about the natural increase under Soviet rule. Stating that in 1926 there were 46,697 births in Soviet Armenia as against 14,945 deaths, he finds the increase annually then to be 31,752, or 3.69 percent by his figures. He states that from 1891 to 1915, the birth rate was 3.5, increasing in 1923 to 3.8; in 1924, to 4.3; and in 1925, to 4.6. In 1927, the actual population increase by excess of births over deaths was 35,445, giving a reproduction rate of 4.02 percent. Thus, in the five year period 1923-1927, the natural increase of Soviet Armenia, with only a fraction of the Soviet Union's Armenian subjects within its borders, was 140,543, despite the executions of the adherents of the previous Armenian Independent Republic, of the clergy, and of other "counter-revolutionary" persons, still attaining an annual average of 2.8 percent, as contrasted with the 1.7 percent rate for the whole Soviet Union. But, as he unfolded the Soviet statistics, Hagopian found himself in a quandry, for, as he stated, if there were 1,800,000 Armenians under Russian rule before the First World War, and if the natural increase were only an unbelievable 1 percent as he calculates, and if there were only 200,000 immigrant refugees from Turkish Armenia as he states, and to these are added the 23,700 immigrants from Armenian communities abroad before 1927, then the Armenian population must total 2,217,700.

Russian Armenians before the war	1,800,000
Natural increase at 1% rate	194,000
Turkish Armenian refugees	200,000
Immigration from abroad	23,700
	<hr/>
	2,217,700

Even these figures are not accurate, however, assuming the numbers he has started with were correct (which we know they were not), for the natural increase of 1,800,000 persons at an annual rate of 1

percent in the period of twelve years would total 228,280, rather than the 194,000 he has calculated. Furthermore, he has completely neglected the natural increase of the "200,000" refugees from Turkish Armenia. If we increase these at a 1 percent rate also, we must add another 25,362 to the count. Correcting his arithmetical error, then, and adding the natural increase of the refugees, we must increase his figure by the addition of 59,600 persons, yielding a corrected total of 2,277,300, still on his own figures and assumptions.

Hagopian then states that the actual figure 1,536,948 of the 1926 Census shows a 580,752 loss from his conservatively calculated figure of 2,217,700. Again, however, he has made a mathematical error, for the actual difference is 680,752; 100,000 more than he reveals. Utilizing the corrections just made, *we see that Hagopian's figures should actually show a discrepancy of 740,394 between his minimal calculations and the Census.* If we were to use the more accurate figure of 300,000 refugees from Turkey, at least 2,000,000 Armenians under Russian rule in 1914 (as we have earlier established), and the higher Armenian reproduction rate (generally reported as higher than the Russian under the Tsarist regimes, and verified by Hagopian's Soviet reports), then, of course, we could establish a considerably higher discrepancy between the 1926 Census figures and the Armenian probability.

Although Hagopian attempts to ascribe this discrepancy to the political terrorism of the agents of the capitalists and the "mauserist" government of the Armenian Independent Republic, he makes an unconvincing and readily-demolished apology for the Soviet statistics, for he presents no evidences worthy of note in a serious study.

In the period between 1926 and 1939, when the second and last Soviet census

was held, the population of the Soviet Armenian state gained 45 percent according to the official figures, as is stated in almost every recent study of the Soviet Union. It is reported that the Armenian reproduction rate was at an average of 4 percent, while the claimed reproduction rate for the entire Soviet Union was 1.14 percent. Whether this is true is open to serious question. It is possible that the increases were registered as a simple propaganda tool to sway the allegiance of the large Armenian colonies in nearby foreign countries. It is certain that the Armenian population in 1926 approximated far more closely to 2,514,000, as an estimate drawn on the 1896 figures would show, rather than to the ridiculous 1,567,568 officially claimed by the Soviet authorities.

Estimating at 4 percent annual increase on that 1,567,568 official 1926 figure, deducting some 420,000 estimated dead from purges and famines in various years, we secure a 1939 figure of 2,032,075. On the other hand, using the more appropriate figure of 2,514,000 for 1926 and increasing by an annual rate of 2 percent, rather than the apparently fanciful rate of 4 percent, with the same deductions for the same years for purges and famine deaths, we can establish a figure of 2,759,405 for 1939. The official 1939 census figure for Armenians in the Soviet Union is 2,151,884, not greatly different from the first figure given above. How we can test the validity of our estimates, and how can we find which approximates most closely to the truth? Applying again tests which helped establish a logical figure for the first World War period, namely the criterion of military ratios, we find that the 300,000 and more Armenian Soviet servicemen in World War II would indicate that our own estimate hits closer to the point than the official census figure, a minimum of 11 percent as against a minimum of 14.5 per-

cent. *Thus, the indications are that the fantastically high reproduction rates reported for the Soviet Armenian subjects are inflated propaganda in reality, and that the actual number of Armenians in the Soviet Union numbered almost 2,800,000 at the start of the Second World War.* This would indicate a discrepancy of about 600,000 in the official figure.

In 1926, the population of the entire Soviet Union was 147,027,915; increasing at a rather high rate until 1932, by a figure of some 18,700,000; only to be followed by a sharp decline in the reproduction rate during the next six years when a scant 4,700,000 growth was registered. The famine of 1933-34 and "the heavy burdens of the five-year plan and of agrarian collectivization" are stated as the major reasons for that failure to increase at a steady rate. The total increase in this period was 15.9 percent for the whole Union.

Since the publishing of the 1939 Census, the Soviet authorities have failed to hold another census. In all official matters, the Soviet authorities hold to the results, whether distorted or not, of that census. The suspicion has grown that the Soviet Union, relying to a large degree upon Russian arms for its support, even though the Russians have suffered equally as individual citizens, but not as a nation, under Soviet rule, has been thrown into a sort of panic as the so-called minorities clamor more stridently for liberation. In the demographic race between the peoples of the Soviet Union, the Russian, *per se*, is at a disadvantage. Despite Russification policies, police terror, and purges, the border areas, especially in the highly vulnerable south, have been becoming more and more national rather than Russian in population. This is apparent from the desperate efforts of the Soviet Union to present the Russian people as being far larger in proportion to the other peoples than

they actually are. Indeed, even news writers are beginning to state that 54 percent of the Soviet population is non-Russian, although the figure must be regarded as unqualified and unsatisfactory to the historian.

The percent of increase in the population of Azerbaijan in the 1926-1939 period was 38.7; that of Georgia, 32.3; and that of Armenia, 45.4. In the same period, the population of the R. S. F. S. R. increased only 16.9 percent; the Ukraine, 6.6 percent; and White Russia 11.7 percent. Soviet Armenia was supposed to have increased from 881,290 in 1926 to 1,281,599 in 1939. The Armenians were approximately 85 percent of the population of their state, or about four-fifths.

A breakdown of the 1926 and 1939 figures for the native stocks of the Caucasus reveals the following:

	1926	1939
Assyrians	9,808	20,207
Yezidees	14,523	—
Kurds	54,661	45,866
Armenians	1,568,197	2,151,884
Turks	8,570	—
Azerbaijani	1,706,605	2,274,805
Karapapakhs	6,316	—
Kumik	94,549	—
Karatchai	55,123	—
Balkar	33,307	—
Nogai	36,274	—
Georgians	1,821,184	2,248,566
Mingrelians	242,990	—
Swans	13,218	—
Lazzes	643	—
Abkhazian	56,957	58,969
Cherkess	65,270	87,973
Kabardin	139,925	164,106
Chechens	318,522	407,690
Ingush	74,097	92,074
Dargua	108,963	—
Kubatchin	2,371	—
Kaitak	14,430	—
Kasi-Kumik	40,380	—
Avar	158,769	—
Andi	7,840	—
Buykhadi	3,354	—
Godoberdi	1,425	—
Karatai	5,305	—
Akhvakh	3,683	—
Bagulal	3,054	—
Tindali	3,812	—

Although the Caucasus had been sub-

jected to unusual, depressive influences under Soviet rule, including the sporadic revolts of the native peoples, the non-Russian stocks were yet in a strong position, demographically. For example, the reported growth of the population of Soviet Armenia was in spite of extensive purges in the twenties and thirties which have been estimated to have reached the staggering total of 325,000. A factor generally overlooked in the demographic picture is the influence of the extensive refugee migrations. It has been calculated that since 1918, and before the horde of World War II displaced persons, some 1,500,000 Russians had fled from Soviet rule. At the same time that Russian population was suffering this loss, the Armenians were boosted by the influx of about 300,000 Turkish Armenian refugees, as we have seen.

A pro-Soviet writer has reported the national areas of the Caucasus to have the following population and ethnographic picture in 1941, at the outbreak of the German-Russian phase of World War II:

Chechen-Ingush ASSR, 732,838—Chechen, 58 percent; Ingush, 13 percent; Daghestan ASSR, 977,800—Mountaineers, 64.5 percent; Russian, 12.5 percent. Kabardin-Balkar ASSR, 377,485—Kabardin, 60 percent; Balkar, 16.3 percent. Kalmyk ASSR, 231,935—Kalmyk, 75.6 percent; Russian, 10.7 percent. N. Ossetian ASSR, 345,592—Ossetin, 84.2 percent; Ukrainian, 6.8 percent. Adyghe AR, 354,055—Cherkess, 47.8 percent; Russian, 25.6 percent. Cherkess AR, 97,233—Kabardin, 33.3 percent; Beskesekabaz, 29.7 percent; Nogai, 16.8 percent; Cherkess, 7.2 percent. Georgian SSR, 3,722,252—Georgian, 67.7 percent; Armenian, 11.6 percent. Abkhaz ASSR, 303,147—Georgian, 33.5 percent; Abkhazian, 27.8 percent. Adjara ASSR, 179,946—Adjara, 53.7 percent; Georgian, 14.5 percent. S. Ossetian AR, 111,501—Ossetin, 69.1 percent; Georgian, 26.9 percent. Armenian SSR, 1,346,709—Armenian, 84.7 percent; Turkic, 8.2 percent. Azerbaijan SSR, 3,372,794—Turkic, 63.3 percent; Armenian, 12.4 percent. Nakhichevan ASSR, 138,528—Turkic, 84.5 percent; Armenian, 10.8 percent. Nagorno Karabagh AR, 180,063—Armenian, 89.1 percent; Turkic, 10 percent.

It is interesting to note the difference in viewpoint of a North Caucasian in regard to population figures, for the apparent au-

tonomy implied in a breakdown such as quoted above from a pro-Soviet writer is not reflected in the remark of Professor Magoma that: 'Before the second world war, the autonomous regions which comprised in its day the North Caucasian Republic . . . had a population of 2,957,000 (Soviet statistics),' while at the time of the Belgrade Treaty of 1739, when "the independence of North Caucasus was recognized," the native population numbered some 5,000,000.

During the second world war, the Caucasian populations provided large contingents for the Red Army. For example, the small, relatively speaking, Armenian people gave 300,000 sons and over 70 generals to the service during the war period. There were not only national platoons, but whole divisions of Caucasian and Kalmyk troops in the Red Army. A Kabardin-Balkar and a Kalmyk division had been formed at the beginning of the war; these were sacrificed senselessly before Rostov in July 1942. It appears, in fact, that there was a deliberate policy of arranging the slaughter by the enemy of the national contingents; there can be no other explanation for the callous Russian-chauvinist manner of handling the Caucasian troops by the Red Army and the Communist agents in the Red Army.

The disastrous results on some of the tribes and nations nearest the fighting fronts can be seen in the future only, when honest investigation will be allowed after liberation. It is certain, however, that such investigations will reveal tremendous losses to some of the populations concerned in the Soviet war-time practice of genocide. A Balkar displaced person indicates that because of sporadic revolts in 1921 and 1922, and especially 1928, 1930 and 1942, as well as the drain of the Red Army, there were only 40,000 Balkars left alive in 1942. The evidences of widespread

revolts by almost every other Caucasian and Transcaucasian people reveal clearly the universal unreliability of the Soviet subject peoples, as well as their absolute determination to live free national lives.

This determination, greatly strengthened by the wartime events, must have caused a great wave of fear in the Kremlin, for at the same time the mainstay on which Soviet power was based, namely the Russians of the Soviet Union, was sustaining a severe loss in population. Some 7,000,000 persons are reported to have been killed on the Soviet side due to enemy action. Just what this includes, we do not know, for there are no really official figures available from Soviet sources. About one-fourth of European Russia was invaded by the Germans; it has been estimated that the population loss in these areas was 45 percent. Again, we have no way of ascertaining the credibility of this figure. However, it must be regarded as certain that in general the Caucasian area and its population, especially the Transcaucasus (which escaped enemy action), did not suffer severe loss on the scale that the predominantly slavic areas sustained.

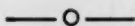
Perhaps in part the result of such a fear of the favorable demographic situation thus created for the Caucasians, the Soviet Union has intensified and extended genocide as a method of government. The Tchetchen-Ingush ASSR, population reportedly 697,000, was liquidated in 1944, and its inhabitants banished to Siberia. The same fate befell the Karatchai AR and its population of 100,000, as well as the Crimean Tatars and the Kalmyks of the Astrakhan steppes.

Although this study of the populations and statistics of the Caucasian native peoples is, of necessity, brief and incomplete, it is hoped that it has served to prepare a basis for more detailed and intensive research.

In connection with the general subject of the validity of ethnic census listings, the United States 1950 Census provides an excellent illustration of the dangers of accepting such listings at their face value. In classifying the white population by mother tongue, it shows a mere 68,320 Armenians and an incredible and shocking 1,751,100 Yiddish-speaking individuals for 1940. There is no need to go into long explanations on how inaccurate these figures are, for they are simply absurd on their face. The present Armenian population of over 250,000 in the United States, severely limited by the quota system of

immigration, certainly did not increase about 3.5 times in size during the last few years; nor did the Jewish Yiddish-speaking community increase to close to 8,000,000 overnight.

In the same way, we must be careful of utilizing Soviet statistics as accurate expressions of fact, for even when they are absurd, we cannot recognize their absurdity readily because of the lack of freedom to investigate fully, because of the Iron Curtain, and because of our unfamiliarity in general with the total realities of Soviet life.



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ARCHITECT ARTASHESS ORAKIAN

H. KURDIAN

Occasionally, in the course of a lifetime, one has the good fortune of meeting a fellow man quite accidentally and in the most unexpected of places who proves to be a kindred soul. I met such a man during my short visit to Cairo, Egypt, in 1946. A friend had recommended him to me very highly and I eventually located him at his office building through the help of an employee. He was a tall skinny man with a broad forehead, a strong chin and mouth, kindly penetrating eyes and a commanding voice. He was Artashess Orakian, the Architect.

Cordial at the very start, Mr. Orakian invited me to his studio on the ground floor which was cluttered with books, plans, models, architectual pictures, statues and other art objects, mostly taken from ancient Armenian architecture. Before long we were deep in conversation about the cultural past of ancient Armenia. He spoke fondly and with animation of his favorite subject of Armenian architecture which bespoke a comprehensive knowledge and a masterful understanding of his subject denoting his unmistakable devotion to this particular phase of Armenian art. Some of the views he held were completely new to me. It was highly convincing to me, for example, to hear from him for the first time that the "Shepherds' Church" near the City of Ani was most likely a model. The same applied also to other ancient churches in that vicinity. He showed me pictures of ancient Armenian ruined

churches which he had reconstructed with painstaking labor, some of which had been published in the latest issue of the periodical *Geghouni*.

Artashess Orakian was born in Istanbul, Turkey, in 1898 and received his primary education at the local Mekhitarist school. In 1913 he went to Venice, Italy, to complete his education at the Murad-Raphaelian School supervised by the devoted Mekhitarist fathers of St. Lazarro. After his graduation in 1916 he went to Padua University where he took up civil engineering for one year, a subject which he continued at the University of Rome until his graduation in 1923, having selected for his thesis the topic of Armenian Architecture.

From Italy he proceeded to the Sudan where he was employed for four years by the Egyptian government in an irrigation project. In 1927 he came to Cairo and by 1931 he was in business for himself as a contractor of civil works.

Eventually, his early interest in Armenian old architecture asserted itself and he studied everything which was connected with his favorite subject. He wrote many erudite articles on the subject in French, Italian or Armenian publications of Cairo which he supplemented with many lectures. He took part in an organization called Friends of Armenian Culture Society of Cairo, contributing to its architectural exhibitions. To him we owe the illustrated booklet entitled "A Survey of Armenian

Architecture" published for the Society's 1951 Exhibition in Cairo.

In his youth, when he was a student in Rome, Orakian was a co-founder of "Comitato Italiano Per L'Indipendenza Armena" which was active under the chairmanship of Duc Colonna Di Cesaro. He was also diplomatic agent of the Independent Republic of Armenia as its first secretary in Rome.

Happily married, Artashess Orakian is the father of a bright boy and a charming daughter. He is owner of an extensive architectural firm in Cairo, and yet, despite his busy life, he finds time to devote to his beloved theme of Armenian architecture. In March of 1952 when I visited Cairo, he was busily engaged in completing a monumental work on the History of Armenian Architecture. This will be an authentic work on the fascinating subject of Armenian culture.

I owe to Artashess Orakian my most pleasant memories of Egypt. Through him I enjoyed the priceless pleasure of meeting the inimitable cartoonist Alexander Sarukhan, the exquisite painter Onnik Avetisian, and the highly cultured Dr. Khatanassian. I feel deeply indebted to the grand hospitality of Orakian at all times.

Orak is a modest man who shuns all publicity and acclaim. His known devotion to Armenian architecture which almost borders on intellectual fanaticism makes him an undisputed authority on all phases of Armenian architecture. When I last saw

him in 1952 he showed me a most remarkable collection of photographs of architectural edifices which the Armenian architects had built for their Seljuk overlords in Asia Minor. He had secured this collection under circumstances which were almost mysterious, an achievement jealously guarded which, I am sure, will be highly beneficial in his History of Armenian Architecture.

I entertain a sincere envy for these four fortunate men, so closely associated with one another, acting, thinking, serving together with a deep and sincere appreciation of one another's worth, intellectually and culturally. Their devotion to one another is of long standing, their adherence to the various phases of Armenian culture is sincere and equally unselfish. Although the pressure of my business puts a heavy drain on my yearly travels, still I cannot resist the temptation of availing myself of every opportunity or excuse to pay a visit to Cairo for at least a few days when I can bask in the friendship and companionship of these four devoted men, to be inspired by their intellectual contact, and to rejuvenate myself in the common struggle of introducing new facts and figures which have to do with Armenian architectural achievements of the past. Similar visits have never been without their rich reward. I find that I have always returned from my visits with added knowledge and warmth derived from the inspirational conversations with Orakian and his group.



BLESSING OF OUR HOME

DOROTHY S. KAVOOGIAN

I remembered the day the priest came to bless our home. I had been wrestling with my friend Tommy in the empty lot, when my mother called:

"Grigor . . . *hos ekour* . . . Terhire koo gah . . . *toone orhneloo* . . ."

"Koo gam!" I shouted back, getting to my feet.

"What's she say, Grig?" asked my friend Tommy.

"She says the priest is coming and I'd better come home fast."

"What's the priest coming for . . . someone . . . someone sick?"

"Nah," I answered, "he's coming to bless the house, just like he does every year."

"To bless the house?"

"Yah, to bless the house . . ." With that I left my befuddled friend and hurried home.

"Grigor?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Quickly, go wash your face and change into your good suit . . . the Terhire will be here shortly to give the *toon orhnel*."

My mother had already changed into her good black dress . . . the one with the cameo pin at the neck. She had on nylon stockings, too (around the house she wore heavy cotton ones).

When the Terhire rang the bell, I opened the door in my good blue suit, and said:

"Good afternoon, Terhire . . . you are welcome in our home."

I spoke the Armenian slowly and with difficulty. (I was ashamed.) The priest

smiled at me from behind his heavy dark beard and handed me his black hat.

My mother rose to greet him and helped him off with his black coat. Then the priest and she sat and chatted for a few minutes about persons I didn't know . . . Kosgar and Andranik and Karapet and Siranoush and lots of other Armenian names. After a while, the Terhire opened his small black suitcase and slipped on his blue robe. It was awfully fancy, almost like a knight's costume. It had a cup embroidered in gold on the front. Then the Terhire led the three of us into the dining room because it was the central room of our house.

The Terhire chanted the Lord's Prayer like they do in church, and Mother and I blessed ourselves and lowered our heads. Then the priest asked for the blessing of our house and its household. I kept my head bowed and kind of looked up at everything. He poured holy salt into a glass of water and raised it upward for blessing. He sprinkled drops around the room (gee, my mother scolded when my sister and I did that). The priest made my mother and me drink from the glass of blessed water. It tasted like the ocean. The Terhire left a piece of unleavened bread which he had blessed at the altar of his church. The bread was stamped with a picture of Christ on the Cross, like the one over the side altar in the church. My mother and I ate off the bread at the close of the ceremony. My mother looked

awful happy . . . now that our food and drink . . . our house and household were blessed . . .

She got her pocket book from the big bedroom and handed the Terhire five dollars. She thanked him for his trouble and shook his hand. I thought he should thank her for the five dollars . . . he didn't.

Then the Terhire put on his black coat and hat and carrying his black bag, Mother showed him to the door. He patted me on the head as he left, and I blushed . . .

Then I changed back into my faded overalls and went out to find my friend Tommy.

"Hi ya, Tom," I said when I found him

sitting across the street on Mrs. Ceventi's steps. He was kind of staring at my house . . .

"Hi Grig . . . the priest . . . the guy with the beard . . . he came and went, huh?"

"Yah . . ."

"He bless the house . . . like ya said before?"

"Yah . . ."

"Well, well, all I can say is the house don't look any different than before he went in . . . Holy or no Holy . . ."

I looked at my friend Tommy in amazement. Geez, he was awful dumb . . . not to understand a simple thing like a *toon orhnel*.



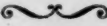
Three Poems:

Nuver Koumyan

DARK PAGES

*Let us not open sad, torturing pages
And loose regrets benumbing force
That saps the lofty, the refined in man,
Leaving an outlaw brand or worse.*

*But, gentle touch of oblivion, come,
Dispel the pain from the weary mind,
That man may rise and breathing freely,
Go forth in peace, his goal to find.*



SPELL BOUND

*Each silently stands in a quiet mood
Before entering into a secret world;
Through a portico new vistas unfold,
And each embarks on a treasure hunt.*

*Questions arise, then again they die
Where a deep dream and reality meet;
Spell-bound, the poet waits here to greet
The Muse, Euterpe, with magic lyre.*



WHEN YOUTH WAS ALL FI RE

*Sparks in his eyes looked for tomorrow,
Day and night wove lovelier dreams.
Heart was alien to blighting sorrow,
Youth was all life; life was all fire.*

*When a strange host with magic spell
Spread its light wings on the walking soul;
Under that spell youth's mantle fell
And passion became a consuming fire!*

THE OLD MAN'S HEART

LEVON SARKISIAN

The old man's son was seated beside him there in that room in the hospital, just as he had sat beside him on the bus and then on the uncomfortable, wooden benches in the hospital's corridor.

He had gone to the hospital with his father, because the old man had said to him in his own language, "Maybe they can help me at the hospital. They have good doctors at the hospital, city doctors—they'll know what's wrong with my heart. But one thing—you must come with me, so you can answer their questions and tell me what the doctor says. I—I don't understand everything they say, those people at the hospital—they use big words and they speak—they speak so fast."

He went with the old man, and there were many questions, useless, meaningless questions. The head nurse, or whoever she was, had some papers that she said had to be filled out. She asked the old man the names of his father and mother—his father whose face he could not remember, and his mother whose screams he tried so hard to forget. When was he born? Where was he born? When did he come to America? When was he naturalized? What were the names of his children?—and she asked other questions—about everything.

The old man, the immigrant, did not understand. All he wanted was a little help from the doctor. The boy did not understand either, but he spoke to his father in the old country tongue which the nurse did not know. And the old man answered his son back, and told him what the nurse should write down on the paper.

The old man told his son everything, but still he did not understand—he would never understand.

The boy was angry—he didn't like all these questions, and he wanted to take the nurse's papers and tear them into little bits, and too he wanted to say to her, "You can be damn sure we wouldn't be here filling out your papers, if we weren't so damned—why the hell are we so poor anyhow? Pop's a good guy; he never hurt anybody—Christ! He's worked like a dog all his life, brought up four kids, sent two of them to war, and—what's he got now? Why should he have to come to you and beg? The old guy just wants to live, that's all! I don't know why, but he does! And he can't even afford a decent doctor! He has to come to you and fill out papers. All because of money. It isn't right, it just isn't!"

The boy spoke to his father about the questions, the absurdity of them—and he spoke in Armenian, the language of his father's people.

Just then the nurse finished what she was writing, and, looking up at the boy, said, "Why don't you speak English to him. He must understand it, if he's a citizen." The boy wanted to leave. He hated this old hag who had been asking so many questions, and who was now insulting his father. But he thought of the old man's heart, and he said, "He does understand English, but naturally he understands Armenian much better. What's the difference anyhow?"

Lightly touching the point of her pen

to her thumb, the nurse replied, "Well, it's just that he's been in the country so long, you'd expect him to know the language fairly well, and, after all, he is supposed to be a citizen. Anyway, he'll never learn as long as you keep speaking Armenian with him, whereas if you spoke only English to him, he'd have to learn."

The boy thought again of the slowly dying old man who was his father, who had come to this country alone, who had worked and married, and raised four children, fed them, clothed them, suffered with them, and who was now being criticized by this stupid ass of a nurse; and he thought of how wonderful and relaxed he felt when he spoke to the old man in the tongue of the Armenians; and he said to the nurse, not wanting to say the things he really felt, "Yeh. Yeh, sure. That's right."

At last they were able to see the doctor—he was a dark, good-looking fellow, an Italian, and he tried very hard to make himself understood to the Armenian sitting there before his desk. He spoke slowly and simply, and the old man understood and smiled at the doctor. After examining him and studying an electrocardiograph of his heart, the youthful Italian said to the old man, "Now listen to me. You should not work any more, understand?—no more work! You can't put too much strain on your heart, if you wanna be okay. See this piece of paper?" Here he lifted a sheet of typing paper from his desk and tore it about half way down. "See. It's ripped, and this part here—look—it's hanging on, right? And as long as I don't pull on it, or anything like that, it'll stay the way it is, but the minute I tug at it, it'll rip more—and then, finally—two

pieces! The same goes for your heart. If you don't strain, if you don't work hard, you'll live a long time yet. Your heart is pretty bad, so take it easy, and you won't make it worse. All you need is just a little strain, just a little too much strain, and—well, that'll be it. Understand?"

The old man smiled comprehensively, and nodded: "Me know vot you mean. You smart man, good man—make me understand good everyt'ing. You best doctor ever have. T'ank you everyt'ing."

When the boy and his father got up to leave, the doctor placed his hand on the Armenian's shoulder and comfortingly assured him, "You'll be okay. Just take it easy. Don't work anymore—and keep taking those pills you had, the ones the Armenian doctor gave you."

Then turning to the boy: "Lemme talk to you for a minute, son."

When the old man had left the room, the doctor spoke: "Look kid, I don't wanna excite you, or anything, but I think you oughta know that your dad isn't gonna live much longer—maybe a few months, maybe a year, maybe more. You can't be sure about when it'll happen, but he's on his way out. Tell your mom, so she'll expect it. Don't get him excited, and don't let him work—and he'll be around for a while yet. Sorry, kid, but take good care of him—he's a great guy."

The boys just said, "Thanks," and returned to his father.

As he took the old man's hand in his, and descended the stairs to the sidewalk, he heard the old man say in Armenian, "See. I told you they have good doctors at the hospital."



THE MYTHOLOGY OF ARMENIA

PART VI

PROF. MARDIROS ANANIKIAN

III. Kaches

The Kaches form a natural link between the Armenian dragon and the Armenian Devs of the present day. In fact they are probably identical with the popular (not theological) Devs. They are nothing more or less than the European fairies, kobolds, etc. Their name means "the brave ones," which is an old euphemism (like the present day Armenian expression "our betters," or like the Scots' "gude folk") used in the spirit world and designed to placate powerful, irresponsible beings of whose intentions one could never be sure. From the following statement of their habits and feats one may clearly see how the people connected or confused them with the dragons. Our sources are the ancient and medieval writers. Unlike the dragon the Kaches were apparently corporeal beings, spirits, good in themselves, according to the learned David the Philosopher, but often used by God to execute penalties. Like the Devs, they lingered preferably in stony places with which they were usually associated and Mount Massis was one of their favorite haunts. Yet they could be found almost everywhere. The country was full of localities bearing their names and betraying their presence, like the Stone of the Kaches, the Village of the Kaches, the Field of the Kaches (*Kachavar*, "where the Kaches coursed," etc.)²⁸

²⁸ Alishan, p. 191; Abeghian, p. 194.

Like the dragons, they had palaces on high sites. According to an old song, it was these spirits who carried the wicked Artavazd up the Massis, where he still remains an impatient prisoner. They hold also Alexander the Great in Rome, and King Erwand in rivers and darkness, i.e., mists.²⁹ They waged wars, which is a frequent feature of serpent and fairy communities, and they went hunting.³⁰ They stole the grain from the threshing floors and the wine from the wine press. They often found pleasure in beating, dragging, torturing men, just as their brothers and sisters in the West used to pinch their victims black and blue. Men were driven out of their wits through their baleful influence. Votaries of the magic art in medieval Armenia were wont, somewhat like Faust and his numerous tribe, to gallop off, astride of big earthen jars,³¹ to far-off places, and walking on water, they arrived in foreign countries where they laid tables before the glutinous Kaches and received instructions from them. Last of all, the medieval Kaches (and probably also their ancestors) were very musical. The people often heard their singing, although we do not know their performance was so enthralling as that as-

²⁹ Vahram Vartabed, quoted in Alishan, p. 194.

³⁰ Perhaps the fairies' dart, which killed people and cattle in Scotland and elsewhere, is a dim reminiscence of this hunting habit of the fairies.

³¹ Modern Armenian folk-lore also knows of witches with a tail who fly to foreign lands astride upon such jars.

cribed to the fairies in the West and to the Greek sirens. However, their modern representatives seem to prefer human music to their own. According to Djvanshir, a historian of the Iberians of Transcaucasia, the wicked Armenian King Erwand built a temple to the Kaches at Dsung, near Alkhalkalak in Iberia (Georgia).

IV. Javerzaharses (Nymphs)

These are not mentioned in the older writers so it is not quite clear whether they are a later importation from other countries or not. They probably are female Kaches, and folk-lore knows the latter as their husbands. Alishan, without quoting any authority, says that they wandered in prairies, among pines, and on the banks of rivers. They were invisible beings, endowed with a certain unacquired and imperishable knowledge. They could neither learn anything new or forget what they knew. They had rational minds which were incapable of development. They loved weddings, singings, tambourines, and rejoicings, so much so, that some of the later ecclesiastical writers confused them as a kind of evil spirit against whose power of temptation divine help must be invoked. In spite of their name ("*perpetual brides*") they were held to be mortal.³² The common people believed that these spirits were especially interested in the welfare, toilette, marriage, and childbirth of maidens. There are those who have supposed that Moses of Chorene was thinking of these charm-

ing spirits when he wrote the following cryptic words: "The rivers having quietly gathered on their borders along the knees (?) of the mountains and the fringes of the fields, the youths wandered as though on the side of maidens."

V. Torch (or Torx)

Torch is the name and character related to the Duergar (Zwerge, dwarfs) of Northern Europe and to the Telchins of Greece or rather of Rhodes.³³ This family of strange names belongs evidently to the Indo-European language, and designated a class of demons of gigantic or dwarfish size, which were believed to possess great skill in all manners of arts and crafts. They were especially famous as blacksmiths. In antiquity several mythical works were ascribed to the Greek Telchins, such as the scythe of Cronos and the trident of Poseidon. They were mischievous, spiteful genii who from time immemorial became somewhat confused with the Cyclops. The Telchins were called children of the sea and were found only in a *small* number.

The Torch, who can hardly be said to be a later importation from Greece, and probably belongs to a genuine Phrygo-Armenian myth, resembles both the Telchins and the Cyclops. In fact he is a kind of Armenian Polyphemos. He is said to be of the race of Pascham (?) and boasted an ugly face, a gigantic and coarse frame, a flat nose, and deep-sunk and cruel eyes. His home was sought in the west of Armenia most probably in the neighborhood of the Black Sea. The old epic songs could not extol enough his great physical power and his daring. The feats ascribed to him

³² Cf. the Muslim "Brides of the Treasures," fairy guardians of hidden treasure. Western fairies also are often imagined as mortal and as seeking to attain immortality through intermarriage with human beings. However in other instances it is they who try to free human children "from dying flesh and dull mortality" by immersing them in fairy wells. In Pshrank (P. 194), a man stumbles into a wedding of these fairies, near the ruins of a water mill. After an oath upon the Holy Eucharist, he is allowed to taste of their wine of immortality and to take a wife from their number.

³³ I owe this identification to Dr. J. W. Chapman. For the Telchins, see Blinkenberg, "Rhodische Urvölker," in *Hermes*, 1 (1915) part 2, pp. 271 ff. and the authors named by him. In an article in the *Husartzan* (Memorial Volume) of the Mekhitarists of Vienna, Nicolaos Adontz finds in the Torch the Hittite god Tarqu.

were more wonderful than those of Samson, Herakles, or even Rustem Sakjik (of Segistan), whose strength was equal to that of one hundred and twenty elephants.³⁴

With his bare hands the Armenian Torch could crush a solid piece of hard granite. He could smooth it down into a slab and engrave upon it pictures of eagles and other objects with his fingernails. He was therefore, known as a great artisan and even an artist.

Once he met with his foes, on the shores of the Black Sea, when he was sore angered by something which they had evidently done to him. At his appearance they took to the sea and succeeded in laying eight leagues between themselves and the terrible giant. But he, nothing daunted by this distance, began to hurl rocks as large as hills at them. Several of the ships were engulfed in the abyss made by these crude projectiles and others were driven off many leagues by the mighty waves the rocks had started rolling.³⁵

VI. The Devs

Ahriman, the chief of the Devs, was known in Armenia only as a Zoroastrian figure. The Armenians themselves probably called their rule of the power of evil, Char, "the evil one." Just as Zoroastrianism recognized *zemeka*, "winter," as an arch demon, so the Armenians regarded snow, ice, hail, storms, lightning, darkness, dragons and other beasts as the creatures of the Char or the Devs.³⁶ Although they knew little of a rigid dualism in the moral world or

of a constant warfare between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, they had, besides all the spirits that we have described and others with whom we have not met, a very large number of Devs. These are called also *ais* (a cognate of the Sanskrit *asu* and the Teutonic *as* or *aes*), which Eznik explains as "breath." Therefore, a good part of the Devs were pictured as beings of "air." They had like the Mohammedan angels, a subtle body. They were male and female, and lived in marital relations not only with each other, but also with human beings.³⁷ They were born and perhaps died. Nor did they live in a state of irresponsibility anarchy, but they were, so to speak, organized under the absolute rule of a monarch. In dreams they often assumed the form of wild beasts³⁸ in order to frighten men. But they appeared also in waking hours both as human beings and as serpents.³⁹

Stony places, no doubt also ruins, were their favorite haunts, and from such the most daring men would shrink. Once when an Armenian noble was challenging a Persian viceroy of royal blood to ride forward in a stony ground, the Prince retorted: "Go thou forward, seeing that the Devs alone can course in stony places."⁴⁰

Yet according to a later magical text, there can be nothing in which a Dev may not reside and work. Swoons and insanity, yawning and stretching, sneezing, and itching around the throat or ear or on the

³⁴ Moses of Chorene makes Torch the head of the noble house called "Aagegh Tun," interpreting the word *Aagegh* as "ugly." The expression means rather "The Vulture's House," and Torch's connection with this house is an unfounded conjecture of Moses' own or of his legendary sources.

³⁵ See material on the Cyclops.

³⁶ Eznik, p. 191. Egishe, p. 65.

³⁷ An 11th century writer reports that a woman died leaving a husband and some children. While the man was perplexed as to how to take care of the orphans, a very beautiful woman appeared unexpectedly and lived with him, taking good care of him and the children. But after a while for some reason she disappeared. She was recognized as a female Dev. Modern Armenians are still catching mermaids by sticking a needle into their clothes. These can be married or held in servitude and they will stay as long as the needle remains.

³⁸ Eznik, p. 178.

³⁹ Faustus of Byzant, v. 2.

⁴⁰ Moses, iii. 55.

tongue, were unmistakable signs of their detested presence. But men were not entirely helpless against the Devs. Whoever would frequently cut the air or strike suspicious spots with a stick or sword, or even keep these terrible weapons near him while sleeping, could feel quite secure from their molestations.⁴¹ Of course we must distinguish between the popular Dev, who is a comparatively foolish and often harmless giant, and the theological Dev, who is a pernicious and ever harmful spirit, laying snares on the path of man. To the latter belonged, no doubt, the Druzes (the Avestic Drujes), perfidious, lying and lewd female spirits. Their Avestic mode of self-propagation, by tempting men in their dreams,⁴² is not entirely unknown to the Armenians. They probably formed a class by themselves like the Parkis⁴³ (Zoroastrian *Pairikas*, enchantresses), who also were pernicious female spirits, although the common people did not quite know whether they were Devs or monsters.⁴⁴ These were mostly to be sought and found in ruins.⁴⁵

VII. Als

The most gruesome tribe of this demonic world was that of the Als. It came to the Armenians either through the Syrians or through the Persians, who also believe

in them and hold them to be demons of child-birth.⁴⁶ Al is the Babylonian *Aly*, one of the four general names for evil spirits. But the Armenian and Persian Al corresponds somewhat to the Jewish Lilith and Greek Lamia.

Probably the Als were known to the ancient Armenians, but it is a noteworthy fact that we do not hear about them until medieval times. They appear as half animal and half human beings, shaggy and bristly. They are male and female and have a "mother."⁴⁷ They were often called beasts, nevertheless they were usually mentioned with Devs and Kaches. According to Gregory of Datev⁴⁸ they lived in watery, damp and sandy places, but they did not despise corners in houses and stables. A prayer against the Als describes them as impure spirits with fiery eyes, holding a pair of iron scissors in their hands, wandering or sitting on the sand. He has snake-like hair, fingernails of brass, teeth of iron and the tusk of a boar. They have a king living in abysses, whom they serve, and who is chained and sprinkled up to the neck with (molten?) lead and shrieks continually.

The Als were formerly disease-demons who somehow came to restrict their baleful activities to unborn children and their mothers. They attack the latter in child-birth, scorching her ears, pulling out her liver and strangling her along with the unborn baby. They also steal unborn children of seven months, at which time these are supposed in the East to be fully formed and mature, in order to take them "deaf and dumb" (as a tribute?) to their dread king.⁴⁹ In other passages they are said to blight and blind the unborn child, to suck its brain and blood, to eat its flesh, and

⁴¹ Eznik, p. 178 f.

⁴² *Vendidad*, xviii, 45-52.

⁴³ Under the influence of later Persian romantic conceptions of the Peris or Houris, the modern Armenian Parik has also become a most charming fairy.

⁴⁴ Eznik, p. 97. f.

⁴⁵ See on the modern Armenian Devs, Chalatzian, p. xiii f.; Lalayantz, "Traditions et superstitions de l'Arménie," *Revue des traditions populaires*, x. (1895) 193 f.; M. Macler, art. "Arménie (Christian)," in *ERE* i. 802; Pshrank, p. 170. Macler's is a good summary of the two preceding studies. The present-day Armenian Dev is a very large being with an immense head on his shoulders, and with eyes as large as earthen bowls. Some of them have only one eye.) Pshrank, p. 170).

⁴⁶ Goldhizer, ARW x (1907) 44.

⁴⁷ This "mother of the Als" resembles the Teutonic devil's grandmother.

⁴⁸ Quoted by Alishan, p. 222.

⁴⁹ To steal unborn children is a trait of the nocturnal demon Kikimora of the Slavs also, but rather a rare notion among other peoples.

to cause miscarriage, as well as to prevent the flow of the mother's milk. In all countries women in child birth are thought to be greatly exposed to the influence and activity of evil spirits. Therefore, in Armenia, they are surrounded during travail with iron weapons and instruments with which the air of their room and the waters of some neighboring brook (where these spirits are supposed to reside) are frequently beaten.⁵⁰ If, after giving birth to

a child, the mother faints, this is construed as a sign of the Al's presence. In such cases the people sometime resort to an extreme means of saving the mother, which consists in exposing the child on a flat roof as a peace-offering to the evil spirits.⁵¹ Identical or at least very closely connected with the Al is Thepla, who by sitting upon a woman in child-birth causes the child to become black and faint and to die.

The tribute mentioned in the text resembles the Scottish tradition of the similar tribute paid by the fairies to the devil, usually a human victim. (See J. A. MacCulloch, art "Changeling," "Fairy," in ERE iii. 360, v. 678).

⁵⁰ Modern Parsis burn a fire or light in the room, probably for the same purpose. (See J. J. Modi, art. "Birth (Parsi)" in ERE ii. 661, though the writer fails to give the reason underlying this practice.)

⁵¹ The spirits of Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday eve, of which Abeghian (p. 120 f.) and following him, Lalayantz (*Revue des traditions populaires*, x. (18995) 3), speak, are Christian inventions. Wednesday and Friday, as fast days, and Sunday as a Holy Day, are supposed to avenge themselves on those who do not respect their sanctity.

(To be concluded next issue)



THE ARMENIANS OF RUMANIA

PART VII—CONCLUSION

H. J. SIROUNI

CHAPTER X

The Armenian Caravan

The history of Rumanian Armenian commercial activity would be incomplete without a word about the Armenian caravans which have become a sort of classical expression with the Rumanians. All Rumanian historians are unanimous that Armenians were the most skillful agents in the establishment of commercial bonds between the east and west, and this at a period when the means of transportation were primitive, unsafe, and subject to the depredations of bandits. The Armenians naturally traveled in large companies from country to country and from city to city. It was this situation which gave birth to the caravans as the safest means of trade intercourse for centuries.

Another factor in the creation of the caravan was the fact that the producer had to look for a market for his goods. It was not enough to grow crops, to raise livestock, or to weave the cloth; these products had to have a market.

In Rumanian lands where the crops and the cattle were plentiful and where the export was unorganized by local talent, it was always the foreign merchant who filled the gap. The need of these foreign merchants especially was felt by the native princes, the Boyars, the landowners whose produce would be dissipated unless they found a market for consumption. Under the circumstances, it was the Armenian merchants who exported this produce to

foreign markets, and conversely, imported necessities of life from foreign countries. In this way, both the country benefitted and the princes fattened their purses from the customs of the exports and the imports.

Father Ghookas Injijian (p. 182) writes that the Armenian merchants of Galitzia each year exported to Germany and especially Breslau 5,000 oxen and 6,000 cows, and this happened in the 18th century when foreign competitors had cut into half the business of Armenian caravans.

The caravans traveled with stage coaches. Rumanian chroniclers make special mention of Armenian coaches (Carele Armenesti); (see Hashteu, *Archive Istorică*, A. p. 131). Consisting of some ten coaches, the caravan not only was safe on the roads but it enabled the merchants to transport large quantities of goods to and fro. And since the coaches were driven by horses, Armenian merchants maintained such posts on the road which were called "Menzil," chiefly utilized by the Turks, and imposed on the princes by the Sublime Porte.

It was not enough, however, to organize the caravan. Once it reached its destination it had to be protected in the city. And while the government supplied a system of caravanserais, these were more concerned with ascertaining the amount of the merchandise and collecting the custom tax, rather than providing a shelter for the caravan. The Armenians themselves were obliged to provide such inns

which were called "Khans." The Khan consisted of a spacious courtyard surrounded by a large building. The coaches entered the courtyard and the merchandise was stored up in the warehouse. The Khan was also provided with shops where the merchants displayed his goods. A customs officer, provided by the prince, was a necessary accessory of the Khan.

These Khans served as the market place for the customers. Here the caravans unloaded their burden. There were no shops or stores in the city where the customer could trade. The minute the caravan arrived the business would start and in a few days the Khan would be empty.

The most noted Armeian warehouse was the Khan of Manoog Bey Mirzayantz, a great merchant from Rushchuk, in Bucharest. This merchant had played an important role in the commerce of Rumanian countries and at the same time was a coordinator of diplomatic problems. At the beginning of the past century he maintained a huge Khan in the capital of Wallachia. To this day the Rumanians remember Manoog Khan on whose site today stands the Dacia Theater surrounded by a whole market place.

These caravans also were a reason why Armenian merchants should provide themselves with pasturelands on the trade routes where they fattened their livestock before exporting them abroad. This necessity for private possession of pastures rose from the unfriendly attitude of the non-Armenians. More than once Rumanian princes had to intervene in order to provide Armenian merchants with grazing lots for their cattle in Rumanian villages. To this day there are Armenian merchants in Transylvania who import cows from Vienna, and after fattening them for a few months, take them back to Vienna and sell them for a fat profit.

To Armenian caravans was also reserved

another role. The Armenian merchants who accompanied them were often vested with diplomatic missions as carriers of the royal mail, and often as direct negotiators. Rumanian historians have recorded the names of many such Armenians. Being familiar with many languages Armenian merchants also served as interpreters (Tulmans).

Such a Tulman was an Armenian by the name of Avedik in the days of Ratouchel-Mareh; an Armenian from Caesarea named Bostan helped in the negotiations of Vota Mihna and his uncle Petru with Istanbul; one of the diplomatic agents of Mihai Vitiazu was an Armenian named Armin Peter. The Rumanian historian of Hurmuzak mentions other names.

And let us not forget that it was these caravans which started the Armenian settlements, because, in the initial stages, the Armenians did not come to these foreign lands in order to settle down. Moldavia and Bukowina were on the cross roads of the Armenian caravans from Crimea or Turkey into Galitzia, Silesia, and as far as Germany. The Armenian merchants needed trading posts and warehouses on the route of their caravans. In the course of time these posts became settlements. The seven cities of Moldavia which the Armenians converted into commercial settlements owe their existence to these caravans.

Moreover, it was due to these caravans that the early Armenian churches were founded in these settlements. Statistics show that many of the Armenian churches of Moldavia were founded before these settlements had reached an advanced stage, encouraged solely by the caravans, and founded at their initiative, because it was pleasing to them to stop on their way in their prayer houses to solicit God's blessing on their ventures. It is related that an Armenian named Donavak founded the Monastery of Hadjkatar in Suchova, in

gratitude to God for having prospered his trade.

We have dealt with this topic at this length because the caravans were a sort of symbol of the history of the Armenian race. The whole race has been a caravan traversing the world, leaving behind traces, and often unconscious of whence it started and whither it is going.

The Struggle for Existence

If the Armenians succeeded in carving a path in world trade, nevertheless they were not without rivals. They have had to fight their way everywhere they went—a struggle not only against the conditions of life, but against rivals and enemies. Such was the case also in Rumanian countries.

It is true that the struggle here started late. In the early stages the Armenians were the only commercial elements in Bukowina and especially in Moldavia. But later the fight and the rivalry was so strong that they were forced to abandon the struggle.

The first rivals of the Armenians were the Greeks, especially in the era when the Greeks from Phanar started to purchase the princely thrones of Moldavia and Wallachia from the Sublime Porte in Istanbul, bringing with them their satellites in order to squeeze dry the Rumanian people. Greek merchants infiltrated these satellites whose chief concern was to destroy the Armenian merchants. If they could not win the contest by fair means, they resorted to the protection of the prince, and to alienate the Rumanian people from the Armenians the Greeks resorted to the weapon of religious fanaticism. They started to represent the Armenians as heretics in the eyes of the Rumanian Orthodox coreligionists and invented various abominable legends in regard to Armenian habits. The Phanarite princes also succeeded in repealing the privileges which the Armenians had obtained from the former Voyvods

of Moldavia, such as the right to own lands, to debilitate Armenian trade. These disreputable methods of the fight which we have described in detail in a former chapter, no doubt played their part in breaking the force of Armenian commerce specially in Wallachia where the Greeks were more powerful than in Moldavia.

The Armenian control of business was to receive a further shattering blow as the Jews entered the arena. Although their methods of fighting were different, they were a more formidable foe as commercial rivals. Working silently in the underground, at a time when they were an obscure element in Rumanian countries, the Jews eventually gave the finishing blow to Armenian commerce. The Jews started to settle in Rumania during the last centuries. During the 15th and 16th centuries there were scarcely a few hundred of them in Moldavia. With the resumption of commercial relations between Moldavia and Poland, the Jews started to infiltrate, although at first they did not count much and by no means could pose as rivals with the Armenians. Both their religion and their extortionist methods proved a serious handicap to their popularity.

Professor Yorga has often emphasized how the Jews drove the Armenians from the arena and his sympathy has always been with the Armenians, as considered from the viewpoint of Rumanian interests. As a matter of fact, all Rumanian historians who have recorded the rise and fall of their people, and have examined the various racial elements who played a role in Rumanian history, have always viewed with a sympathetic eye the contribution of the Armenians.

The famous Rumanian historian B. P. Hashteu makes the following appraisal of national elements in this connection (*Binele Public*, 1883):

"For eight or nine centuries, the Armen-

ians, the Greeks and the Jews succeeded each other in the Rumanian business arena. Curiously enough, the relative supremacy of each of these three peoples corresponds with certain eras of Rumanian history. The Armenian reign lasted until 1600, the most glorious period of Rumanian history. The Greek, from 1600 to 1800, two centuries, a period of gradual decline. The Jews, from 1800 until I do not know when. Whence comes this extraordinary coincidence? In the life of mankind each interruption has a deep meaning. As individuals, the nations too have their longevity. The robust youth, the mature man, and the bending old man cannot do the same work. In the days of Rumanian grandeur, neither the Jew nor the Greek, neither the thistle nor the thorn, could drop roots in the gardens of Drakoshi or Vota Negru. When the national virtues deteriorated, the Kir Yani (the Greek) and Varpet Moigh (the Jew) slowly crept in as the result of the entrenchment of bribery which was to blossom later.

"Parsimonious but always honorable, a foreigner but always separated from his fatherland, an exclusionist but never a missionary nor an enemy of the local religion, a profiteer but never a thief—the Armenian with his trade could never contribute to the immoralization of the Rumanian people. Parsimonious without being honorable, not only a foreigner but always a close adherent of his Ellada in heart and thought, wherever he went always pursuing his profits of his fraudulent trade, distrustful in his bond of Orthodoxy with the Rumanian people, absolutely immune in his banditry, thanks to his kinship with those who headed the government—the Phanarite (Greek) merchant greatly degraded our people. Need we say more about the Jews? Ten times more parsimonious than the Greek, a hundred times more dishonorable, without a fatherland

inside and outside, replacing the idea of the homeland with the universality of Judaism, a thief by religion and a spy by temperament—the Jew was the death of Rumania which he took over from the Greek when he was languishing in his death throes."

This is the way Rumanian historians have thought and felt. All the prattlings of the Greek clerical and the ranting of Jewish papers have not succeeded in making the Armenian hated by the Rumanian people, at least those who bear no Greek or Jewish blood in their veins. The truth is the exact opposite. The Rumanian patriot always contemplated the Greeks and the Jew with a tinge of bitterness. The Rumanian historian records the emancipation from the Phanarite rule as a veritable national victory because from this moment began the rise of the Rumanian national spirit.

In Our Days

Toward the middle of the last century Armenian business in Rumania died a natural death. The explanation for this is not difficult to find. Some, such as Prof. Yorga, are of the opinion that the Armenian is not a businessman by nature and that the new occupation has been imposed upon him by circumstances and fate. The Armenian people by nature is a people of the soil, a creative people, a builder. But events have scattered them to the four winds. The Armenian has often been a wanderer and an exile. That is the reason why he has taken up the life of a trader. That is the way how a people which by nature was a tiller of the soil became a merchant.

No matter how true this theory may be, it does not fully explain the expiration of Armenian mercantile activity in Rumania. In examining the history of this settlement we cannot escape the fact that the Armenians were forced to relinquish their com-

merce under the pressure of circumstances, and not because of their love of the soil.

First it was the rivalry of the Jews which destroyed the Armenian trade. Homeless, persecuted and wanderers, the Jews like the Armenians, were forced to turn to commerce to make a living. A people like this naturally could not cling to the soil. Otherwise, the Jew too was not by nature a commercial people. Professor Yorga has confirmed this fact. Therefore, the Jew was obliged to fight for its very existence—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. To emerge victorious against the world he did not discriminate in his methods and he ignored his conscience. It was the instinct of self-preservation which drove the Jew to resist the world persecution by making use of the weapons of the weak—deceit and perfidy. The Armenian in Rumania who could not stoop that low eventually became the victim of the Jews and finally was defeated.

However, in the disintegration of Armenian business, a great role was played by those political rights and prerogatives which he had won in the middle of the past century. The reader already is familiar with those supreme efforts which Hacop Buyukli exerted in order to endow the Armenian populated cities as well as to win for them political and civic rights. It was a long and tortuous labor which eventually was crowned with success on August, 1858, when the ambassadors' council in Paris included the Armenians among those nationalities of Moldavia and Wallachia who enjoyed political rights.

It was due to these newly-won rights that the Armenians shook off those shackles of the past which prevented them from being property owners. But once the Armenians became land owners they abandoned their commercial position. Enriched by the labor of centuries, they immediately tied their wealth to their

estates. They invested their money in profitable estates, farms, and tillable lands. From then on business became repulsive to them, as if they were tired of it. The Moshia (the farm) became their chosen field which gradually attuned them to a more easy life. Wealthy Armenians who owned as much as whole villages spent the greater part of the year in Europe because they had plenty of time on their hands. Some even were reluctant to return to Moldavia and turned their farms over to hired hands. This made it all the more easy for the Jews to take over the business of Rumania which formerly was run by the Armenians.

Another reason why the Armenians could not stand the competition is because they were unable to keep pace with the times. The Armenians always preferred to run their business by the old, antiquated eastern methods—each merchant wrapped up in his accounts, each shop keeper in his cell. The idea of collective effort, of corporations, never appealed to the Armenian. His sole weapon has been his personal initiative spirit, his toil, and sweat of his brow. Consequently, some misfortune, or a disaster could easily destroy him and sweep aside his earnings of years, while the Jews recognized the value of collective endeavor. From this standpoint the Armenians of Transylvania were more fortunate who, through their commercial unions, lasted for a long time. At the present time, however, there too the collective spirit is on the wane.

The last few years have shown a revival of Armenian merchants. The Turkish persecutions of the 90's brought into Rumania a new flux of Armenians from Istanbul and parts of Turkey, injecting a new life in the settlements. True, not many of the newcomers were merchants, nevertheless they furnished some outstanding merchants of grains and rugs. Almost all the

newcomers turned to shoemaking, while the shop keepers dealt in coffee. It may be truthfully said that ninety percent of the Armenians in Rumania are either shoe makers or dealers of coffee.

We close this chapter with some statistics. Of the 2500 settlers, as recorded in the books of the Rumanian Armenian Union, 30 percent are shoemakers, 20 percent coffee merchants or apprentices in shops, 10 percent rug dealers, weavers or repairers, 5 percent merchants or clerks, 5 percent workers, 10 percent artisans, car-

penters, barbers, blacksmiths, etc.), 10 percent housewives or unemployed, and the remaining 5 to 10 percent are professionals (teachers, physicians, architects, dentists, clergymen, etc.).

* * *

(Note—Here the series on Armenians in Rumania comes to an end. This series by Sirouni which first appeared in the 1928-1930 issues of the Armenian language *Hairenik Monthly* was translated by James G. Mandalian.)

I ASK MYSELF

*Here are my eyes, the seers of sun and dirt,
And my tongue, the speaker of love and hatred.
Here are my hands, the feelers of roses and thorns,
And my feet, the treaders of earth.*

*Thus, I am a being.
I ask myself
"What are you made of?"
Earth.
My mother is under my feet.*

*I survey my body, the husk of my soul,
But whence I start and where I stop
Everywhere it is I.
Accurate, harmonious, yet illusive.*

*Who built my matter into this form
With the color of earth?
Now, my brain curious, stubborn, elate,
Is in search of the Master.*

*Knowing so little of myself
And the joy of being human,
Who am I to question the flowers and the birds,
Asking: Where is our Master?*

LOOTFI MINAS

ARMENIAN LIFE ABROAD

A digest of recent happenings among the Armenian settlements in diaspora.

United States:

"Azadamart" ARF Committee Celebrates 40th Anniversary

On May 17, 1953, the proud old Detroit "Azadamart" Committee of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation celebrated the 40th anniversary of its founding in a special public function. This branch of the nation's leading patriotic Armenian organization has served well the parent people through its four decades of existence. It has supported to its fullest ability the many worthwhile drives launched to help Armenians at home and abroad, and has produced a number of men who have served the people as volunteer soldiers, field workers and intellectuals. All patriotic Armenian American groups of the nation took cognizance of the "Azadamart" anniversary, and a number of messages of congratulations were received by the Committee. The Hairenik Daily carried a number of articles relating to the history of this distinguished Committee.

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The Conventions of Three Patriotic Armenian-American Organizations

During the latter week of June and the first two weeks of July, there took place the conventions of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the Armenian Relief Society and the Armenian Federation of America.

The first of these Conventions was that of the Armenian Youth Federation, which met in Cleveland, Ohio. Young delegates

from all sections of the AYF world in the United States and Canada took part in the 20th convention of this outstanding youth organization. The Convention was all the more auspicious since it marked the entrance of the AYF into its third decade of life. High on the agenda deliberated over by the delegates was the matter of the educational program of the organization which this year took on added significance in the light of the growing effort in the United States and Canada to accord the means of an Armenian language education to the young people. In this respect, the AYF resolved to work closely with the newly formed Armenian Educational Committee in its effort to establish a formal system of Armenian schools in North America.

The AYF also considered a wide range of other related subjects, all of close relation to its established aims as a patriotic, anti-Communist, anti-totalitarian, good-citizenship organization for youth. The AYF Camp, which incidentally just completed its third and very successful year of operation at Franklin, Mass., came in for a good deal of constructive discussion. Organization administration policies were re-examined with an eye to streamlining, and all secondary programs of activities were placed on a solid footing for the coming year of activity.

The AYF Convention was followed by the 56th Annual Convention of its senior organization, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, which was held at Boston.

More than a hundred delegates attended from all sections where ARF Committees are in existence. National and political subjects were thoroughly discussed, and a number of resolutions were passed reaffirming the patriotic stand of the ARF and its loyalty to the United States of America and the cause of world freedom.

One of the other important subjects considered by the delegation was the matter of the Armenian language education of the young people. In this respect, the senior organization took steps to continue the existence of the Armenian Educational Committee, and to impart to it added resources and vigor in order to accord it a wider and more efficient field of activity.

The Armenian Relief Society convention was also held in Boston following the termination of the ARF meetings. This wonderful charitable organization, which since its establishment in 1910 has done yeoman work in the philanthropic and educational fields, this year took special pains to provide needed aid overseas while at the same time meeting the requirements placed on it by life here in this country.

Like the ARF and AYP, the ARS will also support to the utmost of its ability the work of the Armenian Cultural Committee and in addition it continued its laudable system of scholarships for worthy Armenian American students, while at the same time continuing its financial and moral support of the great Palanjanian Armenian Junior College in Beirut and the Karen Jeppe Armenian Junior College of Aleppo.

Europe:

Armenian Life in Italy and Germany

There are indications that the small number of Armenians in Italy are destined to play a large role in the cultural life of the Armenians of modern times. There have been a number of reports received

from Milan and Rome of the cultural activities and achievements of Italian Armenians, and one perforce brings to mind the glorious era of Eleanora Duse and Victoria Aghanoor.

Of high interest to Armenians is the appearance of a 600-page publication edited by Mr. Masimo Spiridini, which bears the title of "Poets of the World." This volume bears translations from the works of Megerditch Beshigtashlian, Thomas Terzian, Petros Tourian, Avetis Aharonian, Vahan Malezian, Daniel Varoujan, Vahan Terian, Levon Esajanian, and H. V. Hovanesian.

The Italian press often praises members of the Armenian community. Recently, the newspaper "Settimo Jorno" told of the story of the Rt. Rev. Vahan Hovhanesian, a well-known poet, and his heroic struggle against the forces of reaction while in Kenya, Africa, during the last war where he had been detained as an Italian citizen.

An interesting fact about the Armenian community of Milan: of the 450 Armenians there, 16 are physicians.

In Berlin, Germany, there reside about 100 Armenians, 80 of whom are in West Berlin, the others in the Communist section. These Armenians have no Armenian community life at all. When recently the Rt. Rev. D. Y. Iutunjan of Vienna, visited Berlin, he found that only two Armenian men there had taken Armenian women as their brides.

One of the reasons for the stagnation of Armenian life in Berlin is directly ascribable to the emigration elsewhere of a number of past leaders of the community. The unsettled political future of the great German city is also a major factor, as is the fact that the city is broken up into four occupation zones. This makes it extremely difficult for the Armenians, scattered as they are all over the city, to have steady contact with one another.

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Making a valiant effort to create an Armenian community atmosphere in the city is the Rt. Rev. D. Eghishe, of Vienna, the pastor of Berlin Armenians.

India-Pakistan:

The Armenian Community Shows a New Rebirth

One of the surprising developments of late years has been the interesting signs of increased activity and growth of the old and once extensive Armenian community in India, now divided into the states of India and Pakistan. Taking a leading role in the rebirth of the community is the newspaper "Nor Aztarar," the leaders of the Calcutta Armenian Junior College, and the clergymen sent from Iran to India and Pakistan to work with the Armenians of those areas in an effort to re-effect a rebirth of Armenian consciousness. The atmosphere has been further cleared, and the realization of the project made easier by the cooperative attitude of Indian and Pakistani officials who are encouraging Armenian affairs. Right now there are large efforts being made by Armenian leaders to reestablish Armenian community life in India and Pakistan.

Turkey:

Turkish Assistant Supervisors for Armenian Schools?

According to a Turkish paper, Turkish assistant supervisors will hereafter be assigned to all schools run by the minority peoples of Turkey.

This announcement has thrown the Armenian community of Turkey into a turmoil. It is remembered what catastrophic conditions similar arrangements brought to Armenian schools in Turkey when last attempted some years ago. It is obvious, if this is true, that the so-called "Democratic" party regime in Turkey, which has propa-

gated a "freer" life in Turkey during its tenure of office, has bowed to the pressure placed on it by the incontinent rumbling of a few rabble-rousing Turkish papers. At the moment, nothing seems official; the "decision" has been announced only in newspapers. It is hoped that the government, upon receiving representatives of the Armenian communities, will remand any such plan, if such has been actually drawn up. Such a project would affect other minority groups too, it should be remembered.

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The 100th Anniversary of the Birth of Educator Berberian

Under the honorary chairmanship of Archbishop Karekin, Patriarch of Istanbul Armenians, Armenians of that city recently attended a special public function honoring the 100th anniversary of the birth of famed Armenian educator Retheos Berberian. The meeting was held in the main hall of the Armenian Holy Apostolic Holy Trinity Church.

The Patriarch read a paper relating of the life and services of Berberian to Armenian learning. It was fitting a tribute to the memory of one of Armenia's most brilliant products.

Egypt:

The Educational Effort in Egypt

The center of the Armenian population of Egypt and the Sudan—it is estimated that about 40,000 Armenians reside in those countries—is found in Cairo and Alexandria, both of which cities boast a number of Armenian schools. Egyptian Armenian leaders say that about 2,200 young people today study at the 12 schools in the Egyptian community. A major portion of these schools are community sponsored, while the Mekhitarist Fathers and the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception sponsor others.

During the last year, two important

schools, the Araradian College, in Cairo, and the Haigazian School, in Alexandria, suspended their activities.

This community too suffers from the want of capable Armenian teachers, a condition reflected almost everywhere in the Armenian world. The shortage of trained teachers and learned clergymen, on whom rested the burden of the education of the young generation in the past, bodes ill for the future. Schools are forced to close, Armenian young people are forced to enter other institutions of learning.

The reason for the shortage of teachers and clergy is purely financial. The Armenian people everywhere must understand that the salvation of the Armenian educational effort lies in sacrificial giving to aid in the preparation of trained teachers and learned clergy qualified to teach at schools.

Mexico:

Life in the Mexican Armenian Community

Though a community small in numbers, Mexican Armenians are an extremely well-

organized and active group. Centered in Mexico City, this group of devoted Armenians makes all efforts to continue in close touch with Armenian affairs. They too have taken full cognizance of the work of the Armenian Educational Committee, in Boston, which they have decided to support with all vigor. In Mexico, the same problems face Armenians as elsewhere in the world. Schools are sparsely attended, and teachers of quality are wanting. An attempt will be made to correct this situation through the wholehearted cooperation of Mexican Armenians.

Many Armenians of Mexico City are close friends of the Hai Marmnagrtagan Entanoor Mioutioun (HMEM or Homenetmen), the sports-educational organization of Armenians which flourishes in the Near and Middle East. These people are enthusiastic over the plan to form groups in Mexico and the United States friendly to the HMEM whose purpose will be to help the HMEM financially in its work. A subscription campaign on behalf of HMEM aid in Mexico City has already met with large success.



CLASSIC BOOKS IN SERIAL FORM

GEVORG MARZPETOUNI

A Historical Novel

By MOURATZAN

Translated from the Armenian

THE STORY THUS FAR

The time is the first quarter of the 10th century A.D., the period when Armenia is in conflict with the Arab invader. Ashot the Iron, the Armenian King, has just liberated his capital of Dovin and is busy clearing the rest of Armenia from the foreigner. His wife, Queen Sahakanoush, together with the families of the nobility, is spending the fall in the security of the Fortress of Garni. Some deep suspicion affecting her prestige as Queen having to do with her husband's fidelity, however, is preying on her mind. She is going through a terrific emotional strain and yet she dares not confide in anyone, with the result that she suffers silently. Old Seda, her foster mother and Governess, not only surmises the Queen's suffering but she knows the real cause of her affliction. The Queen finally breaks down and Seda tells her the whole story. The King has been faithless to the Queen. He has resumed his love affair with his old flame, Princess Aspram, the wife of Tzlik Amram whom he had appointed Governor of Outik. To avenge the honor of his daughter, Prince Sevada has risen against the King who punishes him by blinding him and his son in both eyes. Meanwhile, the King's treachery has provoked another enemy, Tzlik Amram, the husband of Princess Aspram. Prince Sevada and Tzlik Amram join forces against the King. Prince Marzpetouni, a true patriot, is busy trying to reconcile the opposing forces. Trapped by Tzlik Amram, and his Arab auxiliaries unwillingly to fight for him, the King cuts his way through the enemy and makes his escape while his entire army is captured.

PART II

CHAPTER I

In the Monastery of Ayrvank

This magnificent monastery which was the repository of centuries-old relics of pagan and Christian history of the Armenian people, long respected by the people as an epic temple, as well as the sanctuary of the Christian religion, was located on the slopes of rocky Geghardassar, to the northeast of the fortress of Garni. Before it flowed the second tributary of the River Azat which, catapulting from dizzying heights, filled the valley below and its surroundings with its tumultuous and awesome roar. The antediluvian earthquakes, having erupted fiery torrents from the bosom of the earth, had shaped here huge, rock-ribbed hills, formidable ramparts, grotesque masses of uniform rocks, cuneiform basalt pyramids, which in their serried overhanging ranks surrounded the Monastery of Ayrvank, rendering it inaccessible to unwelcome visitors. It seemed nature, with its mighty hand had accumulated the ruins of these titanic mountains and had formed here the magnificent and the awesome in order to show the mortal weaklings its invincible might.

Here, in the bosom of the towering mountain, amid the rugged cliffs and crags, were dug countless caves, crevices, and chapels, surrounded by walls and mighty towers. Some of these served the Armenian kings as the secret store of the royal treasury, while others as a prayer house or a sacrificial temple.

Here, Gregory the Illuminator, the founder of the Armenian Church, first planted the holy symbol of Christianity, confounding, of course, the pagan worship. Under the shelter of this symbol were assembled countless dwellers of the desert who converted Ayrvank into an inn of tranquility and seclusion. Here, Nerses the Great, the

Benefactor of Armenia, sought his haven of rest after his long and arduous years of labor for the fatherland's welfare. Here retired his worthy son Sahak the Great together with his sixty disciples to complete the task of illuminating the nation in the bosom of the rocks.

At the time of our description here thrived a brotherhood of holy fathers who had reformed and enriched the Monastery of Ayrvank. Here was the residence of the Patriarch of the Armenians, Catholicos Hovhanness, who, frightened by the pursuit of the Arab Emir, had abandoned his seat in Dovin and together with his loyal functionaries and his patriarchal treasures had sought refuge in the fortifications of Ayrvank.

Two days before the Patriarch had received news that the Emir Nusr, who had succeeded Yusouf as viceroy in Aterpatakan, already had reached Nakhitchewan and was proceeding to Dovin. The Emir had been advised of the Armenian King's misfortunes, the rebellion of the Armenian princes, and the general destitution of the land. Consequently, he was making haste to take advantage of the situation. The Catholicos learned that the Emir was bent on seizing the Catholicosate and his estates, to achieve which aim he first intended to seize the person of the Catholicos and his treasures, then, accusing him of artificial charges, to seize the Catholicosate itself.

For this reason the Patriarch, who until then was hidden in the catacombs, withdrew his loyal followers to the upper story of the Monastery where the animals were kept. Hiding himself in these upper recesses, the Catholicos had hoped to escape the Emir's pursuit and to save his patri-

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archal riches which he had brought with him, consisting mostly of holy relics and precious antiques inherited from former kings. In the opinion of the Catholicos the enemy could not approach these obscure recesses which was the abode of the beggars and where the beasts of the burden were treated for their wounds. But as steadily mounting fresh news intensified the fear, his counsellors advised him to abandon Ayrivank and seek refuge in the fortress of Garni where the queen was staying at the time. The Catholicos was inclined to follow this advice but Bishop Sakak, his coadjutor, who was a wise and segacious man, opposed the idea, saying:

"The people already is accusing you, Majesty, of having abandoned the Catholicosate of Dovin and that you have fled to the security of Ayrivank in order to save your life. If you move to Garni now you will surely incite the enmity of the clergy."

"Now that I have abandoned the Catholicosate, why should the clergy be excited if I should move on to Garni?" the Catholicos asked.

"You have an excuse for staying here, Majesty. You are guarding the Monastery as well as the brotherhood which is here. The Queen and the women of the nobility who are at Garni do not need your protection."

The Catholicos hung his head and began to meditate. The Bishop's objection indeed was logical. The Catholicos' place was with his brotherhood and not with the women who already were protected by the fortress. Still, the fear of the imminent danger pressed heavily on his heart. In his handsome, healthy and strong body there resided a weak and timid heart. Although he was very fond of his flock and always worked for its welfare, still he was very sensitive about the safety of his

person and was loath to endanger himself if the best interest of his flock demanded it. He was the own son of the fatherland and the sincere friend of its happiness. But, to achieve this happiness, if it was necessary to sacrifice his friendship with the reigning king or some powerful prince, he wavered, and finally was inclined to spare the loss of that friendship. He worked for the good of his nation sometimes from a motive of winning glory, but more often he avoided opposing the impending evils in order not to blemish that glory. He had neither a strong will nor a resolute disposition, and for this reason he was equally influenced by the big or the small, the deceitful gossipmonger and the wise counsellor. The influence of a strong man or event invariably nullified in him the strongest. Often it was the exact opposite, depending on who was the one who tried to influence him.

As to his Coadjutor, the Bishop, however, the Catholicos held him in high esteem as a wise and virtuous man, and for this reason, despite his fears as a result of the ever mounting sinister news, he decided to follow his advice and remain at Ayrivank, together with his spiritual league.

But presently there was a newcomer, a deacon named Gevorg from the Catholicosate, who brought the latest menacing news. The Emir already had arrived in Dovin, bringing with him the great princes Sahak and Babken of Siuni in chains. He also had taken prisoner forty Arab princes of Dovin.

The Catholicos turned pale at the ominous tidings. The prisoners were noted princes; how could Nusr have dared to arrest them, especially the princes of Dovin some of whom were the Chief Emir's favorite friends? It was clear that the Emir had instructions to raise persecutions.

"Where and how did he arrest the Princes of Siouni?" the Catholicos asked the deacon.

"When the Emir was in Nakhitchewan," the deacon replied, "Prince Babken came to see him to protest against his brother Sahak who had deprived him of his paternal inheritance and to solicit his aid. The Emir gladly accepted the prince's petition and sent word to Prince Sahak to appear before him. The latter promptly complied with the Emir's command. Both princes had brought with them gifts for the Emir. The Emir kept the two princes with him for two days then proposed to go to Dovin with them where he would settle their quarrel. The princes agreed, but the minute they reached Dovin the Emir arrested them and put them in jail."

"He must have done it in order to seize thier lands, is it not so, Sahak Serbazan?" the Catholicos asked his Coadjutor who had been listening to the deacon's report standing.

"That is true, Majesty, the Emir would not have dared seize the province of the Siunis without arresting the princes."

"Of course. When the princes are free they can raise troops and wage war. Now that they are deprived of this freedom, this is a great misfortune for our country, including the King and myself," the Catholicos observed.

"And as to you, Majesty?" the Deacon asked concerned.

"Ah, yes, as to myself!" the Catholicos repeated mechanically.

"The Emir may set a trap for you too."

"Meaning?"

"He intends to arrest you."

"Arrest me?"

"Yes, Majesty."

"How did you happen to learn this?"

"The Emir summoned the Overseers of the Catholicosate and ordered him to send word here."

"To summon me?"

"Yes, Majesty."

"What business has the Emir got with

me, Sahak Serbazan?" the Catholicos asked his bishop.

"God alone knows, Majesty," the bishop replied.

"The Emir told the overseer that the place of the Catholicos is at his See, and not in the fortifications of the mountains," the deacon added.

"Then he kows where I am staying?"

"Yes, Majesty."

The Catholicos paled. "I will not leave here . . . today or tomorrow he will send troops after me," the Patriarch said to his Bishop.

The latter was silent.

"Don't you think so, Holy Brother?" the Catholicos pressed.

"He will send troops when you leave here, Majesty."

"But he cannot arrest me then."

"He will seize and massacre the brotherhood of Ayriavank," the Bishop added solemnly.

The Catholicos grasped the meaning of the Bishop's words and was silent.

"You said a moment ago, Serbazan, that the Emir could not have seized the land of the Siunis had he not first arrested the princes," the Catholicos finally broke the silence.

"Yes, Majesty, that's true."

"It follows then that he will seize the Catholicosate if he arrests me."

"Of course."

"And if I stay here it's the same as surrendering myself to Nusr's executioners."

The Bishop did not reply.

At that moment the Nuncio of the Catholicosate arrived bringing with him the Emir's command, ordering the Catholicos to return to the capital. The Emir's command put an end to his hesitation, and the Catholicos decided to withdraw to Garni. He ordered the Deacon Gevork to mount his horse, hasten to the fortress, and notify the Keeper and the Queen of

his coming. He decided to leave that very night.

The brotherhood of Ayrivank were highly disturbed by this news, and while many grumbled, none of them dared to criticize the Catholicos, especially as they saw that the Bishop was silent. That was a sure sign that the Bishop could no longer influence the Catholicos who was clearly frightened.

The Catholicos was supported only by his closest associates who likewise were worried over their safety. They knew that, once the Arabs came to Ayrivank, they would destroy everything and would put the brotherhood to the sword. That is why they urged the Catholicos to leave the place as soon as possible. In the evening the Catholicos together with his loyal followers descended to the inner chapel of the Monastery to say their prayers and to take his leave of the fraternity. The Abbot asked the Catholicos to delay his departure by one hour in order to dine with the fraternity for the last time. The Catholicos cheerfully agreed and sat with the brotherhood at the dinner table. As customary, a young Vardapet by the name of Moses ascended the platform and read the Holy Bible, taking his theme from the Book of the Apostles. When the dinner neared the end, he opened the Gospel of John and began to read out loud the following passage:

"I am the god shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is a heirling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. The heirling fleeth, because he is a heirling, and careth not for the sheep."

The Vardapet had not yet pronounced the last words when the Catholicos dropped

his napkin, and pale, rose from his seat and exclaimed:

"Go ahead and finish it, O fathers of Ayrivank. Say that I am a heirling. I am fleeing from the wolf, yes, but not in order to betray you, but to spare the sacred relics which have been entrusted to me. But if my precaution will earn the title of heirling for me, I abandon these sacred treasures from this moment, leave them to your care, or to the whim of fate. I will not desert the fraternity."

The good Abbot who had never expected that the young Vardapet would take such an audacious step was utterly confounded. Confounded even more by the Catholicos' words, the poor man threw himself at the feet of His Majesty:

"Majesty," he begged, "this Vardapet is known among my fraternity for his modesty and virtue, but the Tempter has misguided him. Command me this minute to defrock him and expel him from the fraternity whom he has disgraced by his indiscretion."

"No, beloved Brother," the Catholicos replied, "this Vardapet said nothing disrespectful. He only repeated the words of the Gospel. He reminded me of my duty, ringing in my ears the command of the Brave and Immortal Shepherd. God summoned the guilty leaders of Israel to the true path by the mouth of the prophets. Who knows but God wanted to raise a prophet among us? Let us not condemn this man who had the courage of speaking the truth."

Moses Vardapet was standing at the moment before the pulpit, silent and motionless, his face tranquil, and his gaze steady. The whole brotherhood standing at the moment, was looking at him, transfixed; yet the young father was not disturbed by their looks. He knew why he had read the Gospel of John, and was convinced that he had done his duty. After that,

he did not care whether they would reward or punish him.

But the Abbot, still uneasy lest His Majesty ascribed the whole affair to a pre-meditated plot, asked the Vardapet loudly:

"My brother, who told you to read that particular passage from the Gospel?"

"The invisible Sitter who at this moment is guiding our hearts and minds," the Vardapet replied calmly.

"Of course it was He who commanded," the Bishop added. "If it is true that no leaf moves without His will, then it was His power which inspired the speaker. It is God's will that His Majesty should remain with his brotherhood and share their joys and their griefs. Who can oppose His will?"

"I do not oppose," the Catholicos said. "It is true that I wanted to take advantage of the night and escape from the enemy unseen, but by virtue of this very night I was prevented from my journey. Therefore, I shall stay. Those holy relics which I wanted to save from the enemy, let them save themselves. If it should please God that I should escape, He will make the brightest of day into a night for me."

Saying it, the Catholicos retired to his rest room, while the Bishop sent new messengers to notify the Fortress of Garni not to wait for the arrival of the Catholicos.

Early the next morning the Catholicos called the leaders of the brotherhood to a council, to consult with them as to what they should do in resisting the attackers and how to save the partriarchal riches of the Monastery. First of all, it was decided to hide the precious articles, the church vessels and the holy relics in the distant inaccessible caves. Next, there would be a procession of the entire brotherhood. And lastly, the remainder of the day would be spent in prayers and watchful waiting, so that God would spare the defenseless brotherhood and deliver it from the enemy.

And indeed, this brotherhood had no other weapon of self defense except to hide and pray. The King was busy fighting the rebellious princes, while those princes who had troops had fortified themselves in their castles. The mob fleeing from the enemy, undefended by the King or the princes, could only turn to the monasteries, further complicating the society's position, since the panicky multitude not only had to be defended, but had to be fed as well.

It was a beautiful autumn morning. The sun was gliding over a clear, cloudless sky, it seemed more brilliant and shiny than other days. The slopes and the heights of the Village mountain, where the pastures and the verdant foliage had faded, were burning with iridescent colors. The cliffs, the pyramids, and the escarpments which surrounded Ayrvank, pressing it tightly to their breasts, as it were, were slowly shedding off the tightly clinging shadow, and the sweet morning breezes which, caressing the slopes of Gegha Mountain, swept into the Valley of Ayrvank to kiss the waves of the Azat River, had a cooling effect of the sun's heat which was beginning to make itself felt everywhere. Among the trees which surrounded the Monastery, among the bushes which sheltered the banks of the gurgling river, the birds had begun their early warble which, mingled with the swish of the gentle river, inundated the entire space with their music.

Presently, from the gates of the rock-hewn temple, there emerged the white-robed scribes, singing the melodious hymns of the fields, followed by standard bearers, the deacons, the company of the Abegha's, and the Vardapets, and lastly, the high-ranking bishops, surrounding the Majestic Patriarch. Right before him, facing each other, walked two deacons, holding in their hands the holy censors, incensing the Catholicos. From the abegha to the bishop, they

all were clad in black cloaks, because the golden tasselled chasubles, together with the other precious vessels, were hidden in the caves. Only the Catholicos wore a white, golden-tasselled chasuble which lent a unique, majestic grace to his tall, handsome stature, and to his kindly face which was adorned with a white, flowing beard, reaching down to his breast.

Reaching the center of the Monastery's compound the brotherhood fell into line in order to start the procession. But scarcely had the initial prayers been uttered when, presently, there appeared on the sky the signs of a miracle about to be performed. The bright canopy of the sky was curtained by a dull, green colored shadow in which, on various spots, one could see shining stars. The air was suddenly chilled and there was a steady whistle of a cold wind. The birds, who until then had been filling the air with their warble, suddenly fell silent, and frightened, started to scamper around for shelter. The brotherhood preparing for the procession was suddenly seized by an instinctive fear, and the Vardapet who was reading the Scriptures, felt that his eyesight was dimming.

Suddenly the Catholicos raised his hands to heaven and exclaimed:

"O Thou Almighty God, what is this miracle which Thou art showing unto Thy creatures?"

Terrified, as they were, by the Catholicos' voice, everyone looked into the heavens and saw that half of the sun's disk was eclipsed by a shadow. A few moments later the sun was completely eclipsed. They all stood there rooted to the ground and one could hear only exclamations of wonder and awe on all sides.

Suddenly the Bishop came forward and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Illustrious Lord, by this token God has clearly shown His will in regard to the brotherhood of Ayrivank which wanted

to keep you, and with you to protect the holy treasures of the Armenian Church. You did not oppose that wish and you said: 'If it is God's will that I should leave here, He will turn the bright sun into midnight darkness for me.' And now, God has heard your prayer. His omnipotent right hand has darkened the sun and has turned the day into night. It is His will, therefore, that you should leave the society and save your person and the patriarchal treasures from the impending danger. Leave at once, Illustrious Lord, leave this place, because that is God's inscrutable will."

"Leave at once, leave at once; our blessing with you," exclaimed the monks from all sides.

"I obey the will of God," the Catholicos said, and kneeling down, he began to pray.

The entire brotherhood followed the Patriarch's example. When the eclipse was over, the monks finished the procession with an easy heart and returned to the temple. But Moses Vardapet whose reading of the Gospel had upset the Catholicos' journey, was terror-stricken, and falling at the Patriarch's feet, he implored his forgiveness.

"I have sinned against Thee, Illustrious Lord," he begged with tears. "It seemed to me God had inspired me to stop your withdrawal, but now I see that it was the Devil's doing. Forgive me, and pray for me that your humble servant may be released from the Tempter's chains."

"You acted by God's dictate, beloved son," the Catholicos consoled him gently. "It was God who inspired you to do what you did, in order to show us His mighty power. Go in peace and pray to Him that He made you worthy of this gracious deed."

Comforted to the soul, the Vardapet bowed his head and withdrew.

A little later the Catholicos, together

with his faithful followers, took his leave of Ayrvank and headed for the Fortress of Garni.

After the departure of the Patriarch the monks became even more frightened. It was their belief that, through the miracle, God had revealed the imminent arrival of the enemy. Therefore, all the weak-hearted fled to the mountains or sought refuge in the caves. They were followed by the multitude who fled to the security of the Monastery. The Monastery was deserted by all except the old Abbot and a few courageous and devoted Vardapets who preferred death inside the Monastery walls, in front of the holy temple, rather than to seek safety for their persons and leave the monastery in the hands of the barbarians. And although they could not even dream of resisting the Arabs, but because they knew that those barbarians, once they saw the monastery was deserted, would not hesitate to desecrate and ruin it in order to smart the anguish of the deserters, therefore they decided to stay, hoping perhaps to restrain the excesses of the barbarians.

Among those who stayed behind was Moses Vardapet who, after helping the deserters to their hiding places, had returned to the Abbot and his loyal companions in order to share their coming afflictions.

In the evening a messenger came to announce the news of the enemy's coming attack. "The Emir sent a contingent here to arrest the Catholicos and to massacre the brotherhood," he said to the Abbot. "The overseer of the Catholicosate sent me here to bring you the sad news."

"God sent us the news from heaven much earlier, son," the Abbot replied: "the Catholicos and the greater part of the brotherhood already are saved, but we stayed here to die at the gate of the Monastery."

When the messenger was gone the Abbot assembled the remaining Vardapets and entered the temple to pray and to watch. They were still kneeling in prayer when the arches of the rock-hewn temple rang with a terrible cry. The Abbot sprang to his feet and started to recite Christ's words in a low voice: "Arise and go, for the hour has come . . ." He could not continue the words, but proceeded forward with steady, fearless steps. All followed him. When they reached the courtyard, he again turned to the monks and said in an agitated voice:

"We are dedicated to our people and the service of this holy temple; we have taken an oath before God and men and we have no right to foreswear that oath. Let us go to the sacrificial altar where we ourselves shall be the sacrificial offering. Let us go cheerfully, and without murmur, and let us have faith that, by sacrificing our lives in this passing world, we shall recover them in the eternal kingdom."

"Let us fulfill our sacred duty," they all said in unison. "We have nothing to lose. Sooner or later we all would die; our lives are not eternal. Let us bless God who had made us worthy of a profitable death like this. If the foundations of this temple will become stronger with the sprinkling of our blood"—cheerfully added Moses Vardapet—"coming generations will continue to pray here, and their prayers will bring down the blessing of Eternity. We are happy indeed that we have become the 'chosen vessels' who lived in this passing world wisely, preferring the eternal to the transitory."

"Let us go, the enemy cannot terrify us. Let us go fulfil our duty," exclaimed the other Vardapets, and the company came out into the open.

The Arabs already had arrived and had surrounded the Monastery. They had been

infuriated finding the gates closed. They had not expected such audacity on the part of a company of spirituals. They figured that the Monastery must have defending troops, and they raised the roof with their angry shouts. They issued commands, swore, and threatened. They rolled huge rocks from the heights to batter the gates of the Monastery, while the advance guard set up ladders to scale the walls.

The small company of the monks stood there, unarmed and defenseless, like a herd of deer which is surrounded by blood-thirsty hunters and their hounds. The attackers' wild cries and the thumpings against the iron gate struck terror into their hearts, and although they were ready and willing to sacrifice their lives, nevertheless they were terribly afraid, the man of flesh and blood in them was subdued, the instinct in them was more powerful than the spiritual vigor, and each of them was praying to God to "remove this cup from them." Only Moses Vardapet, it seemed, was insensible to what was happening around him. The soldiers' wild cries, the crackle on the gate, the huge rocks rolling from the mountain slopes neither confused nor terrified him. He looked upon it all quite calmly, eagerly waiting, as it were, for the quick end.

"We are needlessly infuriating these men," he said to the Abbot. "Better we open the gates and take them in. Sooner or later they will crash in."

"No, no! Perhaps God will save us, perhaps this hour of temptation will pass," replied the Abbot who was pale from fear.

Just then the soldiers scaled the walls and were astounded to see that there was no one inside except a company of monks. There were no resisting forces nor any kind of preparation for a defense. The revelation broke the force of their fury somewhat. Only a few of them swung their

bayonets, and that, to chase away the monks rather than to massacre them. But when the gate was crashed and the howling soldiers rushed in, the monks fled to the inner court. Hot on their heels, in a moment the bandits surrounded them, and drawing their swords, would have massacred them on the spot were it not for a company commander who shouted: "There will be no killing; this is the General's command."

This was like plucking the prey from the mouths of raving wolves. The soldiers started to grumble; to swear and to threaten the monks. They clamoured for the order to kill them all. But soon there arrived Beshir the General, mounted on a huge Arab steed, and put an end to the tumult. He was a powerfully-built man with a large, dusky face, fiery eyes, and a grayish beard which reached to his waist. He wore a white turban with gold tassel. Over a tunic of costly wool he wore a bronze armour; a gilt bow-shaped sword hanging from his side, and holding in his hand a small shiny shield.

"Who is your chief?" he asked, approaching the monks.

"I am your humble servant," the Abbot stepped forward.

"Where is your Catholicos?" Beshir asked.

"He went to Garni."

"How did he dare go to Garni?" Beshir roared. "Did he not get the summons from Dovin to appear before the Emir?"

The Abbot hesitated, but Moses Vardapet was prompt. "Of course they brought the summons," he said.

"Why did he disregard the Emir's command?"

"The Catholicos may be asked, but never commanded."

"How dare you speak to me in that tone?"

"Every language has a right to speak the truth."

"And are you not afraid that I will cut off your tongue from the root?"

"We already were expecting to die."

"It seems you are tired of life, you scoundrel."

"When a man is forced to cringe before his enemy, that kind of life not only is tiresome but it is degrading. We deem death preferable to that kind of life."

"Command me, Sire, and I will crush the head of this impertinent monk," one of the soldiers volunteered, brandishing his naked sword over the Vardapet's head.

"Of all his companions, let this man alone live," the General commanded, "so that he shall linger in his sufferings. Where are the treasures of your Monastery?"

"We have no treasures," the Abbot replied.

"Don't dare lie to me."

"I am not lying because I am afraid of you, but because our religion forbids it. We have no treasure because we are dwellers of the wilderness. We are not supposed to have property. We preserve the sacred deposits which have been entrusted to us by our people when need be."

"All right then. Tell me where those deposits are."

"I have no right to do that."

"I command you."

"I shall ignore your command."

Beshir was furious. "Tie them all up," he ordered, "and throw them in a corner. Search the place and bring out everything you find."

The General had hardly finished his command when the soldiers fell into a flurry. They all were eager to seize the loot. But the General, knowing the greed of his soldiers, forbade them to enter the Monastery, and entrusted the search to a few picked men whom he could trust.

The searchers went through the rock-hewn temple, the small chapels, the monks'

cells, the caves on the slopes, and every cranny and corner. They upset the entire compound but found nothing except some old clothing and furniture which they piled in the courtyard.

"So, you have hidden everything from me," Beshir roared, beside himself with his discomfiture.

"We have hidden everything which belongs to this Monastery, that which does not belong to you," the old man said calmly.

"You will tell me the place this minute, you abominable old man," Beshir roared, as he struck the old man on the head with his whip.

The blow of the whip which was made of animal gutts flicked across the old man's face like the tail of a snake, causing an instantaneous grayish blue blister. The old man swayed and leaned against the church wall.

Shocked by the spectacle, a young Abegha stepped forward and shouted at the General: "The man who will strike a defenseless old man is not worthy of the name General. God will punish you some day. Have respect for His vengeance."

Before Beshir could answer, a heavy sword descended on the Abegha's head and he rolled to the ground soaked in blood. The General commended the soldier for his brave deed. "This is what will happen to you all unless you tell me where your treasure is," Beshir threatened. "Tell me truthfully and I will spare your lives."

"We will not betray either our brothers or our sacred relics. Do with us as you please," challenged another monk.

"You repeat the same thing, young monk?" Beshir turned to Moses Vardapet.

"Yes, Sire. Betrayal is an abominable thing. We will betray nothing. The hidden men are our brothers; the hidden articles are our sacred treasures, the property of

the people. We have no right to deliver them to you. What we own is here, our bodies, you can destroy them, but to subdue our spirit, never!"

"Take them away and torture them with the most excruciating of tortures until they tell you where he treasures are," Beshir ordered. Somehow he was sure that the Monastery had treasures which he wanted to seize. The stubbornness of the monks only served to intensify his appetite. But the latter were stubborn chiefly because many of their companions were hidden with the treasures. They were determined to save them by sacrificing their lives.

The soldiers started to torture the monks but the latter stood firm. Finally, seeing that torture was useless and somewhat conscience-stricken at sight of the bloody spectacle, Beshir ordered his soldiers to cut it short and put all of them to the

sword. The General's command was instantly carried out. All the monks were beheaded. Only Moses Vardapet was spared in order to prolong his suffering, as Beshir had ordered. He was given a terrible beating and his disfigured body was sent to the Catholicos in Garni with a threat that he would share the same fate unless he returned to Dovin and swore obeisance to the Emir.

After this Beshir ordered his soldiers to loot the Monastery. Thus, having wreaked their vengeance, and having looted the place, the soldiers were satisfied and refrained from desecrating the remaining chapels. The sacrifice of the monks was not without its benefits. The architectural magnificence of Ayrivank remained intact.

(To be continued)



BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor

THE ARMENIAN AMERICAN IN WORLD WAR II by James H. Tashjian. Large cloth illustrated. Pp. 512. Boston, Mass. 1952.

* * *

Here is a book that is a "must" for every Armenian American. In good print, presentable, and carefully edited, this book has a wealth of information about Armenina lads who answered the call to arms of our beloved U. S. A.

The book begins with statements by former Secretary of Defense Louis F. Johnson, his assistant Paul H. Griffith, and General Haig Shekerjian, Brigadier General of the U. S. Army, now retired. After the author's Preface, the work is devoted to a narrative of the lives and deeds of Armenian Americans who served in all branches of the Army on the extensive battle front under the Old Glory.

It would be a difficult task to single out names and feats from the pages of this book. Nor would it be possible to lay aside this fascinating collection of the achievements of dutiful and loyal Armenian lads without reading the book from cover to cover.

This splendid volume ends with Appendix I "The Korean War" in which the brave deeds of courageous Armenian lads is recorded, and Appendix II which is devoted to Pfc. Vardan Aghababian, winner of D. S. C. in World War I. A bibliographical list of "Principal Sources" concludes this highly valuable Index.

A volume worthy of highest recommendations which every Armenian should possess and read.

* * *

A CORRECTION

In the Summer, 1953 issue of the Armenian Review I had an article entitled "Armeno-Georgian Cultural Relations of the Past." The article, originally prepared for the Armenian language "Hairenik Monthly" was translated into English for the Armenian Review. Because the quotes were translated, instead of offering the direct quotations from the English sources, some unfortunate errors have occurred. But since these errors are important enough to be corrected. I take the liberty of giving this explanation to those who have read my article.

May I assure my readers that the translation of my article was well done and that I can only express my surprise and satisfaction. One of these quotes from Mr. Alexander Tsomaia

(Armenian Review, p. 28, column 1) is translated so well that it is hard to believe. In this quote, however, two errors were made, due to omission and not to translation. In the original Mr. Tsomaia states that Georgia "in the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries reached to the southern border of Armenia," Georgia, naturally, is contiguous with Armenia on the northern border. Mr. Tsomaia was implying that Georgia in those days was in possession of Armenia as far as the southern border, the extreme limit of Armenia. When this quote was retranslated in my article it read: "The eleventh and twelfth (should be 13th) centuries (Georgia extended) to the border of Armenia." The word "southern" was omitted and the quote lost its original meaning.

In the same article I also refer to Allen's well known "in the above-mentioned work (Note I)," but in the translation the title of the mentioned work, the quote as well as the "Note I" have been lost. My sincere apologies for these errors.

* * *

ARMENIAN MANUSCRIPTS

In the 1953 (Part II) issue of the Biblical Literature my good and able friend Prof. Allen Wikgren of Chicago University has published another scholarly article entitled "Additional Armenian New Testament Manuscripts in the Kurdian Collection." In this article he presents New Testament manuscripts of my collection numbers 24 to 60 inclusive.

Prof. Wikgren who spends the long, hot summer days in Wichita, visiting me the while to study my ever increasing collection of old Armenian manuscripts, bravely learned the classical Armenian which we call Grabar and is now able to navigate by himself in that difficult sea. With a patience which is characteristic of those devoted to the study of old texts, Prof. Wikgren has presented in his article an excellent catalog of manuscripts. His meticulous work will undoubtedly attract the attention of many scholars and will spur them on to explore the rich field of Armenian sources on all subjects. It is unfortunate that we do not have a fund with which to publish English catalogs of those precious Armenian manuscripts which now repose in many American public and educational institutions, as well as private libraries. I believe such a fund would be highly profitable for research work on ancient Armenian culture.

It is sad indeed that we have no available

fund to publish such catalogs or research studies dealing with these manuscripts, descriptive of their bindings, the material, the contents, or the miniatures, or for the publication of monographs on distinguished Armenian scribes, book binders, illuminators and illustrators, although we have a rich supply of material on these subjects in university and public libraries and private collections in the United States.

My own collection numbers more than 200. Most of the manuscripts in the United States are of some importance, and what is more, they can easily be studied, photographed, and so accurately republished, rendering a great service to the public, as well as to the promotion of the Armenian cultural heritage. And yet, this rich repository remains neglected and almost forgotten here in the most enlightened part of the world right under the nose of the richest and the most munificent Armenian community on the globe. It is also most depressing that we Armenians are so apathetic and indifferent to the noble efforts of non-Armenian scholars who are interested in our own historic relics. I doubt if any one of us has interested himself in the work of Allen Wikgren to the extent of thanking him for what he is doing for us. I doubt if anyone of intelligence would dissent with us when we claim that, today, the research of Armenian manuscripts is the most important thing we can do to clear up the befogged history of Armenia, its economy, its political, social and religious life, and its cultural greatness, giving us a de facto history of Armenia of which we Armenians shall be justly proud.

Unfortunately, the Armenians are doing very little to know themselves, very little to clear the cobwebs of bigotry, ignorance and misunderstandings from their ancient glorious past. Legends are repeated as history and fantasies as our cultural heritage. We have the genuine history of Armenia buried or shelved in 20,000 ancient manuscripts while we grope like miserable blind beggars, soliciting a few crumbs from the outsiders. With all due respect and gratitude to those noble French, German and English scholars for their contribution to our history and culture, I believe, if we have any self-respect, the least we could do is to provide them with the tools to work with, namely, by supplying them with our dust covered and buried treasure house of ancient manuscripts. Let us hope that soon—NOW—we shall wake up and let the light shine on the darkness which we have imposed on ourselves for so long.

* * *

GRAMMATICUS ADJARIAN DIES

Together with the good news from the USSR, such as the death of Stalin or the liquidation of Beria, we have received of late some saddening news. Professor Hrachia Adjarian is dead.

Adjarian was born in the Samatia quarter of Istanbul in 1876 where he received his primary education. He was the son of a humble cobbler. He was teacher at the Sanassarian School of Karin (Erzerum) in 1893-94. Eventually he

landed in Paris where he pursued his advanced education in linguistics under distinguished French and German scholars. In 1903 we find him in Armenia from where he crossed to Persia, and back to Armenia during the short-lived Independent Republic of Armenia (1918-1920). When the Bolsheviks took over Armenia he again fled to Persia, but soon was invited back to Erivan, capital of Armenia, where he remained until his death.

Adjarian was a prolific and thorough writer. He left behind some monumental dictionaries of universal importance. He had a good knowledge of almost any known language and was the first to write grammars for many almost lost unknown languages. He suffered under the Bolshevik strictures whose stupidities reached new heights when they subjected language and science to the assinine "rules and regulations" of that great faker Stalin.

I met Prof. Adjarian for the first and only time during my visit to Erivan in 1931. A diminutive man, he impressed me as one who was retired and lived in fear, to be precise. I took a liking to him, but fearful of inviting suspicion or persecution, I did not press my visits on him, as I did in the case of many others. Such was the sad state of affairs in the USSR under the Despot Stalin.

Good many of Adjarian's works were published before he returned to Erivan under the Soviet rule, and much of the work which was published later had been prepared years before. It is fortunate that much of his works were published by the Mekhitarist Institute of Venice and Vienna. Those published in the USSR, like many other research studies, have remained inaccessible to the outside world with the exception of a few copies. No doubt he left behind much completed and incomplete unpublished works which we trust the post-Stalin and post-Beria regime of Erivan will recognize and publish. We shall be indebted to the Bolsheviks if they do this much.

* * *

DEATH ANNIVERSARY OF CATHOLICOS HOVSEPIAN

One year has gone by since the death of the great scholar churchman, Catholicos Garegin Hovsepian of Antilias. Although there was a great display of sorrow upon his death on the part of all Armenians, nevertheless the past year clearly proves that much of this show was superficial. Nothing has been done since then to glorify the memory of this great Armenian whose devotion to his race, its church and culture, was almost unbelievable. At the least, a fund could have been raised to purchase the printing equipment for the press of his Monastery in Antilias. This has not been done and the work which he left behind, so important by nature and content, remains unpublished to this day, or is being printed at a snail's pace by the antiquated equipment of the Monastery. This is a pity, for we could have hoped for an English edition, had the Armenian edition been published.

At the present rate the publication of the

rest of the collection of Colophons upon which the great scholar spent his life will take many years. As it is, the chances of publishing his works on Armenian iconography in our lifetime is practically nil. It is to be hoped that aroused Armenian Americans will do something to raise the necessary fund to correct the situation, and at the same time render an honor to the great memory of the late Catholicos so soon forgotten by those who so shamelessly "claimed" him and "monopolized" him.

* * *

FATHER PETCHIKIAN

NEW EDITOR OF PAZMAVEB

We are happy to learn that the venerable periodical Pazmaveb of St. Lazzaro, Venice, will henceforth be edited by the very able and good Father Eghia Petchikian. Pazmaveb, a 110-year-old publication, is the oldest Armenian periodical in the world. A venerable and respected monthly like this needed a steady editorial hand to guide it through the trials and the tribulations of our "modern advanced" age, and Father Petchikian, judging from his past services, is the very man who can lift Pazmaveb from the doldrums.

In the recent colorful, lively, variegated and highly interesting issue of Pazmaveb I was happy to notice the first part of Balladoor's History of the Arabs translated by my good friend Father Abraham Adamian, consisting of those parts of the history which strictly pertain

to Armenia and the Armenians. This is a very good beginning, paving the way for future translations of all Arab historians who have devoted lines to the Armenian people, pulling from their works the Armenian subject matter and introducing it into Armenian literature. Unfortunately, such a labor has been neglected for a long time and the little which has been done is spotty.

We also hope that the Editor of Pazmaveb will publish a new edition of the Year Book Keshuny, bigger and better than ever. Father Petchikian is capable of accomplishing this feat better than anyone else and we need the inspiration of Keshuny to raise our spirits and pride, for nothing, no nothing could inspire us better than a rich, colorful and beautiful new Keshuny.

It is a sad commentary on our national zeal, however, that quite a few numbers of the old Keshuny still languish on the shelves of the St. Lazzaro book store. It is a shame that many of us who can easily spare fifteen dollars deprive ourselves of a most glorious volume whose beautiful pages will more than compensate the pitiful sum which we invest. Let us hope that the remaining few numbers—and they are few—will soon be sold. They certainly are worth the price and more. I myself will personally refund the money to those purchasers who become disappointed after they have seen the 1950 edition of Keshuny.



Your Perfect Christmas Gift

AN OFFER

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OF ARMENIAN REVIEW

Boston, Massachusetts, October 1, 1953

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Armen Vahe, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the ARMENIAN REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (None).

This corporation has no stockholders or bondholders.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Business Manager—ARMEN VAHE

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1953

SERAN DESDEGULE

(Notary Public)

Seal

(My commission expires Aug. 31, 1956)

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